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So with little I call morning,
Ever simplifying, here and more,
We can read the varied language
Of the footsteps at the door!

Grandpa's faltering tread, now heavy
With the weight of fruitful years,
Rousing yonder golden city—
Almost through this vale of tears;
Steadiest feet that never loitered
Bravely going on before
By and by we'll miss their music—
Empty's footsteps at the door.

Then the patter of the children,
Happy startings! out and in,
Like the butterflies and sunbeams,
With no thought of care or sin!
Little feet that need sure guiding
Past the pitfalls on the shore,
Lest they turn aside in mischief,
Blessed footsteps at the door!

Then the matron, glad and cheery,
Hears her good man drawing nigh;
And the children hear the mother
As her busy footsteps fly
Household music! We all hear it!
While we love it more and more,
And we hope to welcome with it
Angel footsteps at the door.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you?"—*Old Song*

"We were not on it. We drove over, John and I and Letty, in the little trap, a Norwegian, and dreadfully shaky it was, but we did not care, and we sat in it all day, and saw everything very well. Then a friend of John's, a man in the Sixty-Second, came up, and asked to be introduced to me, and afterward others came, and I persuaded us to have luncheon with them in their marquee. It was there," nodding to Philip, "I got the champagne. We had great fun, I remember, and altogether it was quite the pleasantest day I ever spent in my life."

As she speaks, she dimples, and blushes, and beams all over her pretty face as she recalls that day's past pleasure.

"The Sixty-Second," says Marcia; "I recollect. A very second rate regiment I thought it. There was a Captain Miburd in it, I remember."

"That was John's friend," says Molly, promptly; "he was so kind to me that day. Did you like him?"

"Like him! A man all blood plaid and red tie. No, I certainly did not like him."

"His tie?" says Molly, laughing gayly at the vision she has conjured up—"it certainly was red. As red as that rose," pointing to a blood-colored flower in the centre of a huge china bowl of priceless cost, that ornaments the middle of the table, and round which, being opposite to him, she has to peer to catch a glimpse of Philip. "It was the reddest thing I ever saw, except his complexion. But I forgave him, he was so good-natured."

"Does good-nature make up for everything?" asks Philip, dodging the bowl in his turn to meet her eye.

"For most things. Grandpapa," pointing to a family portrait over the chimney-piece that has attracted Molly's attention ever since her entrance, "was a bad man, I know."

"Your grandmother's. It is like you, too," says the old man with his usual gracefulness, "it is ten times handsomer."

"Very like you," thinks the young man, gazing with ever-increasing admiration at the exquisite tints and shades and changes in the living face before him, "only you are ten thousand times more lovely than this."

Slowly, and with much unnecessary delay, the dinner drags itself to an end, only to be followed by a still slower hour in the drawing-room.

Mr. Amherst challenges Philip to a game of chess, that most wearisome of games to the onlooker, and so arranges himself that his antagonist cannot, without risking his neck, but stow so much as a glance in Miss Massereene's direction.

Marcia gets successfully through two elaborate fantasias upon the piano, that require rather more than the correct brilliancy of her touch to make up for the incoherency of their composition; while Molly sits apart, dear soul, and wishes with much devoutness that the inventor of chess had been strangled at his birth.

At ten o'clock precisely Mr. Amherst rises, having lost his game, and a good deal of his temper, and expresses his intention of retiring without delay to his virtuous slumbers. Marcia asks Molly whether she too would not wish to go to her bedroom after the day's fatigue; at which proposition Molly grasps with eagerness. Philip lights her candle—they are in the hall together—and then holds out his hand.

"Do you know we have not yet gone through the ceremony of shaking hands?" he says, with a kindly smile, and a still more kindly pressure, which I am afraid just will some faint return. Then he wishes her a good night's rest, and she wends her way upstairs again, and knows the long thought-of, hoped-for, much-dreaded day is at an end.

CHAPTER XII.

"The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."
—INGOLDSBY MARINER.

"Teddy is coming to day," is Molly's first thought next morning, as, springing from her bed, she parts the scarlet silk floss that shuts out the world from her view, to see how the weather is going to greet her lover.

He is coming. The idea sends through her whole frame a little thrill of protective glad-ness. How happy, how independent she will feel with her champion always near her! A sneer loses half its bitterness when resented by two instead of one, and Lutirell will be a rare partisan. Apart from all which, she is honestly glad at the prospect of so soon meeting him face to face.

Therefore is it that with shining eyes and uplifted heart she takes her place at the breakfast-table, which gives the pleasantest meal at Herst—old Amherst being ever conspicuous by his absence at it.

Philip, too, is nowhere to be seen.

"It will be a *tete-a-tete* breakfast," says Marcia, with a view to explanation. "Grandpapa never appears at this hour, nor—of late—does Philip."

"How unseemable!" says Molly, rather disappointed at the latter's defection. "Do they never come? All the year round?"

"Grandpapa never," says Philip, I presume, will return to his usual habits once the house begins to fill—I mean, when the guests arrive."

"This poor little guest is evidently of small account," thinks Molly, rather piqued, and even as the thought crosses her mind the door opens and Philip comes toward her.

"Good-morning," he says, smilingly.

"You have breakfasted?" Marcia asks, coldly, in a rather surprised tone.

"Long since. But I will take a cup of coffee from you now, if you will allow me."

"I hardly thought you deserved one," remarks Molly, turning luminous, laughing eyes upon him. "Marcia has just been telling me of your bad habits. Fancy your preferring your breakfast all alone to her tea!"

"You?" interrupts he, quickly. "I admit your argument; it was beastly; but I was particularly engaged this morning. You shall ask her how I spent the morning, by-and-by, the future, however, as I am resolved to mend my ways. See how you have improved me already."

"To a sudden reformation, I fear, to be lasting."

"No. It all hinges on the fact that the iron was hot. There is no knowing what you may not do with me before you leave, if you will only take the trouble to teach me. Some more toast?"

"No, thank you."

Marcia grows a shade paler, and lets one cup rattle awkwardly against another. Have they forgotten her very presence?

"I have not much fancy for the *role* of teacher," goes on Molly, archly; "I have heard it is an arduous and thankless one. Besides, I believe you to be so idle that you would disgrace my best efforts."

"Do you? Then you wrong me. On the contrary, you would find me a very apt pupil—ambitious, too, and anxious to improve under your tuition. Try me."

"Suppose," breaks in Marcia, with deadly civility, "you finish your *tete-a-tete* in the drawing-room. We have quite done breakfast, I think, and one wearies of claring at the very prettiest china after a bit. Will you be good enough to ring the bell, Philip?"

"Our *tete-a-tete* is not ended, it must be postponed," says Philip, smiling, rising to obey her order; "I am still busy, and must return to my work. Indeed, I only left it to pay you a flying visit."

Although his tone includes both women, his eyes rest alone on Molly.

"Then you do actually work, sometimes," says that young lady, with exaggerated surprise and uplifted life.

"Now and then—occasionally—as little as I can help."

"What a speech, coming from an ambitious pupil!" cries she, gayly. "Ah! did I not judge you rightly a moment ago when I accused you of idleness?"

Philip laughs, and disappears, while Molly follows Marcia into a small drawing-room, a sort of general boudoir, where the ladies of the household are in the habit of assembling after breakfast, and into which, sooner or later, the men are sure to find their way.

Marcia settles down to the everlasting macrame work on which she seems perpetually engaged, while Incident Molly sits calmly, and it must be confessed very contentedly, with her hands before her.

After a considerable silence, Marcia says, idly:

"I fear you will find Herst Royal dull. There is so little to amuse one in a house where the host is an invalid. Do you read?"

"Sometimes," says Molly, studying her companion curiously, and putting on the air of ignorance so evidently expected.

"Yes? That is well. Reading is about the one thing we have to occupy our mind here. In the library you will probably be able to suit yourself. What will you prefer? an English work? or"—superciliously—"perhaps French? You are without doubt a French scholar."

"If you mean that I consider myself complete mistress of the French language," says Molly, meekly, "I must say no."

"Ah! of course not. The remote country parts in which you live afford, I dare say, few opportunities of acquiring accomplishments."

"We have a National School," says Molly, with increasing mildness, and an impassive countenance.

"Ah!" says Marcia, again. Her look—her tone—say volumes.

"You are very accomplished, I suppose," says Molly, presently, her voice full of regrettful melancholy. "You can paint, and draw?"

"Yes, a little."

"And play, and sing?"

"Well, yes," modestly; "I don't sing much, because my chest is delicate."

"Thin voice," thinks Molly to herself.

"How fortunate you are!" she says aloud. "How I envy you! Why, there is positively nothing you cannot do! Even that macramee, which seems to me more difficult than all the other things I have mentioned, you have entirely mastered. Now, I could not remember all those different knots to save my life. How clever you are! How attractive men must find you!" Molly sighs.

A shade crosses Marcia's face. Her eyelids quiver. Although the object (be it said to Molly's praise) was innocently shot, still it flashed her cousin's heart, for has she not failed in attracting the young man she so passionately loves?

"I really hardly know," Miss Amherst says, coldly, "I—don't go in for that sort of thing. And you—do you paint?"

"Oh, no."

"You play the piano, perhaps?"

"I try to, now and then."

"The Annen Polka," and on memorable occasions, "The Battle of Prague," thinks Marcia, contemptuously. "You sing," she says.

"I do," with hesitation.

"Rosalie the Prairie Flower," and the "Christy Minstrel" generally," considerably Marcia, inwardly. "That is charming," she says, out loud; "it is so long since we have had any one here with a talent for music."

"Oh," says Molly, biting a little bit off her nail, and then examining her finger in an embarrassed fashion, "you must not use the word talent; that implies so much, and I—really you know——" Why "starting to her feet, and regaining all her impulsive gayety, "that is nearly Philip walking across the lawn, and he said he was so busy. Can we not go out, Marcia? The day is so lovely."

"If you want Philip, I dare say one of the servants will bring him to you," says Marcia, insolently.

Just before luncheon the Darleys arrive. Henry Darley, tall, refined, undemonstrative; Mrs. Darley, small and silly, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, pink and white complexion, and a general manner—which she has not just such a tiny, foolishly obstinate mouth as usually goes with a face like hers. She is vain, but never ill-natured, unless it suits her purpose; frivolous, and fond of all idle amusements, and, although indifferent to her husband—of whom she is utterly unworthy—takes care to be thoroughly respectable. Full of the desire, but without the pluck, to go altogether wrong, she skirts around the edges of her pet sins, yet having a care that all those who pass by shall see her garments free of stain.

"I understand my husband, and my husband understands me," she is in the habit of saying to those who will take the trouble to listen; which is strictly true as regards the latter part of the speech, though perhaps the former is not so wise an assertion.

With her she brings her only child, a beautiful little boy of six.

She greets Marcia with effusion, and gushes over Molly.

"So glad, dear, so charmed to make your acquaintance. Have always felt such a deep interest in your sweet cousin—such a romantic story. So out of the common as it was, you know, and delightfully old, and—and—all that. Of course you know there is a sort of romance attaching to your papa. My father married your——" and so on, and on, and on.

She talks straight through lunch to any one and every one (without particular); although afterwards no one can remember what it was she was so eloquent about.

"Tedcastle not come," she says, presently, eating Marcia's cake, and quite thought he was here. What an adorable boy he was! I do hope he is not changed. If India has altered him, it will be quite too bad."

"He may come yet," replies Marcia; "though I now think it unlikely. When writing he said to-day or to-morrow; and with him that always means to-morrow. He is fond of putting off; his second thoughts are always his best."

"Always," thinks Molly, angrily, feeling suddenly a keen sense of sure disappointment. What does she know about him? After all he said on parting to meet, he will, come to day.

Yet somehow, spite of this comforting conclusion, her spirits sink, her smile becomes less ready, her conversation grows flavorless. Something within compels her to believe that not until the morrow shall she see her lover.

When they leave the dining-room she creeps away unnoticed, and, donning her hat, sallies forth alone into the pleasant wood that surrounds the house.

For a long time she walks steadily on, crunching beneath her feet with a certain sense of vicious enjoyment those early leaves that already have reached death. How very monotonous all these paths are! Trees, grass, sky overhead! Sky, grass, trees.

She pulls a few late flowers that smile up at her cokningly, and turns them round and round within her fingers, not altogether tenderly.

What a race poets, and painters, and such like, make about flowers, wild ones especially! When all is said, there is a terrible sameness about them. The same little pink ones here, the same little blue ones there; here the inevitable pale yellow, there the pure warm violet. Well, no doubt there is certainly a wonderful variety—but still——

Looking up suddenly from her weak criticism, she sees coming quickly towards her—very close to her—Teddy Luttrell.

With a cry half of joy, half of the things ill-treated flowers from her, and rains to him with hands outstretched.

"You have come," she cries, "after all! I knew you would, although she said you wouldn't. Oh, Teddy, I had quite given you up."

Luttrell takes no notice of this contradictory speech. With his arms around her, he is too full of his own happiness at meeting after separation his beloved, to heed mere words. His eyes are fastened on her perfect face.

How more than fair she is! how in his absence he has misjudged her beauty! or is it that she grows in excellence day by day? Not in all his lover's silent raptures has he imagined her half as lovely as she, now appears standing before him, her hands clasped in his, her face flushed with unmistakable joy at seeing him again.

"Darling, darling!" he says, with such earnest delight in his tones that she returns one of his many kisses, out of sheer sympathy. For though glad as she is to welcome him as a cousin only, she has hardly feels the same longing for the embrace that he (with his heart full of her alone) naturally does.

"You look as if you were going to tell me I have grown tall," she says, amused at his prolonged examination of her features. "John always does, when he returns from London, with the wild hope of keeping me down. Have I?"

"How can I tell? I have not taken my eyes from your face yet."

"Silly boy, and I have seen all the disimprovements in you long ago. I have also seen that you are growing an entirely new mustache, which I think reckless extravagance! but they are very becoming, and I am fond of light gray, so you are forgiven. Why did you not come sooner? I have been longing for you. Oh, Teddy, I don't like Marcia or grandpapa a bit; and Philip has been absent nearly all the time; you said you would come early."

"So I did, by the earliest train; you could hardly have left the house when I arrived, and then I started instantly to find you. My own dear darling," with a sigh of content, "how good it is to see you again, and how well you are looking!"

"Am I?" laughing. "So are you, disgracefully well. You haven't a particle of feeling, or you would be emaciated by this time. Now confess you did not miss me at all."

"Were I to speak forever, I could not tell you how much. Are you not the very eyes of me? you are the prettiest woman, forever."

"That is a very nonsensical quotation," says Molly, gayly. "Were you to see with my eyes, just consider how different everything would appear. Now, for instance, I would never have so far forgotten myself as to fall idiotically and ridiculously in love, as you did, with beautiful Molly Massereene!"

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asks both laugh merrily. After which, with some hesitation, and a rather heightened color, Tedcastle draws a case from his pocket, and presents it to her.

"I brought you a—a present," he says, "because I know you are fond of pretty things."

As she opens the case and sees within it, lying on its purple velvet bed, a large dull gold locket, with a wreath of raised forget-me-nots in turquoises and enamel on one side, she forms her lips into a round "Oh!" of admiration and delight, more satisfactory than any words.

"Do you like it? I am so glad! I saw it one day, quite accidentally, in a window, and at once it reminded me of you. I thought it would exactly suit you. Do you remember down by the river-side that night, after our first important quarrel, when I asked you to marry me?"

"I remember," softly.

"You had forget-me-nots in your hands then, and in your dress. I can never forget you as you looked at that moment; and those flowers will ever be associated with you in my mind. Surely they are the prettiest hat grow. I call them my sweet love's flower."

"How fond you are of me!" she says, wistfully, something like moisture in her eyes, "and," turning her gaze again upon his gift, "you are too good; you are always thinking how to please me. There is only one thing wanting to make this locket perfect," raising her liquid eyes to his again, "and that is your face inside it."

At which words, you may be sure, Luttrell is repaid over and over again all the thought and care he has expended on the choosing of the trinket.

"And so you are not in love with Herst?" he says, presently, as they move on through the sweet wood, his arm around her.

"With Herst? No, I have no fault to find with Herst; the place is beautiful. But I confess I do not care about my grandfather or Marcia; of the two I prefer my grandfather. Just fancy, Teddy, when Philip alone has been very nice to me—indeed, more than kind."

"More! What does Marcia say to that?"

"Oh, there is nothing between them; I am sure of that. They either hate each other, or else familiarity has bred contempt between them, as they avoid each other all they can, and never speak unless compelled. For instance, she says to him, "Cousin Philip!" and he makes her a polite reply; or he says to her, "Shall I stir the fire for you?" and she voices him a polite reply. But it can hardly be called a frantic attachment."

"Like ours?" laughing, and bending his tall, slight figure to look into her face.

"In our case you have all the frankness to yourself," she says; "but as she says it she puts her own soft little hand over the one that encircles her waist, to take the sting out of her words; though why she said it puzzles even herself; nevertheless, that is great truth in her remark, and he knows it.

"Then Philip is handsome," she says; "it is quite a pleasure to look at him. And I admire him very much."

"He is a good-looking fellow," reluctantly, and as though it were a matter of surprise nature's having bestowed beauty upon Philip Sinclair, "I suppose."

"Surly! not to me."

"Oh, of course not to you! A man must be a brute to be uncivil to a woman. And I don't say that he is that," slowly, and as though it was a point she considered whether Philip should be classed with the lower creation or not. "Do not let your admiration for him go too far, darling; remember——"

"About that," interrupts she, hurriedly, "you have something to remember also. Your promise to keep our engagement a dead secret. You will not break it."

"I never," a little stiffly, "break a promise. You need not have reminded me of this."

Silence.

Glancing up at her companion stealthily, Molly can see his lips are in a degree compressed, and that for the first time since their reunion his eyes are turned determinedly from her. Her heart sinks. Be good as he is to her, she has already hurt and wounded him.

With a little caressing, tender movement, she rubs her cheek up and down against his sleeve for a moment or two, and then says, softly:

"Are you cross with me, Teddy? Don't then. I am so glad, so happy to have you with me again. Do not spoil this one good hour by putting a nasty unbecoming little frown upon your forehead. Come, turn your face to me, and let me look at me, I know you will smile, for my sake."

"My own darling," says Luttrell, passionately.

"The morrow brings new faces, and Herst is still further relieved by the arrival of two men from some distant barracks—one a lieutenant, and the other so diminutive, as to call for an immediate joke about "the long and the short of it."

Captain Mottie is a jolly genial little soul, with a perpetual look on all occasions as though he couldn't help it, and just one faint, a fatal tendency towards punning of the weakest description, with which he hopes in vain to excite the risibilities of his intimates. Having a mind above disappointment, however, he feels no depression on marking the invariable silence that follows his best efforts, and, with a good-natured smile, he, better cause, only nerves himself for fresh failures.

Nature, having been prodigal to him in the matter of height, makes up for it generously in the matter of breadth and girth. Such lavish generosity, indeed, that he feels the time has come, with tears in his eyes, he must say no to his bitter beer.

Mr. Longshanks, Mr. Longshanks (commonly called "Daddy Longlegs" on account of the length of his lower limbs) is his exact counterpart, being as silent as the other is talkative; seldom exerting himself, indeed, to shine in conversation, but laughing with sudden boldness, as Marcia—secure in her French—says in that language, evidently in answer to some remark:

"Je pense concevoir it; she is totally unedicated, that is, in the accepted meaning of the word. The very morning after her arrival she confessed to me she knew nothing of French, nothing to signify of music, nothing, in fact, of anything."

"But her air, her whole bearing; it is inconceivable," says Lady Stafford. "She must have had some education surely."

"She spoke of a National School! Consider the horror of it! I expect her brother must be a very low sort of person. If she can read and write it is as much as we need hope for. That is the worst of living in one of those petty villages, completely out of society."

"What a pity, with her charming face and figure!" says Lady Stafford, (she is regret to say) so far forgetting herself as to speak in the language she believes falsely to be unknown to Molly.

The latter, whose own eyes have been fixed vacantly on some distant and invisible object outside in the dark garden, now flaws, humming softly, and going towards the window, presses her forehead against one of the cool panes. So stationed, she is out of sight and hearing.

The door opens, and the men come in by twos. Luttrell makes straight for Molly, and as an excuse for doing so says out loud:

"Miss Massereene, will you sing us something?"

"I don't sing," returns Molly, in a distinct and audible tone—audible enough to make Marcia raise her shoulders and cast an "I told you so," glance at Cecil Stafford.

Luttrell, bewildered, gazes at Molly.

"But——" he commences, rashly.

"I tell you I don't sing," she says, again, in a lower, more impressive tone, although even now she repents her of the ill humor that has balked her of a revenge so ready to her hand. To sing a French song, with her divine voice, before Marcia! A triumph, indeed!

All night long the conversation between her cousin and Lady Stafford rankles in her mind. What a foolish freak it was to ever permitting Marcia to think of her as one altogether without education! Instinct might have told her that her cousin would not scruple about applying such knowledge to her disadvantage. And yet why is Marcia her enemy? How has she ever injured her? With what purpose does she seek to make her visit unpleasant to her?

And to speak contemptuously of her to Lady Stafford, of all people, whom already she likes well enough to covet her regard in return—it is too bad. Not for worlds would she have had her think so poorly of her.

At all events she will lose no time in explaining, or rather in mending; and with this determination full upon her she retires to rest, with some small comfort at her heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Music hath charms."

"May I come in?" says Molly, next day, knocking softly at Lady Stafford's door.

"By all means," returns the plaintive voice from within; and Molly, opening the door, finds Cecil has risen, and is coming forward eagerly to meet her.

"I know your voice," says the blonde, gayly. "Come in and sit down; do. I am *enragee* to the last degree, and will accept it as a positive charity if you will devote half an hour to my society."

"Is that your name I am not in the way?" asks Molly, hesitatingly; "you are not—busy?"

"Busy! Oh, what a stranger I am to you, my dear! Yesterday I did nothing, elevating her brows; "it is three long years since last I was busy. I am sure I wish I were; perhaps it might help me to get through the time. I have spent the last hour wondering what on earth brought me to this benighted spot, and I really don't know yet."

"Grandpapa's invitation, I suppose," says Molly laughing.

"Well, yes, perhaps so; and something else—something that I verily believes brings us all! the fact that he has untold money, and can leave it where he pleases. There lies the secret of our yearly visitations. We outsiders don't of course hope to be the heir—Philip is that, or Marcia, or perhaps both; but still there is a good deal of ready money going, and we all hope to be kindly remembered. Each time we sacrifice ourselves by coming down here, we console ourselves by the reflection that it is at least another hundred tacked to our legacy."

"What if you are disappointed?"

"I often think of that," says her ladyship, gazing off into the distance, and emitting little "Oh, the fun it would be! Think of our expressions. I assure you I spend whole hours picturing Maud Darley's face under the circumstances. I see her sitting in those long drives with him every day in the load hope of cutting us all out and getting the lion's share."

"Poor woman! it is sad if she has all her trouble for nothing. I do not think I should like driving with grandpaps."

"I share your sentiments; neither should I. Still, there is a charm in money. Every night before going to bed I tot up on my fingers the amount of the bequest I feel I ought to receive. It has reached two thousand by this. Next visit will commence a fresh thousand."

"You are sanguine," says Molly. "I wonder if I shall go on hoping like you, year after year."

"I request you will not even insinuate such a thing," cries Lady Stafford, in pretended horror. "Year after year! Why, how long do you mean him to live? If he doesn't die soon I shall be quite an old maid, and lose my and out his acquaintance." Then, with sudden self-reproach, "poor old fellow," she says, "it is a shame to speak of him like this even to you, who are almost a stranger to him and concerned. Now tell me something about yourself, and do take a more comfortable chair; you don't look half cosy."

"I am very much more comfortable, or perhaps I shall bore you to death with the frequency of my visits. You will have me again to-morrow if you don't take care."

"Oh, I hope so. Remember, you have *carte blanche* at some hour when you may choose. I was fast falling into the blues when I heard your knock, so you may fancy how welcome you were, almost as welcome as my cousin."

"Marcia?" asked Molly, feeling slightly disappointed at the almost.

"Oh, dear no—not Marcia; she and I don't get on at all, and she is aware of it, and is excessively disagreeable all this morning; she is her grandfather's own child. I am sure she need not visit Philip's defection on me; that has a perfectly innocent, and that's the truth. No, I meant Tedcastle; he is my cousin also. I do so like Tedcastle; don't you?"

"If you will care to hear me," Molly answers, oddly rather than diffidently, and rising goes to the piano.

"Perhaps there may be something of mine here that will please you." Marcia, super-ciliously, pointing to the stand; but Molly, declaring that she can manage without music, sits down and plays the opening chords of Glendoveer's celebrated song.

A moment later, and her glorious voice, rarely soft, and sweet as a child's, yet powerful withal, rings through the room, swells, dies, every note a separate delight, falling like rounded pearls from her lips.

A silence—trust praise of all—follows. One by one the talkers cease their chatter, the last word remains a just word, they forget the thought of a moment before.

A dead calm reigns, while Molly sings on, until the final note drops from her with linging tenderness.

Even those they seem in no hurry to thank her; almost half a minute elapses before any one congratulates her on the exquisite gift that has been given her.

"You have been long days in the house, and never until now have let us hear you." Philip says, leaning on the top of the piano; he is an enthusiast where music is concerned. "How selfish! how unkind! I should hardly have believed it of you."

"Was I ever asked before?" Molly says, raising her eyes to his, while her fingers still run lightly over the notes.

"I don't know. But suppose it never occurred to me, and, as you may have noticed, there is a dearth of gracciousness among us. But for you to keep such a possession a secret was downright unfair. Sing again."

"I must not monopolize the piano; other people can sing too."

"Not, like you." He pauses, and then says, shyly, "I used to think nature was impartial in the distribution of her gifts—that as a rule, we all received pretty much the same amount of good at her hands; to one beauty, to another talent, and so on; but I begin to think that the Graces in a special sense, sanctioned by too frequent contact with the fact that "things are not what they seem." But he never does trouble himself to the least; and perhaps it is as well for the impartiality of his reports that he does not.

"Oh, that! Indeed!" laying it aside with suspicious haste. "Shall we try something else?"

"And why something else?" composedly. "Does that not suit your voice? If it does I will sing it with you with pleasure."

"Really?" regarding her closely, with what is decidedly more than admiration in his gaze. "Are there no recollections hidden in that song?"

"How can I tell? I never saw that particular edition before. Open it, and let us see," returns Molly, with a merry laugh. "Who knows what we may find between the pages?"

"If I might only believe you," he says, earnestly, still only half convinced. "Do you mean to tell me Luttrell spent an entire month with you, and left you heart-whole? I cannot believe it."

"Then don't," still laughing.

At this instant, Luttrell, who has with moody eyes been watching Philip's eager face from the other end of the room, saunters up, and, seeing the old well remembered duet lying open before Molly, suddenly thinks it may be there for him, and, cheering up, says pleasantly:

"Are you going to sing it with me?"

"Not to-night," Molly replies, kindly; "Philip has just asked me to sing it with him. Some other time."

"Ah!" says Luttrell, more wounded than he cares to confess; for is not that very song endeared to him by a thousand memories? And turning on his heel, he walks away.

With a little impulsive gesture Molly rises from the piano-stool, and, without again looking at Philip, moves across the room to the seat she had originally vacated. As she does so she passes close by Marcia, who, ever since her cousin's voice first sounded on her ears, has been sitting silent, now pale, now red.

She stays Molly by a slight movement of the hand, and says, coldly:

"I thought you told me you could neither sing, nor understand French?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOCKING WIFE-MURDER.

A Woman Butchered in Arthur Village—Her Husband Arrested on Suspicion.

ARTHUR, Ont., June 16.—This quiet little village was thrown into a state of the greatest excitement this morning on account of a report that a terrible murder had been committed. The victim of the horrible deed is Mrs. Jane Anticknap, nee Ann Ashton, daughter of the late John Ashton, Esq., of Ancaster, and a girl named Lundy, rose, and one of the children went to the stable, and, as he returned, found a woman's dress on the fence. Jones. He went to where it proceeded from, and found his mother in a dying condition. He gave the alarm, the woman was carried into the house, and Dr. Lundy and Dr. Henderson called, who arrived about 7 a.m. They found the scull just behind the right ear literally smashed to pieces, they saw at once the woman was dying. Upon enquiring as to the cause of the fracture the doctors were told that the cow had kicked her. They took it for granted that such was the case, and left, not doing what they could returned home, but after thinking over it their suspicions were excited by the fact that they had not seen Anticknap, who, they were aware possessed a mean disposition, and had left the village the news had spread around town, and every person who knew the old fellow was of the same opinion that he had murdered his wife. The people were in a state of high excitement and moving out to the scene of the deed about a quarter of a mile above the Toronto, Grey and Bruce railway station. They found the murdered wife in a condition, in their opinion as themselves, and at once instituted a search in the woods and fields of the vicinity. It was well known that Anticknap could not have gone far away, as he was crippled with rheumatism to such an extent that with the assistance of a stick he could scarcely walk. A party of from twenty to fifty men kept up the search all night, and at 3 a.m. it was finally discovered in a thicket, of bushes alongside the railroad track, barefooted. He was taken from his hiding place and escorted to the lock-up without offering the slightest resistance. He appeared very nervous, and, in reply to questions put to him declared that he knew nothing about the affair; that he had his breakfast at home in the morning, and after bolting the door and locking it, went for a walk, and was just having a rest when found. Some of the first men who visited the place found an axe in the grass close to the fence, about ten feet from the place where the unfortunate victim was found. Upon examination, a few spots of blood were found on the axe, and several long black hairs corresponding exactly with those on the woman's head. The woman died about 8 o'clock in the morning.

THE CALLOUS REPORTER.

Perhaps the reason for the indifference which the reporter betrays on all occasions is that he has had somewhat too close a peep into the seamy side of public life. A new charitable institution is started; the papers tell the philanthropic news, and the reporter; but the reporter, maybap, who takes a note of its first general meeting, finds himself entirely unable to feel any enthusiasm for the charity of its object, knowing so well that the real purpose of the concern was to provide a snug berth for the secretary, a well-appointed club, disguised under the name of a benevolent society, a dozen busy idlers, and the addition of a P. P. to the name of the self-appointed chairman. Were he to trouble himself to think at all about these matters, it is possible that the reporter might be tempted to write a cynical article, saddened by too frequent contact with the fact that "things are not what they seem." But he never does trouble himself to think; and perhaps it is well for the impartiality of his reports that he does not.

—A man named Moran fled of small-pox of a most virulent type in the township of Portland, Lanark, a short time ago. The authorities took the matter in hand, and used every precaution to prevent the spread of the dreadful disease. The family were removed and the house and contents burnt down to the last shred.

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—For want of tenants, Sir John Ramsden, who owns Huddersfield, and has an income of $500,000, has been compelled to take six of his huge Scotch sheep farms into his own hands.

—Talk of the bravery of the sterner sex! Do you remember the first time you asked her, "Will you take my arm?" While you trembled all over like the narrative of a stump-tail dog, and experienced the sensation of having swallowed your Adam's apple, what did she do? Why, she took your arm as coolly as she would eat a pickle.

—The growing of wheat on a large scale in the Argentine Republic has only been carried on two or three years, and yet at last accounts forty vessels were loading in the river Plata, with wheat for Europe. The country is fast filling up with with emigrants from Italy, France, and Germany, and promises soon to be a sharp competitor in grain shipments with the Unified States.

—In Stockholm and other Swedish cities, the police now arrest men who are accustomed to annoy or insult women in the streets and places of public resort. Such offenders are made to pay a fine of twenty-five kroner (about $7), and their name, residence and profession are published in all the journals under the head of "Disturbers of the Peace of women."

—Since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Governor as the capital of united Italy, twelve Protestant churches have been built there, of which three are Episcopal, two Methodist, one Presbyterian, one Baptist, and one called the American Union Church. The others are the Liberal church, the Waldensian church, the Evangelic Military church, and the Apostolic Church of Rome.

—New hats are beginning to make their appearance on the streets as a consequence of the general election. It is a good idea to have the general election at this time of the year, for this is just the time when new hats are most seasonable. There is a wild supposition that the man who devised the idea of determining popular representation by elections was a hatter, and that he did it in order to encourage business in his own particular line. But this is probably a fiction.

—The mosquito:

Sun-s-s-s-up! Sun has-s-s-ets!
Then we chase around the room,
Stark our shins up in the gloom
To build that insect's tomb
With a leaded pillow slip.
But how hard is our endeavor,
More uncertain than the weather,
For we hit his tormentor ever.
(Forgive us.)
And back he comes once our blood to sip.

—John, Duke of Argyll, having been with some ladies in the opera house in London, an English squire, puffing, blowing and sweating, entered the box in which they were seated with his hunting hat on and whip in hand. The Duke instantly rose up, and, making a low bow, exclaimed, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you." "Oh! why?—how?—for what?" "For not bringing your horse here."

—A letter has been received by the Aborigines Protection Society from the War Office relative to Cetewayo's assertion that after the battle of Kambela Hill a number of wounded Zulus were killed by the British forces, and stating that the General commanding her Majesty's forces in Natal had been called upon to inquire into the circumstances, and to report whether there is any truth in the statement in question.

—A rejected suitor made a last and ineffectual appeal to the girl of his choice, as they were together near the Falls of Niagara. She told him that she certainly would never change her mind. "Then I want to die," he said. "Then get out of the wagon, took the check rein from the horse, unhitched the animal, and led it into the woods, and hanged himself. The girl, after waiting awhile, went to look for him, and found him dead.

—Professor Huxley's recent work on Hume, there is this passage:—"One of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind is its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to extraneous adjuncts. Dr. Jeff, who barks furiously at a beggar who is well dressed man pass him without opposition. Has he not a 'generic idea' of rags and dirt associated with the idea of aversion, and that of sleek broadcloth associated with the idea of liking?"

—The Prince of Wales, who used often when a boy to be separated from court etiquette from his father and mother, insists at an impressive rule of his household, when his boys are at home, that whenever they wish to go to their parents they must first be allowed to do so. The lads run in to see their father at times when they are least expected, as at semi-official and business audiences in Marlborough House. He permits them to linger about him in the well-ordered chaos, for will about a fatherly, without regard to precedent.

—The miscellaneous old records of the Dutch East India Company have lately furnished a very interesting report. Established by the discoveries of the Portuguese, now the least enterprising of peoples, the English began as early as the reign of Henry VII. to try to open a traffic with India. This they first attempted to reach by northwest and northeast passages, in order to avoid the Portuguese. But on the Dutch in 1596 sending out four ships via the Cape of Good Hope, jealousy at once prompted the formation of the East India Company. The profits at the outset were rarely less than 100 per cent. on each voyage, and dividends of 300 were.

—Samuel Hill, on trial in Atlanta for killing his wife's lover, prefaced his testimony as follows: "I arise with a broken heart to speak of a woman I worship. If I may come into court dressed in mourning, I shall be deeply obliged, for I am dressed in my weeds where I stand. After giving his defense of the shooting he said: "Gentlemen, I loved my wife, and I love her now. I killed the man who had sought to invade the sanctity of my home. I have no excuse to offer. If this was wrong, hang me. I will die like a man. It is with you to decide. I leave my wife and my little child. Oh! life was one long honeymoon. I do not ask sympathy, but only justice."

—The head of J. P. Ferguson of Clarence, Iowa, was drawn forward on his breast by chronic rheumatism, and Dr. J. P. Cornet effected a partial cure of the disease. He thought that the patient's head might be brought back into place by means of an apparatus. This consisted of a leaded collar iron bar, with one end strapped to the chest, and running up the back to the top of the head. A cross bar was to be fastened to the end of it, and to the upper end was fastened like a photographer's head rest, with a strap and buckle over the forehead. Ferguson was stretched on a table, and adjusted, but without considerable force, to the bar. His neck was straightened, stiff enough, but was broken in the operation, and he died instantly.

—Will the troubles of St. James's, Hatcham never cease? Seldom comes an English mail but there is something new from that seat of war. The latest bulletin is to the effect that Bishop of Rochester to the Churchwardens and the Vicar, ruling that the contested position in consecrating the elements is permissible only on the understanding that the consecrating act is done before the congregation. With regard to an act of rudeness complained of by the vicar, he hopes he is right in assuming that such an act was not intended to be the Churchwardens' side, there has been over-sensitiveness on the Vicar's. But the alleged irreverence," concludes the Bishop, "is a grievous matter to Almighty God, and a scandal of outrage on His House of Prayer; say those who by such means think to promote the cause of truth and order only succeed in inflicting on it a vital and permanent injury."

THE SCIENCE OF DINNER-GIVING.

A writer in an English magazine says:—"A dinner given in a moderate income is at least fifteen thousand per annum, and you live up to it, you never ought to have more friends assembled at your table at one time than eight, and this is perhaps two too many. I assume that we ask friends to dine with us because we like them for certain inherent qualities. If our circle of friends be large we must be accustomed with many who differ widely in all their social characteristics, to say nothing of their pursuits, sympathies and occupations, and it is, therefore, by a judicious admixture of the guests that we secure success in our dinner-giving.

"With six or eight at table, and presuming that there is no garrulous or twaddling bore present, the conversation is sure to be general; there can hardly be two talkers at a temporary monopoly of the talk (and this is one of the charms of small parties), and it is, therefore, essential that the elements be harmonious. A bad habit prevails among the petrified dinner giving fraternity in their choice of guests. If the first time a man comes to your house, they may not only a week or two previously at the house of a common friend. If the first time a man comes to your house, second is the more likely to be a failure, although it was that very success which induced the repetition. The common friends so assembled, however fond they may be of each other, will hardly carry on the brilliant or attractive tone of conversation of the first to the second edition, especially when, as is frequently the case, they was a great house with them a week or fortnight's interval. It is not sufficient merely to change the rooms and the positions of the host or hostess; some new elements are needed to season the talk and to b

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

DR. NASH,
OF BRIDGEWATER, will open an office at Madoc, (Moon's Hotel,) on Tuesdays and Fridays. Office hours—1.30 to 4.30 p. m.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

J. P. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday. ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc. OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

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AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 36.

DENNARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada. BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, entirely on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

DR. W. A. DAFOE,
GRADUATE of Toronto University, and of the University of Trinity College; Fellow of Trinity Medical School, (by examination); Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh; Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office in Victoria Block, Madoc.

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. | T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A. E.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 52

FARM FOR SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Hungerford. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

Cheap Bread!
8cts. PER LOAF,
AT
JNO. HARPER'S.
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
GAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877.
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short date.
A. F. WOOD.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 2, 1879.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The celebration of the Twelfth, in this village, promises to be one of the best ever held here. Definite information has reached us that a very large number will be present from Belleville. All the Lodges of True Blues, Prentice Boys, and Young Britons of that city, including the Lodges from Plainfield, and Smithville, will be present. The splendid band of the 15th Battalion has also been engaged. It is also expected that the Huntingdon District Orange Lodges will be present. The above, with the Orange Lodges in the Madoc District, and the North Hastings District Lodges of Young Britons, will make a very imposing procession. Full particulars will be given in posters, and in next issue of the REVIEW.

WE publish this week for the first time a By-law which will be submitted to the ratepayers of the township of Huntingdon, on Friday, August 8th, granting a bonus of $10,000 to the B. & N. H. Railway Company. Should this amount be given by the township, the Railway Company will bind themselves to run the road for a term of twenty years, and build the necessary grain storehouses, stations, &c., required in the municipality. As the township is free of debt, the above amount would add but little to the burdens of the taxpayers, compared with the advantages to be derived from having the road run regularly, almost through the centre of the township. Every ratepayer should give the matter careful consideration.

A SAD case of drowning occurred at Peterboro' on Thursday evening last, 27th ult. Several young men and boys were bathing in the river among them a young man named Fitzgerald, aged about 19 years, said to be a recent arrival in that town. Fitzgerald, as soon as he was undressed, plunged in, after being warned of the depth of the water, and got beyond his depth, where he struggled, the others supposing him to be in play. Becoming convinced that he was in trouble, a young man named Glover plunged in to his rescue, but was too late to save him, as the body had disappeared and could not be found. It appears that although he could swim a little in salt water he was not used to fresh, and miscalculated his power for self-preservation. The body was recovered next day.

RIXER, the Toronto forger, whose escape we noticed last week, has been recaptured, and taken to Thunder Bay, where he is now in prison.

The Crop Prospects.

The *Mail* publishes a series of telegraphic reports from different points in Ontario and the other Provinces, which it summarizes as follows:—"On the whole, the prospects for a more than average crop are excellent. In some places the fall wheat was winter killed, and in others the lateness of the spring delayed sowing; but the favorable weather of the past few weeks has worked wonders. Our despatches indicate that the crops are looking better in the eastern than in the western section of Ontario, but the harvest the country over will be a bountiful one. The hay crop will be an unprecedented one. Wheat, oats and barley are above the average. Root crops of all kinds are thriving well, and fruit will at least be an average yield. The potato crop has so far escaped the ravages of the potato bug, which appears to have lost its terrors. The cable reports, and the reports appearing in the late English papers, show that the crops in Great Britain, and indeed throughout Europe generally will be light. The winter was an almost unprecedentedly severe one, and it was followed by cold, wet and unseasonable weather which delayed sowing operations and retarded growth. Under these circumstances, the farmers of Canada have every reason to feel hopeful."

Strange mischances with fatal results are daily happening here and there. A Boston butcher ran against a knife that lay on a block, severed an artery, and bled to death. A Denver woman caught her foot in a railroad frog, and could not get loose before a train ran over her. A Vermont farmer smeared with a straw in his mouth, drew it to his lungs, and died choking. A horse kicked a Michigan boy into a deep well, where he was drowned. The shoe flew off the foot of a kicking mule, in Nashville, and fractured the skull of a baby. An Oregon girl swallowed her engagement ring, and lived only a week afterwards. While standing on his head, on the top of a high fence post, an Iowa boy lost his balance, fell into a tub of hot water, and was fatally scalded. A stone thrown by a playfellow, broke a glass from which a St. Louis boy was drinking, driving some of the pieces down his throat, and he died a few days afterwards in great agony. Looking up to watch the flight of an arrow, a Nashville woman did not see it descending directly over her head, and the sharp metal point penetrated her brain through one of her eyes, killing her instantly.

DIED.

ROLLISON.—At the residence of his son, Huntingdon, on the 21st of June, George Rollison, sr., aged 89 years, 4 months, and 14 days.

Masonry and Heroism.

Masonry and heroism were happily blended in the recent brave and noble action of Captain Gaskil, of the coasting schooner *Mary Louise*. On the last run from New York to Newbern N. C., his lookout discovered the wreck of the *Clara Merrick* near Hatteras, with five men clinging to the rigging. The captain went forward and closely observed the signals made by the wrecked men, after which he ordered the boat to be lowered, and stated that he intended to save them if possible. The wind was blowing a gale, and the seas were running very high at the time, and one of his men asked:—"Will you try to save them?" The captain replied:—"I will go to them or die in the attempt. I see the Masonic signal of distress displayed. Who will volunteer to go with me?" Two of his men at once volunteered, and the three brave men stepped into the yawl and shoved off from the vessel. Their noble efforts were crowned with success. They reached the men, took them from their perilous condition, and returned in safety to the *Mary Louise*. The five men had been clinging to the rigging at the masthead about six hours.

Weather Predictions.

It has become the fashion to laugh at our weather prognosticator, but as a matter of fact, Mr. Vennor has done the country great service by directing its attention to the necessity of watching the season. Forecasts of the weather are now attracting great attention everywhere, and the time has come when storms can be foretold many hours, and even days, before they happen, with wonderful exactitude. And Mr. Vennor is often not very far astray in his predictions. He prophesied unsettled weather for the first half of the present month, and few will deny that he has proved about right. In his latest prediction, he says:—"Judging from the movements of the spring birds, I feel certain we are going to experience a wet summer, with frequent cold relapses and severe frosts; the same conditions extend through a large portion also of the United States. The winter of 1879-80 will be again severe with heavy snow falls."—*Mail.*

THE *Official Gazette* contains the following changes in the Postal Money Order regulations between the Dominion and the United States; There shall be a regular exchange of Money Orders between the two countries for sums received from remitters in one country for payment in other. The maximum amount of any money order, issued in either country, is fixed at fifty dollars in the lawful money of the country in which the order originates; but no money order shall include the fractional part of a cent. The provisions of this new article shall take effect on the first day of June, 1879.

No. 3 Hook and Ladder Company of Belleville have accepted an invitation to visit Watertown, N. Y., on the 4th of July.

The Peterboro' *Review* says:—"Mr. Hector Cameron, Q. C., M. P., and M. Bickford, of Toronto, were in town on Saturday, with reference to the Grand Junction Railway. An informal meeting was held in the evening, at which the subject was discussed, but nothing definite was arrived at."

The Campbellford *Herald* man has been presented with a supply of peas, beets, carrots, and also strawberries and rhubarb in abundance for all of which, we are glad to see, he feels truly grateful to his generous donors. Who will say the rural editor is not sometimes a petted community! And he has to get a lot of nice cherries when they are ripe, too!

A sad case of suicide occurred at the Indian reserve below Shannonville on the 25th inst., the victim being an Indian named Lawrence Maracle. It appears that Maracle, who is supposed to have been drinking freely, went out and lay down in the sun. His daughter tried to awake him, supposing he was sleeping, but being unable to arouse her father she left him lying some hours longer, when she went out again and found he was dead. In taking off his clothes parts of flesh came with them. He is supposed to have been literally baked by the sun. He was about 55 or 60 years of age.—*Intelligencer.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST.
CAME on my premises, Lot 5, 9th Con. of Madoc, a red bull calf about 1 year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take her away.
JAMES MARRIN.
118-4i

A CARD.
MR. R. E. HENDERSON avails himself of his first moments of convalescence to tender his most sincere and grateful thanks to Messrs. Taylor, Jas. Jone, and others whose names he does not know, who so kindly came to his assistance at the time of the accident that so nearly deprived him of life. Also to Mr. Maitland, of Bannockburn, for his unwearied attention to him and the ladies with him, during the night that he lay helpless at his house.

BONES WANTED.
GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.
Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
118-4i

NOTICE.
I HAVE been informed that my husband Francis Newell, signed papers on the 17th inst., disposing of part of his property. Now I want to notify the public that any such agreements he might sign for the last two years are no good, as all of his property is mortgaged, and the balance is settled on me by my marriage settlements. Any debts I justly owe will be paid, as I am going to put my property into the hands of some of the best business men of Madoc to see my rights and my creditors also.
MARY ANNE LLOYD NEWELL.
Millbridge, June 26, 1879. 118

FIRST-CLASS FARM FOR SALE
CONSISTING of 150 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is all cleared, and well fenced with cedar posts; fruit trees; buildings large and commodious; it is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Grist Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured on the farm, the balance may remain on mortgage at 8 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to
WAREHAM TEILLER,
Owner, on the premises.
Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

By-Law No.

A By-law to authorize the granting of a Bonus to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company to the extent of $10,000.

Whereas the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company have built and completed a line of Railway from the point of junction with the Grand Junction Railway to the "Moore Mine," in the Township of Madoc;

And whereas the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon are desirous of assisting the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company by way of Bonus, to the extent of Ten Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of working said road, and of assisting in developing the northern part of the County of Hastings, and for other advantages to be derived from the construction and working of said Railway;

And whereas to carry the said recited object into effect, it is necessary to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned;

And whereas the amount of the whole of rateable property of the said municipality according to the last revised and equalized Assessment Rolls, is the sum of Four hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and two dollars, ($421,502);

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said municipality of the Township of Huntingdon is as follows, that is to say, for principal sum, *nothing*, and there is no principal money in arrear and there is no interest money in arrear;

And whereas it will require the sum of Six hundred dollars annually to be raised by special rate for paying the interest on said Ten thousand dollars during the currency of the debentures, and the further sum of Three hundred and two dollars and forty-three cents, ($302.43,) to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said sum of Ten thousand dollars, such sum being sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said Ten thousand dollars when payable, the debentures to be issued to extend over twenty years;

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon as follows:—

1st.—That this By-law shall come in force on the first day of November next.

2nd.—That the whole of the debentures hereinafter mentioned and authorized to be issued shall be made payable in twenty years at furthest, from the day on which this By-law shall take effect, as in the preceding clause mentioned. That immediately after this By-law comes into force the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon shall issue their debentures in sums not less than One hundred dollars each, and in such greater sums as the Reeve and Treasurer shall think best, in all for the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

3rd.—That the said debentures shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal in Belleville, at the time in Section Two above mentioned, and the said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and shall have interest Coupons attached, payable half-yearly at said Bank.

4th.—That the said debentures shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer of said Township of Huntingdon.

5th.—That there shall be levied and assessed upon all rateable property in the Township of Huntingdon an annual special rate of Two mills and one-seventh of a mill on the dollar, sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said debt and interest when payable at the end of twenty years, until the same are paid off, redeemed and discharged in full.

6th.—That the said debentures shall be taken and accepted by the said Company to whom they are to be given in payment of said bonus, as hereinafter provided, at par value.

7th.—That the said debentures so to be created and issued shall be paid over to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company on the following conditions, that is to say:—When they shall have commenced the said working and traffic on the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway for passengers and freight and otherwise in and from the northern part of the said Township of Huntingdon to the Grand Junction wharves at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, in the City of Belleville, or to a shipping station of the said Company at said waters in Belleville,

8th.—That the said debentures so to be appropriated in aid of the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall be deposited with the Trustees to be appointed in the manner and as provided in the Act incorporating said Company.

9th.—That before the delivery over of the debentures to the said Railway Company by the Trustees, and before they shall be entitled to receive the same, or any part thereof, the said Railway Company shall enter into a Covenant with the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon: *Providing* that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, in addition to the present Railway Stations, shall provide a Flag Station, together with a Storehouse for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, sufficient for that purpose, and for the storage of goods and merchandise, at Mr. John B. Fox's farm, sufficient for that purpose, on that portion of the same heretofore conveyed by him to said Railway Company, and that the said Railway Company shall erect at each of the said other stations in the said Township a Storehouse sufficient for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, and to store the grain and the goods, wares and merchandise of the said Township, and that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall carry passengers and the grain and produce of the said Township and work the said road through the said Township of Huntingdon to and from the said Grand Junction Railway wharf or wharves of the said Company in Belleville, at the Bay of Quinte, for the term of Twenty years.

10th.—That the said Covenants shall be entered into by the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, contemporaneously with the handing over of the said debentures.

Be it further enacted that for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the qualified electors to the said By-law,

Friday, the 8th day of August next,

is hereby appointed for taking votes of the said electors thereon, and polls are hereby appointed to be held and opened at the hour of Nine o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, and remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

Be it further enacted that the following shall be the Returning Officers who shall take the votes at the following places and as mentioned below:

Division No. 1, Orange Hall, West Huntingdon; James Gay, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2, Town Hall; J. G. Foster, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3, Sargent's House; Elisha Sargent, Returning Officer.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon, after one month from the first publication in the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, the date of which first publication was the second day of July, A. D. 1879, and that the votes of the electors of the said Township will be taken thereon at the several and respective places therein appointed for polls to be held, at the hour of Nine o'clock of the forenoon of the said day, to remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

That the Clerk shall on the day after the election attend at the Town Hall, in the said Township of Huntingdon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and shall sum up the number of votes cast in favor of the By-law, and the number polled against it, and then and there declare the result of said election.

J. G. FOSTER,
Clerk, Township of Huntingdon.
Town Hall, Huntingdon, June 26th, 1879.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

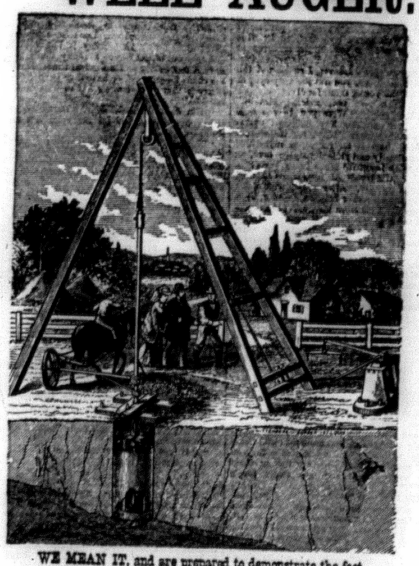
Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our Advertisements bona fide.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**
Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa.

PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th June, 1879. 117-5i

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co. Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

PLANTS FOR SALE
The undersigned has a large variety of
CABBAGE,
TOMATOES,
CAULIFLOWERS,
AND
CELERY PLANTS,
FOR SALE.
HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

CHANCERY SALE
IN CHANCERY!
BAILEY VS. CAMPBELL ET AL
Pursuant to the decree made in this case, and bearing date the 10th day of April, A. D. 1879, there will be sold by public auction, with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lozier, Esquire, Master of this Court, at Belleville,
AT SIMMONS' HOTEL,
IN THE
VILLAGE OF MADOC,
ON
FRIDAY JULY THE 4th. A.D. 1879,
At the hour of seven o'clock in the afternoon, the following farm property, being the east half of the south half of lot No. 6, in the fourth concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.
There is erected upon the premises a farm house, 24 x 36, 1½ stories high and a log barn.
About thirty-five acres of the land are cleared and under cultivation. The premises are situated about two miles from the village of Madoc.
Possession of the premises will be delivered to the purchaser on the first of October, next, and the right for the tenant to remove the crops on the place will be reserved.
The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.
The purchaser shall at the time of sale pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money, and shall pay the remainder within two months thereafter, without interest.
In all other respects the conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of the Court of Chancery.
For further particulars apply to the law offices of S. B. Burdett, Esq., Hon. L. Wallbridge, Simpson & Bogart, E. McMahon and Bell & Bell, Belleville.
S. B. BURDETT, S. S. LAZIER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor, Master.
Dated at Chambers this 10th day June '79.

TENDERS FOR STEEL RAILS.
TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:
5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.
5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.
5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.
Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender, and all other information will be furnished on application at this office, or at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 12th June, 1879. 117-3i

THE
NEW STORE!

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman, Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.
Please look out for the sign of
THE NEW STORE.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:
Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!
We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.
SYDMER ROSS & Co.

WRIGHT'S
GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE
AND LIQUOR STORE,
(Established in 1858, by the late Andrew Wright,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT.
Mrs. W. is returning her sincere thanks for the very large share of public patronage she has received, begs to inform her numerous customers that her stock is now complete, consisting of
SUGARS,
TEAS,
TOBACCOS,
SPICES,
CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALTY,)
FRUITS IN SEASON,
W. C. Wells' celebrated Honey and Grape Wine.
WINES,
BRANDIES,
GINS,
SPIRITS,
PORTERS,
ALES,
of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers, and sold as received.
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY, BROOMS, BRUSHES, AND WOODEN WARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
All wholesale and retail, at the lowest possible Cash price.
JANE WRIGHT,
Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc.
Madoc, May 12th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,
THE CELEBRATED
DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 31

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.
22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

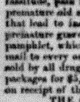
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

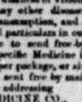
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE,

TRADE MARK. TRADE MARK.





The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

Before Taking. After Taking.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUER, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285,
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321,
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253,
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133,
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, July 3rd,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.
A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, July 7th,
At 8 o'clock.
N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., July 8th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,
S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.
Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estray—Jas. Marrin.
Notice—Mrs. Newells.
Card—R. S. Henderson.
For Sale—Warcham Tuller.
Great Western Well Auger Works.
Bones Wanted—P. R. Lamb & Co.
Madoc Planing Mills—Kerrs & Walton.

Crowded out.
Our York River correspondence and Elzivir and Grimsthorpe Council proceedings have been crowded out of this issue.

Farm for Sale.
Mr. Warham Tuller in this issue offers his farm for sale. It is one of the best in the township of Madoc, well situated, with first-class buildings, &c., erected thereon. The terms are also reasonable.

Heavy Storm.
On Thursday last one of the heaviest rainstorms we have ever witnessed fell in this village. Near this village, and at Queensboro', large quantities of hail also fell. We have heard of no serious damage being done.

Queensboro' Picnic.
The picnic at the above place, on Thursday last, was attended by a very large number of people, and the affair would have been most successful had it not been for the heavy rainstorms which fell during the day. We have not yet learned the amount realized.

Fall Wheat.
On Monday last Mr. J. H. Dunn left in our office a specimen of fall wheat, measuring five feet four and a quarter inches in height, grown on his farm, west half of lot 2, 7th concession of Madoc. This is the tallest stock of wheat we have noticed reported so far this season. Who can beat it?

Bones Wanted.
We have a large number of boys idling around the streets of our village who might make considerable money by picking up old bones, of which there are large quantities lying around, and shipping them to P. R. Lamb & Co., of Toronto. The firm is a reliable one. Read their advt., and then go to work.

Excursion.
Over 150 persons left this place yesterday on the excursion train to Belleville. Returning, they arrived home about 2 o'clock this morning. If the railway authorities would go to a little expense in properly advertising matters of this kind, they would serve their own interests, as well as that of the public, very much.

Progress.
Work on the "O'Flynn Block" is being rapidly pushed forward towards completion. The carpenters are, we understand, through with their contract, with the exception of hanging doors and putting in window sashes; the plasterers are hard at work, and the building will soon be in the hands of the painters for the finishing touches. When completed it will be a decided ornament to the village.

The American Agriculturist
For July is promptly to hand, and contains a vast amount of interesting reading matter. "Hints for the work of the month" are very seasonable; also the articles on the "Household;" Boys and girls Column; in fact articles on everything connected with farm life. The price is only $1.50 a year. Call and see sample at this office. Published at 245 Broadway, New York.

Shocking Accident.
A shocking accident occurred near Trenton, on Tuesday, 24th inst., by which a young man named Hendricks, 23 years of age, lost his life. He was engaged in mowing near the G. T. R. track when the horses became frightened by a passing train and ran away. Mr. Hendricks was thrown from his seat, and fell in front of the knives, his legs and lower part of his body being frightfully mangled. He was removed to his home and medical aid summoned, but he gradually sank and died in about four hours, his sufferings being of the most extraordinary nature.

School Examinations.
The quarterly examination of the pupils in attendance at the Madoc Model School takes place this week, as follows:—Miss Crepar's department this (Wednesday) forenoon; Miss Riddell's this afternoon; Miss Cowie's to-morrow afternoon; and Mr. Kirk's on Friday afternoon. The summer holidays commence immediately after the close of the examinations. Parents and all interested in the welfare of the children should be present.

Who is the Offender?
Several parties have complained to us within the last few days, that nearly every night some person lets their cow into the grounds of the Model School (where, no doubt, there is excellent pasture), and always manages to get her out early enough in the morning to prevent being seen. If this is true, some steps should certainly be taken to discover and expose the offender. The Board of Trustees took considerable pains and spent money in beautifying and adorning these grounds, and for any person to ruthlessly endeavor in the above fashion to convert them into a pasture field is a trifle too much for ordinary human nature to stand.

Farewell Entertainment.
A farewell entertainment will be held in the Methodist Church, this evening, to Rev. H. Kenner, who has labored on this Circuit for the past three years, and to-morrow takes his departure for the village of Hastings. We hope to see a very large crowd present on this occasion, to show the respect in which Mr. Kenner has been held by all classes of the community. Addresses are expected from Revs. Wishart, Martin, and Peters, and Messrs. O'Flynn, Wood, and others. Music will be furnished by the choir of the church. Strawberries and cream, ice-cream, and cake, in abundance for all. Admission only 15 cents.

The Cheese Market.
INGERSOLL, June 30.—To-day over ninety dairymen and buyers were present at the cheese market. Seventeen factories registered 4,788 boxes. 220 boxes sold at 5¼c. 1,250 boxes sold at 5½c.; and 1,020 boxes sold at 5⅝c. One buyer reports buying 1,500 boxes at from 5cents upwards. Cable to-day, 5 p. m., 35s.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., June 30.—Factory offerings, 12,000 boxes: sales, 10,500 boxes. Quotations are:—Extremes, 5¼c @ 5⅝c; ruling price, 5½c; top price, 5⅝c. Sales, 397 boxes dairy cheese, at 4c to 6c, and 60 packages butter, at 11c @ 14c.

LIVERPOOL, June 30.—Cheese, 35s.

New Planing Mills.
The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Messrs. Kerrs & Walton, proprietors of the new planing mills, and sash, door and blind factory, lately erected in this village, which appears in another column. These gentlemen have moved their machinery, &c., from Bridgewater and put up a suitable building in Madoc, where we have no doubt they will find a much more numerous custom and wider field for all kinds of work in their line. We gladly welcome this new industry to our village, and trust the enterprising proprietors may never regret the removal of their establishment to this place. Read their adv.

Public Meeting.
A public meeting is called for next Monday afternoon, the 7th inst., in the Town Hall, Madoc, at 1 o'clock, p. m., for, as the hand bills state, "the purpose of considering the proper course to take to prevent further injury to the health of the community, believed to be caused by raising the waters of Hog Lake." There is now and has been for some weeks past a great amount of sickness from ague in this vicinity, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the above has been at least partly the cause of it. Some steps should be taken to remedy this state of affairs, and for the purpose the above meeting has been called at the suggestion of leading residents of the place. The attendance of all interested is requested.

Apportionment of School Moneys.
The following amounts of Legislative School Grant have been apportioned to the municipalities of North Hastings. A comparison with the apportionment for 1878 shows that the grant to the Riding is greater by several hundred dollars than it was in that year. This is owing to a change in the mode of apportionment by which the increase in the population of our northern townships has been taken into account:

Carlow and Mayo	$ 167
Elzivir, &c.	213
Dungannon and Faraday	152
Huntingdon	390
Wicklow, McLure & Bangor	134
Monteagle and Herschel	209
Madoc (Township	349
Marmora and Lake	246
Rawdon	458
Tudor, *et al.*	316
Madoc Village	106
Stirling	112
Total	$2852

Great Western Well Auger.
It is almost unnecessary for us to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in this issue of the Great Western Well Auger Works, of Bloomfield, Iowa. Every reader of the REVIEW cannot fail to notice it, and to many of them in this Riding we trust it will be means of inaugurating a new system of surmounting the difficulties and expense which attend well boring in the rough and rocky districts of North Hastings. The above firm have had unparalleled success in inventing a machine for well-boring, mining and prospecting purposes. Their machinery stands alone as a success. Though there has been a great many difficulties attending the perfection of a machine that would work in unexplored regions—that of well-boring—yet this machine has no equal, and stands ready to convince the thirsty enterprising man that it will sink a well in an astonishing short time. This machine will bore from 40 to 60 feet in depth per day, and in diameter from 3 inch to 6 feet. In order to introduce the tools thoroughly in Canada, the manufacturers are offering such inducements to agents, as no other company could offer. Their machinery is well recommended by practical workmen who have used them and seen them in operation, and bears the best reputation of any of the kind ever invented. We would recommend our readers to carefully consider this matter, and we believe many of them would find it to their advantage, and ultimate profit to write to the above firm for particulars, or call at this office and see their illustrated catalogue, which fully illustrates and explains the qualities of the machine. That they fully appreciate the value of printers' ink in introducing their machinery will be seen by the large advertisement in this issue.

SMALL POX IN MILL POINT.—The *Echo* says:—"After our last issue was in type on the 12th inst., a case of small pox occurred in this place; a little boy, son of Edward Gouland, just then returned from Ottawa, being the one affected. The case was a very light one, and the thorough and very wise precautions taken by the Council and the doctors prevented it from spreading. We think we are quite safe in saying there is no further danger."

THE CHARACTER AND CLAIMS OF THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

FAREWELL SERMON BY REV. H. KENNER.

As we intimated in our last week's issue, we give to-day a synopsis of Rev. H. Kenner's farewell sermon, delivered in this village on Sabbath evening last. After the usual opening exercises were concluded the rev. gentleman took for his text the same passage of Scripture as that used by him on the Sabbath previous, viz.: 1 Thess. chap v., 12th, 13th verses:—"And we beseech you brethren to know them which labor among you and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake. And be at peace among yourselves." The rev. gentleman prefaced his remarks by stating that to those who were present the previous Sabbath the text needed no introduction, as it had then been affirmed that the true calling of a minister was that of a laborer, not that of a man of fashion who was content to devote his time and attention to mere external display. The Methodist Ministry had always been noted for the former, and it would be a benefit to this Ministry if those entering it were to make sure that their constitutions were physically adapted to the labors of such a life. The medical and legal students were called upon to do considerable labor but the work of the minister surpassed all others in its importance, as it involved responsibility to God. The work of a shepherd and watchman were only faint figures used for comparison. The rev. gentleman then asked the attention of the congregation to the claims of the Ministry. First of all and least of all the minister who labors among you should be known in person. It was too often the case that those connected with the church were not sufficiently acquainted. He had seen this exemplified only a short time ago in Cobourg. A Bible Christian Minister had occasion to go to a house and upon inquiry found that his host was a member of the same church; now this minister had been in the same field of labor with this man for eight months and had not become acquainted with him before. This case goes to show that the members of a church should know each other more fully, as many difficulties would be lessened thereby. The rev. gentleman here demonstrated how thoroughly dependent is the minister upon his congregation for support, instancing, as an illustration, the fact that he was not allowed to sell the books required in the services of the church. It might be thought by some that he was looking at this matter from a financial standpoint, but did not the Scripture say the laborer was worthy of his hire and as the Ministry had done so much towards civilization and the material advancement of the world it is certainly entitled to a thoughtful support. Ministers were in duty bound to practice economy, but there was a great deal of genteel poverty existing among them of which the world knew nothing. Some preferred to suffer in silence rather than make known their grievances, but occasionally a case came to the surface like a case which came to light in Yorkville a little while ago. A Clergyman died and it was demonstrated that his death was indirectly attributable to starvation. It had been said by Franklin that three moves were as bad as a burn out, and to this continual moving the Ministry were subject to a great deal of inconvenience. Before he (Mr. Kenner) came here three years ago he sold a quantity of his furniture to a cabinet maker at a rate that would enable the latter to sell it again with profit, thinking it was better to thus dispose of it than to move it ninety miles. The congregation should be always conscious of the wants of their minister, should know whether or not his necessities are provided for; "he that feeds the flock is entitled to the milk,"—is entitled to a comfortable support. He had said there were a great many difficulties attending the moving of ministers, but he did not mean to say that these difficulties could be abolished. He but mentioned them as incidents in the ministerial life which demanded the consideration of the congregation. It was a good thing sometimes that ministers were changed. He had known people who never had been and who never could be satisfied with one working minister, but who would become elated at the words of one who would excite them for the time being. Then there were ministers who had their eccentricities, like every one else. Some were to be found whose chief recommendation, like Sanky, was their love of song, others, who had a peculiarity of a different kind, indeed all types were to be found in the Ministry and he presumed it was quite natural for congregations to have their favorites. He would advise his hearers to accept Mr. McFarlane as he was. No doubt those whom he (Mr. Kenner) never had and never would suit, would be pleased with Mr. McFarlane. He hoped, however, they would work together for the good of the church. Some time ago a journalist, he thought it was the Hon. George Brown, came to the conclusion that the press was going to take the place of the pulpit, and that there would be no further need for ministers. It was not stated whether this result was to be reached through the *Globe* or *Mail* or the Montreal *Witness*, but he thought the *Witness* was the best medium. This was a great mistake as God would have his own way of choosing his servants. Without the pulpit morality would be at a low ebb. One cause of trouble to Ministers was the lack of consideration extended to them. When a person was taken ill a doctor was immediately sent for, but the minister was frequently not called in until life was gone. Sometimes on the Sabbath day, when in the midst of other duties, the minister was suddenly summoned to attend a funeral. He did not approve of Sunday funerals if they could be avoided. Again, sometimes the young people, when about to enter the "double state," call upon a minister without giving him any previous warning, and it not unfrequently happened that they were compelled to make several calls before they found a minister at home. Ministers frequently made mistakes on the point of delicacy. Some years ago he was familiar with many respectable families where he was then stationed. In one of these families he suspected all was not as it should be, but from delicacy he refrained from speaking on the matter. After a time what he had feared became reality, and his conscience accused him of neglecting his duty. The sting was bitter indeed, but he went down upon his knees and promised God he would never be guilty of the same offence again. Some time afterward a similar opportunity presented itself, and true to his promise to God he went to the mother and informed her that he thought her sons and daughters were pursuing a downward course. She became exceedingly indignant, and made light of his warning to her friends, stating that Mr. Kenner had dared to whisper suspicions against her children. He (Mr. Kenner) went about his ministerial work as before satisfied that he had done his duty. After a time what he had warned the mother against became actual facts—one daughter being separated from her husband and one son leaving for parts unknown. Although it had taken many years to prove the propriety of his warning yet his action in the matter was endorsed at last. A great cause of trouble to ministers was the disagreement of church members. Two men would quarrel and then they would hurry off to the pastor each endeavoring to reach him first and win him over. Each would claim that he was in the right and would concede nothing to the other. This was a disagreeable position for a pastor to be placed in, and no matter in whose favor he decided the case the other would go away with the conviction that this pastor was totally unqualified for the duties of his office, and that he was unfit to preside at the head of the church. If the dissatisfied member possesses influence, sufficient off goes the minister's head, and at the end of his term he goes away with a damaged reputation. In conclusion the rev. gentleman thanked the members of the church for their generous support during the past three years. They had not, he affirmed, been niggardly in their contributions, but, on the contrary, had been liberal and prompt. If, in the future, he should have a few years to spend he would come to Madoc. He also thanked the choir for their very sweet music, which had always been a source of pleasure to him. The usual exercises brought the meeting to a close.

Dean's Poems.
This is the title of a little volume of poems lately issued by Mr. T. C. Dean, a writer of considerable ability, who contributes to many of the leading American and Canadian publications of the day. When we say that Mr. Dean's poems have been criticized by such men as Pratt and Clarke, of the New York *Herald*, and William Cullen Bryant, and been eulogized by such papers as the California *Call*, Buffalo *Every Saturday*, Hamilton *Daily Times*, and many others, it is evident that the verses before us possess real poetic merit, and are of a high order. The work is got up in cheap form and sold at 10 cents per copy; for sale at Wilson's Drug Store. Below we reproduce one of the poems from the above work:

GUIDE THOU MY FEET TO-DAY.

My Father, in the east the morning clouds
Roll back as fast the day awakes from sleep;
The wild birds meet again in joyous crowds
Along the barren boundary of the deep;
The world awakes again to care and strife,
And I must soon pursue my weary way;
Oh God! life's paths are with temptations rife,
Guide Thou my feet to-day.

II.

Guide Thou my feet to-day, old Satan's band
Is ever near, I fear to journey more,
Unless, my Father, Thou wilt take my hand
And lead me safely to Thy promised shore.
Yes, guide my feet for they are weak and prone
To lead my tempted, faithless soul astray;
Oh God! I dare not further go alone,
Guide Thou my feet to-day.

III.

Guide Thou my feet to-day, and then my cold
Unfaithful heart shall laugh at care and grief,
And as I tread again life's barren wold,
Thy face shall be a beacon of relief.
Yes, guide my feet and I will brave life's sea,
As free from sorrow as a child at play;
Oh God! take not Thy tender care from me,
Guide Thou my feet to-day.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—The inhabitants of this place held their annual picnic on Wednesday last, the 25th inst. The weather was all that could be desired. We had Mr. McFarlane from the Ridge, and friends from the Jordan, Eagle Lake and York River, and the day was immensely enjoyed by all present. Great credit is due the ladies for the great variety of eatables that was served up. Mr. Butler enlivened the day with the violin; and games and swings were the order of the day. Mr. McFarlane and others made short addresses; and the proceedings on the grounds were brought to a close with three cheers for the visitors, and the Queen, and the singing of the National Anthem. Those who were fond of tripping of the light fantastic toe retired to the house of Mr. D. Lummiss, sen., where the evening was greatly enjoyed.

Yours respectfully,
D. L.

Glanmire, June 26th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—On Tuesday, the 24th June, Junior Base Ball Club of Stirling drove to Campbellford intending to contest a match game of base ball with the Junior Club of that place, but were met by contestants comprising three or four of the best players of the Senior Club. However, they determined to try their skill, although the odds were against them. The game being commenced, it soon became apparent that Stirling was ranking to the fore. In the third innings the visiting team called for a new ball, but the one placed on the field was, in reality, worse than the first. Indications were shown that Campbellford was determined to break up the game, the large boys showing themselves prominently in this extreme. Stirling dealt as leniently as possible with the home team during the whole progress of the game, but at last the Campbellford boys attained their object and broke it up, at the conclusion of which the score stood: Stirling—5 innings, 15 runs; Campbellford—6 innings, 4 runs.

A lack of generosity was exhibited by the Campbellford boys after the game was concluded, no ball being forthcoming, although they acknowledged themselves as being fairly beaten, and the Stirling boys must needs be content with entertainment at their own expense at one of the hotels. Apologizing for trespassing on your space,

F. J. B.

Stirling, June 26th, 1879.

Belleville Markets.

Wheat	$0 85 to	$0 95
Barley	0 55 to	0 75
Rye	0 50 to	0 00
Oats	0 38 to	0 40
Peas	0 60 to	0 00
Butter	0 12 to	0 15
Eggs	0 08 to	0 10
Potatoes, per bush	0 60 to	0 00
Flour, per bbl	4 25 to	4 50
Sheepskins	0 15 to	0 30
Hides	3 00 to	3 00

NOTICE!

ALL persons are hereby forbid trespassing or cutting hay in lot 17, Con 5, Elzivir, after the appearance of this notice, as for such offence I shall prosecute to the fullest extent of the law.
JOHN HAILSTONE.
Queensboro', June 18, '79. 116 4t.

J. CLEAK,
COMMISSIONER IN B.R.,
LAND AGENT,
Conveyancer and Accountant.
YORK RIVER,
116-4t Hastings Road.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake; and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to
CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Dreain & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

CAUTION!

ALL parties are hereby cautioned against purchasing or negotiating a Promissory Note for $20.00, dated the 5th day of June, inst., payable six months after date, and one Promissory Note for $8.00 made on the 5th June, inst., payable fourteen months after date and signed by myself [see below], said notes were procured from me by two sewing machine pedlars, named McNeil and Shaw, for which said notes I have not received any value.
MICHAEL FRANK, his [X] mark.
Tudor, June 10, 1879.
119-4t

C. G. WILSON,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
Fancy & Toilet Articles
Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.
April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to
105-13w Renfrew, Ont.
ALBERT SMALLFIELD.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence,

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

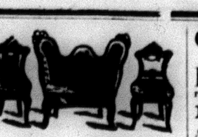
MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.



U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

CHEESE BOXE

I AM PREPARED TO MAKE quantity of CHEESE BOXES at the rate of

NINE CENTS EA

And will guarantee them first-class or pay.

Will deliver them on the shortest no

JOHN KELLS,
100-3m. Queen

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's on hand. Parties requiring such wou well to invest in a supply for the Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TA
49-tf.

Land for Sale

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th conc of Marmora, (near the Gatling containing 100 acres, partly cleared. moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Ma
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. M

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 in the Eighth concession of Mad be sold cheap. Apply to the publish the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDE
95-6m Shann

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPE

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con ship of Madoc, containing 150 which there is erected a first-class S with plenty of timber in the vicinity House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Fram Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and sary outbuildings; some Fruit Tre watered, well fenced, and about 60 der cultivation; within three miles of village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con Farm is covered with a growth of perior pine timber which renders it valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made k application to the undersigned,
JAS. O'HARA
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

LOW PRIC

JUST ARRIVED,

A LARGE STOCK OF

DRIED APPL

Which will be sold at $1.25 a bu

Clover, Timothy, and Hungaria

A general assortment of choic

FAMILY GROCER

and a large stock of

CROCKERY, GLASSW

Confectionery, &c., &

—ALSO,—

AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BO

AND STATIONERY.

N. D. PETE

Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

John Robertson's

new advertisemen

will appear next week.

New Partnership

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a p twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Backsmiths and Carriage Make

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute smith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their bus

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the vario in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTME

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Fa Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGG

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERL

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

NORTHWEST RAILWAYS.

Proposed System of Main and Branch Lines.

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

Plans For Speedy Settlement.

TWO DOLLARS AN ACRE.

(From a Winnepeg Correspondent.)

WINNIPEG, May 26, 1879.

A few lines from this place of endless mud, rich soil and bright prospects may be useful to you to fill a corner of your valuable paper after you get through the noise and bustle of elections. No person can appreciate the great progress made in the Northwest but those who visited this country some years back. Eight years ago it took at the least nine or ten days to reach this place from Hamilton. Now it is done in less than three. The Northern Pacific was then building up to Red River without a settlement on its whole line. At the present the whole line is dotted with thriving villages, and the capacity of the road will be taxed pretty severely this next winter to take out the grain grown. The most northern station of the St. Paul & Pacific was then Morris, and the passengers for Winnipeg had to take the stage from there without passing half a dozen houses on this long journey, or a single wheat field. At present he rides in a comfortable railway car through to Winnipeg, passing through villages and towns, and wheat fields of twenty acres to four thousand acres in extent. In 1871 Winnipeg consisted of some ten or twelve old buildings. In 1879 it is one of the busiest places in Canada, with handsome brick buildings and stores equal to any in Hamilton, and the change in the country itself is equally great. The majority of the emigrants up to 1877 consisted of young men who either returned home or lay around the street corners looking for soft jobs to do. The emigrants of the present consist principally of farmers who immediately proceed to their locations, seldom remaining in the city a day. Curious to relate most of the present settlement is taking place outside the limits of the Province. As late as 1875 no Winnipegger could be persuaded there was any land fit for settlement outside of Manitoba; but very recently a whole township was taken up west of the Riding Mountains in three hours, and that where four years ago people in this place would solemnly tell you was an arid desert. This same thing will go on until the Rocky Mountains are reached. West of the province, on the Little Saskatchewan and Bird Tail Creek, is another favorite route of settlement this season, extending at present to about 200 miles west of Red River. The great difficulty new settlers have to contend against in the spring in getting to their destination is the bad state of the roads for a distance of about 120 miles from this place.

You need not imagine that you have all the excitement down in Ontario. This city has been for some time, and, I presume, will be for some time yet, in a high state of excitement over its railway matters. One day it is the Government are going to build the Pacific Railway bridge here and continue the road west, and another that the city may build a bridge if it pleases at its own cost, keeping the people in a constant state of hope and fear. That Winnipeg will be a lively city there can be no doubt. A good deal will depend upon the enterprise of her citizens; but that she will continue to be the great centre of the Northwest I doubt very much, as she does not lie in the direct route to the east. All travel and produce coming from the west would have to turn at right angles on reaching here to make the east, whether by the C. P. R., or the States. But it is difficult to make a Winnipeg man see that his city is a little in the wrong place. Pity it is so but so it is, and freights will not be driven the longest way round to suit any town.

I sincerely hope that the Minister of Railways will not be persuaded to change the location of the crossing from Selkirk south. If changed at all it should be further north for all the great traffic of the future will be from north of that point and will naturally seek the nearest point of crossing the river; and further, the main Pacific Railway, in spite of all that has been said, will be on the present location by the Narrows and time will certainly justify Mr. Fleming in the selection of this route. A great many misrepresentations and untruths have been uttered respecting this line, emanating from interested parties, of which I may speak hereafter. Having no property myself that can be affected either way, I am not prejudiced in the matter of routes, but desirous of seeing the railway system of this country carried out in such a manner as will be conducive to the best interests of Canada. For this reason I should object to any lines traveling farther south or south-east than is absolutely necessary. In my opinion the bridge at Selkirk should be at once commenced and the line graded from there west to the Assinaboine about twelve miles south of Shell River, having in view at some time in the future crossing that stream, this being the best place of crossing. This road would run through a good country the whole distance, but ought not to be made even temporarily a part of the main line; it should be a subsidiary line, with no deviations made to suit political, local or other pressure. Short lines could be easily run into this by any local interest hereafter. Besides being out of the direct line from the North-west, the engineering obstacles are too great to allow it to be part of the main line. This line should be a cheaply built line, not costing, fully equipped, more than $10,000 per mile, say 250 miles in length, costing $2,500,000. Should the Colonization Company chartered to build a line from St. Boniface to Rock Lake fail to come to time, the Government should immediately grade one from the above line crossing the Assinaboine River at Headingly, keeping about midway between the Assiniboine and the boundary line to the Souris River. This line would go through a good country its whole distance and should be built at the same cost as the western one, say another 250 miles costing $2,500,000. The main line from Selkirk to the Narrows should be done at the same time. Interested people, particularly in Winnipeg, loudly condemn this line, in their opposition to any line going north, and from the fact that the speculators of that place have been unable to get hold of the lands on account of the lands having been reserved too early for them. But the lands as a whole are as good as any in Manitoba. The line crosses one or two large marshes, on which the whole fabric of falsehood has been built. But let us see in what estimation the Winnipeg people themselves hold those same marsh lands. Soon after leaving Selkirk the line crosses its worst swamp. Being in a half-breed reserve a good deal of it has been bought up by speculators. Tell them that you would invest in these lands if they would sell at low figures, and what will be your answer? "No, we bought them cheap and can hold them. They will ultimately be the most valuable lands in the Province." Most of the land on this line would have been settled on had it not been reserved. For this reason the settlements were driven in their present direction. The whole of these three lines should be graded and ready for the iron, as soon as the Thunder Bay Branch is finished. From the fact that the lines were being graded and the knowledge that as soon as the road was through to Thunder Bay there would be a means of outlet for their grain, the settlers would sow and reap with the full knowledge that the markets would be open to them at reasonable rates and a definite time. Any advantage of putting down the iron before the completion of the Thunder Bay Branch would be more than balanced by the enormous cost of transport *via* the States. The cost at present rates would not be less than $1,700,000, which our own road should earn. No matter how many railroads may be built west of Red River they will be of no practical use to the settlers until our own road is through, for the cormorants of the St. Paul and Pacific are bound to have all the value there is in the country till then. Their rates are 35 cents for wheat from St. Vincent to St. Paul, and the same wheat carried from St. Paul to New York for 27 cents even before the present railway fight. Imagine the feeling of a merchant who shipped two cars of freight from Chicago, the freight of which was $35 per car from Chicago to St. Paul, and then to find that the freight on the same from St. Paul to Winnipeg was $350 per car. What relief can be expected from such people, and this is the concern that many people were willing to hand over the whole of this magnificent country to. They hang like a nightmare over the country and if they cannot possess it would strangle it if possible, but their days of covetous tyranny and dark treason to the interest of Canada are numbered, and all concerned with it will only be remembered to be execrated.

The next part of the main line to be taken up would be from the Narrows to the South Branch. Here, soon after crossing the Narrows, we meet with the worst part of the line for settlement between that and Dirt Lake 800 miles west, but got the least valuable. The low marshy country continues for some 50 to 60 miles, but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by the fact that it possesses the finest forest between Red River and the Mountains, thousands of acres of which would readily sell at $100 per acre on the road being opened, but are now practically valueless. The large extent of country between the Assiniboine and South Branch will have to be supplied from this forest. It consists of fine spruce. After leaving this low country the road approaches the valley of the Swan River continuing up its valley through a fair country to Livingstone, from which west its proceeds for a hundred miles through a tract principally wooded with fair sized poplar, on which at a very near period must have been a heavy forest, as the remains of burnt trees still show. From this to the South Branch is open prairie, rolling and generally of good soil. Commencing at about 40 miles west of Pelly is a beautiful country to the left, passing south of the Touchwood Hills to the lakes, about 200 miles. Along this a subsidiary line should be run, into which branch lines could be run from the fertile plains around it. At about 80 miles west of Pelly, and immediately to the north of the line, the tract to the main Saskatchewan is as fine a stretch of country as can be found in any country. From this point to the river near Fort a La Corne, a subsidiary line should be built. This would tap the navigation of the South and North Branches, and would render the settlement of lands near these rivers immediately practicable. The next stretch of the main line would be from the South Branch to Dirt Lake, about 100 miles west of Edmonton. At the Elbow of the North Branch we meet with the first poor land, but speaking of poor land does not mean the same as poor land in Ontario. It is only in comparison with lands in this country, for between the Red River and 900 miles west you will not meet with so much poor land as you will see between Toronto and Montreal. After leaving the Elbow the line passes along near the North Branch and north of Eagle Hills, through lands of fair quality to Battleford. From Battleford for about 30 miles west, the land is light, but producing good crops, as has been proved by their growth. From this point to Edmonton the country between the two rivers cannot be surpassed in the Northwest, and this continues for nearly a hundred miles west of Edmonton. Here we will leave the main line until it is decided which Pass it is to take. If the Pine River, then the line would run to the north along the foothills of the mountains, a great deal of which is reported to be good. If the Yellow Head, on its present location. But I presume political, engineering and other problems will determine this matter without reference to the quality of lands. From the crossing of the main Saskatchewan to the Peace River, another grand trunk line will be required, but so vast is the country to be served by this, that I think this line should be kept still further north than at present proposed, and should run straight to the Peace River, keeping north of Slave Lake, and serve as a trunk line for the many branches that would be required to run out from it. What is the use, Mr. Editor, of spoiling ink and disputing about which is the road to be built, the present location or the proposed Northern? Why, they are both wanted and will both be built. Do the people of Ontario realize the fact that you could drop all the cultivable land in Ontario into the territory to be served by either line, and then have a difficulty to find it, it would appear such a small patch? I have said nothing of the requirements of that vast territory south of the present located line, and west of the South Branch, as it has generally been left out of all railway calculations, but I have yet to find the man who has crossed it and could say it was a poor country. The fact is it is such a vast wilderness of prairie that most people forget to examine its soil, or its capabilities for cultivation. I should like to ask the map makers, scientists and dogmatists, why it is that this is the favorite home of millions of buffalo, which live there winter and summer and grow fat, if the country is poor. I have no doubt as settlement approaches it will be considered a good country.

And now, Mr. Editor, how are all these roads to be built? I am one of those who believe that they can all be built with the addition of the through line to the east and over the mountains, without any very heavy burden on the people. The people of Canada are not worthy the heritage of this land unless they are prepared to bear some burdens. It is the noblest heritage ever a nation possessed, obtained without war and at little cost. I see the Parliament has set aside 100,000,000 acres of land for railway purposes. I think I hear some of the croakers say, "Oh, what a monstrous thing! Why, you have locked up all the good land in the country." Gently, Mr. Croaker, not half of it. You will find twice one hundred millions acres of land that will sell for $2 per acre, if the railroads are built, and then have some to spare. What is the use of giving a man out here 160 acres of land without a railroad within reach? Why it is a cruelty, for the land without the roads is not worth a cent an acre. With the railways within 20 miles or so of him it will be worth many times two dollars. The whole practice of giving lands away is a monstrous folly, of which no one but unpractical humanitarian Reform politicians could be guilty. It is time the country began to sit on the croakers and grumblers and political obstructionists who know nothing of the greatness of this country, and care less, and determine that the country shall be settled and the roads built; and as the Ministers have come to the conclusion to seek the aid of the mother country, which it is her duty and interest to give—for who will receive more benefit from the construction of the road and settlement of the Northwest than England? Every bushel of wheat grown helps to keep down the price in Liverpool—the road gives her a short, healthy and certain road to her eastern possessions—besides, is it not more to her interest to have a powerful, wealthy and prosperous colony than a poor and weak one to defend her interest on this continent? All good Canadians without regard to party should wish God-speed to her representatives in their mission, and those who would say a word against their success may be taken to be persons who would deliberately sacrifice the welfare of their country for party purposes. However, if for any reason the Ministry should fail to interest the English Government in the matter, they can come back with the knowledge that we can build the road ourselves. Let the Government then issue, say, for each mile of the main line between Red River and the Mountains $20,000 per mile in legal tender notes and $10,000 per mile for the subsidiary lines, and see how quickly they will have 4,000 or 5,000 miles of the Northwest laid with rails. Yes, sir, and every dollar of the legal tender notes could be taken in by the Government for their lands, nearly as fast as they were paid out, and plenty of land left to build the connecting ink to the east and over the mountains. It is no use whining about that this or that is not the way to raise money, or to do this thing or that, simply because we are not the parties doing the job. Let the country take off its coat, go to work and make up its mind that the work must be done. I think that the politicians of the country have had one or two warnings that though the people are prepared to forgive a good deal of blundering, they will not forgive inertness or indifference to the country's welfare. We have, sir, in the North-west the making of homes for millions and in the whole of our Dominion the means of building up a great and mighty power, that, with her railway communications complete, may in a quarter of a century be not only the arbiter of her own fate but of the continent. It depends on my fellow-countrymen to prove that they have the necessary pluck and bottom to face the work that is generally necessary in building up a great power, or whether they will remain the hewers of wood and drawers of water for our friends over the border.

I have not gone as far into details of locations of lines or qualities of lands in localities or what might be done to carry away the produce of the North-western States to our seaports as I might have done, as these matters would take too much space and I have been unconscionably long already. VINDEX.

THE DUKE AND HIS PIPER.

The Duke of Argyll is accompanied by his piper, and during the voyage bag-pipe music was indulged in. On one occasion Mr. De Cordova, the lecturer, expressed his honest sentiments regarding this style of music. We believe he denounced it as infernal and not to be endured. It so happened that the duke overheard the conversation, and calling his piper, said: "I want to introduce you to Mr. De Cordova. He has become enraptured with your playing. At nine o'clock this evening you will report at the door of his stateroom and for one hour you are to play your liveliest airs." De Cordova pleasantly apologized for having been critical in presence of the duke, and added: "If he comes let him come armed."

UP IN A BALLOON.

Fearful Voyage in the Air-Ship Canada.

TERRIFIC PLUNGE THROUGH THE FOREST.

Nearly Asphyxiated.

ST. HYACINTHE, Que., June 22, 1879.

The flight of the balloon Canada after leaving Montreal yesterday was a short but terrible one, and perhaps no other ascension has been accompanied by more startling incidents. As there were two newspaper men in the car, it was decided to toss a penny, the winning man to remain and all the other passengers to withdraw. The *N. Y. Herald* man chose "heads," and won. Mr. Hiram A. Moulton and the other gentleman then withdrew and left Professor Grimley and myself alone.

AN UNEXPECTED ASCENT.

We began to ascend slowly as the crowd paid out the drag line. Suddenly a gust of wind sprang up and the knot of men holding on to the rope were thrown to the ground and dragged across the field at a tremendous pace, upsetting scores in their passage. At last a fence was reached, the crowd hesitated, strained hard to hold us down, shouted, and then, with a grand bounce, we were free, with 250 feet of drag line trailing beneath us. To the east was the St. Lawrence River, looking like a great silver snake, and when I looked for Mount Royal it had faded into a patch of green forest, which appeared to be no higher than the rest of the surrounding country.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

So terrible was the silence that a profound depression, mingled with fear, was stealing over me, when Grimley exclaimed:

"My God! we have no anchor, and these three bags of ballast will hardly save us from a bad bruising."

I did not speak. It was half-past seven p. m. when we started, and at eight o'clock we hung distinctly over the St. Lawrence with St. Helen's Island beneath us. Here the red-coated sentinels looked up from the ramparts and gave us a hoarse cheer, which reached the car faintly but distinctly.

IT SHOOTS UPWARD.

In a few minutes the balloon began to whirl around.

"We are going to ascend or descend," said Grimley. "When she whirls it is a sign of one or the other."

It proved to be the former. Almost immediately it began to feel cold, the barometer marked the altitude a mile and three-quarters above the sea level and the thermometer marked forty-eight degrees above zero. It required a considerably longer inspiration to fill the lungs and a painful sensation was felt in the ear drums. Grimley shivered for a while and then took a pull at the wine bottle. I, of course, followed his commendable example, and the liquid infused a slight warmth into our chilled limbs. Montreal soon became a little speck and we drifted over the village of Longueil, on the east shore of the St. Lawrence. Here we discovered two forests over which we had to pass.

DANGER FROM FORESTS.

The greatest danger of ballooning is the chance of falling in a forest, in which case the basket is almost certain to be demolished and the occupants torn to death. The dread of falling was still further impressed upon me when I learned that we were speeding along at the rate of a mile a minute. We still ascended, and it seemed as though we should never stop. We had now reached a height of two miles, and the lighter atmosphere allowed the gas to expand, which came rushing out at the open neck of the balloon.

"We can't go much higher," said the Professor, "for our gas is not light enough to carry us."

APPEARANCE OF THE EARTH.

And now a very curious phenomenon occurred. As we went up among the clouds the horizon seemed to rise with us and to keep on a level with the top of the car, while the centre of the earth seemed to recede. This gave it the appearance of a large saucer, over the bowl of which we hung. Now and then a light cloud drifted between us and the earth, but it never impeded our vision. In the growing dusk we sat, as the car rocked and swayed with the wind of an approaching storm. The Professor held the barometer, while I attended to the compass and thermometer. The former acted queerly on account of the wire materials in the car, but in the main was correct.

And now a thin line wound its way among the hills of Belleville. As we came nearer it revealed all the beautiful curves and sweeps that make up the charms of the Blue Richelieu, a river that runs into the St. Lawrence. It was nine o'clock, and the atmosphere was becoming unbearably cold.

A NEW DANGER.

A new danger now threatened us, for a much higher ascent would render it impossible to manage the balloon, as the valve rope cannot be worked with frozen hands. We were now passing over the Richelieu, and in the distance the lights of St. Charles village on its banks streamed upward with a cheering effect. Some one in the village must have seen us, for we could just catch the yell of "Balloon! Balloon!" and, as the general cry went up, we clearly distinguished the words "The Canada." We began to bear a little to the north, and a fear of recrossing the Richelieu which had entered my mind was dispelled by the Professor's cheery voice, saying:

"We are making a lower and more southerly course now. Do you see the Beloeil Mountains? They are almost beneath us, but a little to the west."

The dense forest that marked the mountains encircles a beautiful little sheet of water about a hundred acres in area. To us it looked no larger than a silver dollar.

AN INVOLUNTARY DESCENT.

The balloon was descending, and to prevent falling into the forest Mr. Grimley seized one of the sand bags and hurled it out of the car. We shot upward for a few moments and then the car sank again. Another bag of ballast was thrown out, but the cold air fanned our cheeks, telling of our approach to the earth. Only one bag was left.

"I dare not throw it over," said Grimley; "I will keep it for the last moment. Pull in the drag rope or it will catch in the trees."

We could feel the rush of air as the Canada ploughed through the currents on her downward course, and both sprang forward to draw in the heavy rope dangling beneath. It required our united strength to pull it up even slowly, and as we made one tremendous effort the door of the car flew open and I came within an ace of being thrown out. I caught hold of an iron bar, however, and hung on for dear life. As the car began to tremble and shake with the frightful velocity of its descent, by a great effort I regained my position, and we soon succeeded in placing the drag line safely in the cage.

"How can we save ourselves?" I asked.

"Keep cool and get ready for work," was the quiet rejoinder.

I turned and looked at the man. He had the throttle valve rope between his teeth and in his hands was the collapse line, by which the balloon could be ripped from top to bottom instantly. We were almost over the edge of the forest and there was a small clearing and another forest beyond. There were no time for notes, as we were within a few yards of the earth.

TEARING AMONG THE TREES.

"Out with all the ballast," the little Englishman cried, and I seized the remaining bag of ballast and threw it over the car rail. It was too late. With a frightful crash we struck the high popular trees and cut the tops off as clean as though with a knife. Then we tore at a race-horse speed through the forest, tearing away the branches of oak and maple trees, and throwing us both from one side of the car to the other. Every time the cage struck it would steady for a moment and then bound along until another bough impeded its progress, when we would receive a shock that stunned us for the instant.

Suddenly we lifted clear of the trees and began to tear over the fields. The Professor gave a mighty pull on the collapse valve, to let us down at once before we got in the other forest, but under the great strain the line broke and to my horror we headed due east for the sinister looking forest.

"Get hold of the valve rope and help," said Grimley, as he clambered up in the netting and caught the lines. With might and main we drew the valve open, inch by inch, and the Canada began to sink. While we dangled on the rope's end among the rigging I saw we must strike the ground.

SAVED AT LAST.

"Drop the line and cut the netting of the car," commanded Grimley, as he allowed the valve rope to cut his wrist with the great pressure from above. I did as directed, and as we were dragged over fences, ditches and furrows I grasped stones and earth to serve as ballast. Over the clearing we went, smashing against stumps and rocks until it seemed as though even the iron car must give way. Finally the gas began to pour from the valve in a heavy volume and the immense canvas runaway stopped. And it was lucky for us that it did, as ten feet from us was a seven-foot fence, to have struck which meant death for both of us, and had we bridged that danger we could not have escaped the forest, only twenty yards distant. Grimley told me to remain in the car while he clambered up in the network with a large knife in his teeth; a huge slit was made in the canvas, which eased the balloon of its great power. A high wind began to blow now and the car was upset, the Professor and myself being spilled out in an unceremonious manner.

ON TERRA FIRMA.

When we got on our feet the balloon had gone a few feet, but we held on to it until the breeze slackened. It was then half-past ten p. m., and we must have struck at ten p.m., precisely. The next work was to let the gas escape from the balloon, which was a very slow performance. Grimley held the valve open while I pressed on the sides of the canvas to force the gas out.

NEARLY SUFFOCATED.

While doing so I kept up a conversation with Grimley, who was on the opposite side, I noticed something queer in his tone and heard his voice grow fainter and fainter. At last he did not make a reply, and becoming alarmed I ran around, and was horrified to find him stretched out on the ground like a dead man. He lay on his face in a ploughed furrow. In the confusion and darkness he had forgotten the danger of inhaling the gas and had succumbed to its influence. He must have been in this condition a full minute before I discovered him. I called him by name, beat him between the shoulders and rubbed his temples, but to no effect. His eyes were wide open. I called for help, but the forest alone answered me with an echo. The anguish I suffered was something indescribable. I dared not leave him as I knew of no house near; we were in an apparent wilderness. At last I succeeded by rubbing the skin of his wrists in extorting a cry of pain. This gave me courage, and I assisted the insensible aeronaut to his feet, but he again fell on his face. After additional efforts he recovered so he was able to walk, and we started along the fence, but could not see any light except the million twinklings of the fire flies which blazed out from the darkness of the underbrush. I almost carried my companion a part of the way, and two or three times we both went head over heels into the numerous ditches met with. Grimley soon became sick from the effects of the gas, his entreaties to let him lie down and rest were pitiable, but on we jogged through the mud and morass.

TARDY HOSPITALITY.

After walking a couple of miles we saw a light and toward it we went, and in a few minutes were at the door of a house. It was then half-past eleven o'clock p. m. We knocked, and soon a stir was made inside.

"Let us in, we want water," I said. The answer came surlily, "*Je ne comprend pas.*"

"We are strangers," I said, and this seemed to rouse the man, for he got up, and, after lighting a lamp and getting his shotgun from a distant corner, opened the door and scanned us suspiciously. The moment he caught sight of the aeronaut's swelled face and rolling eyes he seemed touched, and with all Canadian hospitality invited us in. A large can of water was given Grimley, who emptied it a gulp and then cried for more. As soon as his thirst was appeased he sank down on the floor in a dead sleep. I watched him with the Frenchman, whose name was Alexis Lariviere, for a short time, and then, overcome by fatigue, lay down beside him. The faithful Kanuck kept guard over us until morning.

When we awoke it was learned that we had struck the village of St. Judes, forty-five miles distant from Montreal. The Professor is still sick, but will start for Montreal to-morrow morning, where a delegation is to meet and congratulate us on our safe descent.

A CHINESE IMPERIAL FUNERAL.

An Imperial funeral in China is a very poor show. Foreigners are not permitted to witness the proceedings, but when the remains of the Emperor and the Empress were transferred late in April to their last resting place at the Eastern Tombs, a stranger contrived to peep through a hole about the size of a half-crown cut in a curtain. In a letter to the *Celestial Empire* he declares that there is no traveling circus in Europe that would not present a handsomer appearance in procession through a country town than does the funeral cortege of an Emperor in Pekin, bristling though it may be with princes, nobles, empresses and princesses, to say nothing of the august presence of the reigning Emperor himself. With the solitary exception of a few gay dresses there was absolutely nothing to please the eye; and it was impossible, while contemplating the undersized, ill-groomed ponies, the straggling riders, the sorry string of baggage wagons, and the common, ugly little wooden carts occupied by the princes and princesses as they were dragged along the road, to avoid exclaiming, "Is this all, about which so much fuss is made, such awe and mystery kept up?" One man would be dressed in brown or purple; another in blue, handsomely embroidered; a third, perhaps, in brilliant silver gray, looking from a distance almost white; and they all trotted or cantered or struggled along according to the pace each man preferred. Then came another detachment of the Guard of State; and then a heterogeneous collections of mandarins, gorgeous in every variety of tint and button and peacock's feather, ambling martially along on their scraggy ill-kept ponies. The Empresses sat bolt upright, looking straight before them. They are middle aged, well-preserved women; with hard stolid faces and an expression which suggests the idea of cold rigidity of purpose. The principal features of the little Emperor's face are a somewhat projecting forehead and a pointed chin.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

The Georgian town of Jeslizawetpol, near Tiflis, has suffered a plague of locusts almost as bad as that which afflicted Egypt in the time of Moses. On the 10th of April, the insects invaded the town in such numbers that the merchants had to shut up their shops and walking about the streets was exceedingly difficult. The Russian authorities ordered the inhabitants to make a united effort to kill the pests, but the generous people refused, believing it a sin to destroy a locust, until the authorities threatened to punish every household who failed to deliver daily a given weight of dead insects. The canals were filled with locusts, so that water for drinking and washing could only be obtained by straining. The houses swarmed with the creatures and many families went a week without bread because their ovens were literally filled with them. They tried in vain to drive the locusts away by lighting holy candles and burning incense. The Armenian priests regarded the plague as a visitation from God and brought from the neighboring town the bones of Jacob, which they carried through the streets of the afflicted city in procession, fairly wading through masses of dead and living locusts as they marched along with the relics of the patriarch. The energetic measures taken by the police finally abated the evil, but not until the gardens, orchards and vineyards had been stripped bare and the people had suffered for more than a week.

BRILLIANT NORTHWEST PROSPECTS.

While energetic efforts are being made to promote inter-Provincial trade in the East, it is encouraging to see that the West is not forgotten. A late number of the *Daily Colonist*, of Victoria, B. C., says:—"A large proportion of the merchandise received by Monday's steamer was of Canadian manufacture and production. A heavy falling off in the volume of trade with Great Britain, the Eastern States and San Francisco is noticeable, and there is every probability that Canadian goods of every description will shortly capture the markets of the Province." The Chicago *Journal of Commerce* says:—"The Red River Valley of the North is destined to become the great wheat country of North America. It is the black prairie soil of Illinois in a spring-wheat latitude. During the years 1877-78, 1,326,000 acres of wheat land were taken up in this valley, and over 2,000,000 acres are said to have been taken up in 1878-79. The present crop looks good, and about 6,000,000 bushels of wheat will be raised in this valley alone this year. The yield is always from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels to the acre."

THE GOLDEN AGE AT THE CAPE.—The Zulu war will be the making of hundreds of people in a pecuniary sense. One contractor's transactions with the Government amount to the tune of £10,000 per week, or over half a million per annum. Seeing that the charges are the charges of war time, the intelligence of readers will be quite equal to the task of computing proximately the profit on this large sum. The fortunate men who have established canteens here do uncommonly well, never opening before ten a.m., and closing at dusk. The canteen here succeeds in getting rid of a very large stock quite as quickly as it can be replenished by daily arrivals from Durban. At two o'clock in the afternoon a couple of days back eight hogsheads of beer arrived; three hours later every drain had been consumed. £3 a day for wagons is readily paid by the authorities.—*South Africa Paper.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Only Going to the Gate.

Like a bell of blossom ringing,
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,
Floating to the porch's shadow,
With the faintest fall of feet,
Comes the answer softly backward,
Bidding tender watcher wait,
While the baby queen outruns her,
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented,
Love to beauty breathes a sigh,
Always to depart reluctant,
Loth to speak the words good by;
Then the same low echo answers,
Waiting love of older date,
And the maiden whispers softly,
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them,
Over waves we have not been.
How they stand before, behind us!
Toll-gates some, with price to pay;
Spring-gates some, that shut forever;
Cloud-gates some, that melt away.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey one by one,
To the distant shining wicket
Where each traveller goes alone—
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely falter, step and wait,
Father, mother, child or lover,
"Only going to the gate."

The Domestic Relationships.

Women in their nature are much more joyous than men—whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, their animal spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in their soul, we shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of woman, gravity of man, they should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen if the one, in every word and action, affects the character of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy; woman, by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; man grows sullen and more, the woman impertinent and fantastical. Taking these facts as a basis for our premises, we may conclude that men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humor of the wife. When these are tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Work and Overwork.

How many women fail to make this distinction; or, making it, fail to profit by it. How many pale faces, aching backs, sleepless nights, dyspeptic days grow out of this tendency among wives and mothers to overdo in some direction. It may be sewing, it may be cooking, it may be a laudable ambition to have the house in perfect order, or it may be the care and training of children which so absorb strength and energy, but in each and every case the aim, if followed too intently, will result in pain and weariness.

Moderation, a wise moderation in all things, is the only rule of success. Don't, you poor over-tired woman who may read this, *don't* attempt so much. Be satisfied to leave something for to-morrow. Let the day bring you a resting time as well as a working time. Suppose the curtains don't get put up, or the hall carpet isn't put down until next week! Will it matter so very much after all? Once more we say, at the risk of being tedious, be moderate. Work is a necessity in one way or another to all of us. Overwork is our own making, and, like all self-imposed burdens, is beyond our strength.

Very often it happens that we have too much to do, because we failed to do the work of the hour in its season. An unwise postponement brings us into difficulties. What should have been accomplished conflicts with what is now necessary of accomplishment, and the result is confusion. Besides, the consciousness of being behindhand fatigues one. The only way to avoid overwork is to be punctual, careful and moderate.

Education of Daughters.

I earnestly urge ever mother to be as generous to her daughter as she is to her son, and give her an education or a trade, that she may neither be obliged to marry for money nor yet fall back upon baby clothes and pickles for a living. Queen Victoria seems to have been a most sensible mother, and has set a good example to every mother in the land. *Her* daughters are not useless women, but sensible, capable women, able to turn their hands to many kinds of work. The Princess Christian, third daughter of Queen, is the most skilled needlewoman in England. She is also a musician of superior excellence, and a wonderful housewife and farmer. Her poultry-yard and dairy are models of excellent management. Not the least of her talents is the one for cooking. Every day, when the Queen is at Windsor, she prepares with her own hands a dish for her lunch which is sent up to the Castle in a Norwegian apparatus for keeping it hot.

The Use of Lace

on all styles of dresses and garments, on bonnets, cravats, fichus and other articles of dress is so general that it is fortunate that the laces so used are inexpensive. Among the new styles of the season are the Breton laces, both wide and black; the latter having taken the place of the French lace as a trimming for grenade dresses. There are so many pretty suggestions given for the wearing of lace shawls, it seems impossible to make a selection. All of the ideas advanced in this department of dress are replete with artistic efforts. Perhaps the jaunty mode of carrying the front ends over the hips to panier will suit the young ladies, and the style of looping the ends like fichu wraps will be adopted by ladies of maturer years.

Favorite Recipes.

FAMILY GRAHAM BREAD.—Set a sponge of white flour by taking two teacups of milk and sufficient yeast, or should you have your white bread sponge set, take two teacups of the light sponge and one cup of warm water, a little salt, one tablespoon of molasses, one of lard or butter; stir in the graham flour with a spoon until you have quite a stiff dough, but not hard, then set to rise again, and when light put in pans, using as little flour as possible, handling it lightly with your hands; let rise again and bake slowly about an hour and a-quarter. This recipe makes two medium-sized loaves; care should be taken that it does not get too light after putting it in the pans.

HOMINY MUFFINS.—Two cups of fine hominy boiled and cold, three eggs, two cups of milk, one-half cup of melted butter, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar, one cup of white flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; bake quickly in muffin rings or gem moulds. These will be found delicious and wholesome if rightly mixed and quickly baked.

RICE MUFFINS.—One cup of cold boiled rice, one pint of white flour, two eggs, one quart of milk, or enough to make a thin batter, one tablespoon of butter and one teaspoon of salt; beat hard and bake quickly, as in the above recipe.

QUICK GRAHAM BISCUIT.—Three cups of graham flour, one cup of white flour, rub in the flour, two tablespoons of lard, one heaping spoon of sugar, a little salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, and milk to make a soft biscuit dough; cut and bake as you do the white soda biscuit. These will be found nice cold as well as hot. AUNT KATE.

SABBATH SINGING AT SEASIDE HOTELS.—Tea over, and the week day machinery cleared away from the parlors and piazzas in all the houses, the piano is opened, the *Carmina Sacra* got out, and for an hour or two the whole village is vocal with the sober strains of "Hamburg" and "Mear," or the lilting inspiration of "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore." As music it doesn't touch the highest artistic mark, certainly, but it is soothing and sympathetic. Thoughtless misses and stalwart young swells, who for six days a week know little melody but "Conosci il suol," or *Madame Angot*, feel the gentle infection, and those who came to sneer remain to sing. Quaint, isn't it, to see young Biceps, just arrived with all his blushing Springfield honors thick upon him, roaring away like a sturdy, red-faced, six-foot sucking dove, and rasping his manly larynx with an intractable chromatic, as he looks over the book with sweet Nelly S——, the daintiest little devotee who ever carried a poor fellow's thoughts skyward on the wings of earthly sentiment? But there is nothing like proximity. Biceps won't be the worse for a little vicarious devotion; and if Nelly can make him available in "convertible" (or other) bonds, why shouldn't she? So none of your scoffing, you æsthetic heathen! If you don't like the music, or the spirit of it, light your cigarette and take a stroll down the promenade. By the time you get back the singing will be over, and the crowded piazzas in much the same tide of unsanctified gossip and flirtation as on ordinary evenings.—*Charles Carroll, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

—A man can take comfort at a picnic, or he can be miserable. It's according to how soon after he gets there that somebody upsets the egg-nog over his Sunday suit.

THE THICKPENNY MURDER.

Close of the Trial at Toronto—The Prisoner Sentenced to be Hanged September 12th.

TORONTO, June 20.—In the trial of Thickpenny this afternoon, Dr. Rydell and Dr. Lett were recalled to give evidence as to the sanity of Thickpenny. Both doctors stated again that in interviews they had had with the prisoner he professed a perfect indifference as to his future and expressed a desire to be hanged. He also stated that his mother had been in a trance, and that when she awoke she told him he should go to America, marry a wealthy lady, be a woodchopper, a prize fighter and a runner. He could run a mile a minute if it had not been for the Americans, who had stunted his growth. The Americans, he said, had a great dislike for him and if it had not been for them he would have been rich. Other evidence was called as to the value of the nonsense prisoner talked, and as to whether it was feigned or not. Dr. Joseph Workman said if insanity had been feigned it was well done. After the speeches of the counsel and a very impartial charge by the Judge, the jury retired and returned after three hours with a verdict of "Guilty" with a recommendation to mercy as prisoner was evidently of unsound mind. The Judge stated that the prisoner was either of unsound mind, or else he lacked ability to feel his lamentable position, and sentenced him to be hanged on 12th September.

TORONTO, June 20.—The trial of Edward Thickpenny was continued at the Assizes this morning. The court was crowded and the greatest interest appeared to be taken in the proceedings. The first witness called was Henry Rowley, who stated that prisoner had come to his house near Markham three or four days before he was arrested. He borrowed a razor and shaved off his moustache and beard, also cleaned his boots and borrowed a thread to mend his coat.

This closed the case for the Crown, and the defence was entered upon. His former employer and persons who had known prisoner gave evidence as to his sanity. They all testified that at times he was very eccentric, and would jump, sing and call upon his dead mother at all times of the day and night. He had a strong antipathy for Americans and Australians. The only reason he would give why he hated them was because both nations were represented by an eagle. His religious views, it was proven, were very peculiar. He professed to believe the only difference between the deity and man was the former had more influence. A witness said he described as chemicals kept in a zinc box which, if men would procure, they would become as wise and potential as God himself. Drs. Riddell and Stephen Lett testified that they had had a number of interviews with the prisoner who, they were both satisfied, was not sane. They detailed his conversation and other things which led them to come to that belief.

Dr. Riddell said the prisoner asked him for a knife during one of his interviews, and he believed it was to commit suicide. He acted very strangely.

The prisoner continues to appear unmoved. He chews tobacco incessantly, and would rather give a spectator the impression of hard-hearted indifference than insanity.

THE ZULU WAR.

Scenes and Incidents of the Campaign.

THE HOSPITAL AT UTRECHT.

All the wounded from the fight at Kambula of the 29th of March were sent down to Utrecht, and in the hospital there still remain a good many, both officers and men. Here lies poor Major Hackett, of the 90th, an officer of whom every one speaks well. If he recovers from his terrible wound—which is very doubtful—he will never see more. A bullet entering one temple passed behind his eyes and out behind the other temple, utterly destroying the optic nerves. The wonder is that he should have lived an hour after such an injury, but after five weeks' suffering he is still alive. Here, too, are Smith, of the 90th, wounded in the arm in a gallant effort to bring in a man whom the Zulus had shot down when he with his company was falling back from the cattle laager on the day of the assault on Wood's position, and Captain Allan Gardiner, of the 14th Hussars, wounded in the thigh on the same day, after having escaped unscathed both from Isandula and the Ziobane.

WARRIORS IN CAVES.

All the time we stood on the top of Zingui (says the correspondent of the London *Daily News*) Butler's people on outpost duty had been firing at the Zulus; but then South African warfare was new to me, and I did not even know what was a cave in South African signification of the term. An officer called me to the precipice, and told me that a Zulu cave lay below me. I looked down to see a serrated pile of disjointed broken crags, piled together loosely in some natural convulsion. The crags were coated with a shrub having a spike of bright orange blossoms. Crannies were visible between the crags. In these the Zulus, I was told, lay hid. As we watched something moved close to the mouth of one of the holes, and a trooper fired into it at a venture. He had let drive, he said, at a Zulu, and no doubt he knew what he was doing. This I know, that as we rode down the hill a dozen or so of Zulus appeared from somewhere on the table-land, exchanged shots with our rearguard of troopers, and yelled after us as we rode away.

WOOD ON THE ALERT.

As Lord Chelmsford rode into camp the alarm was suddenly sounded—a false alarm, of course, just to show the Chief the state of preparedness of Wood's command. It was a sight of which Wood might well have been proud. Down went the tent; in swarmed the men into the laager; in less than two minutes from the bugle-blast the breastwork was lined by ready troops; Martini-Henrys bristled from the waggons; and the laagered force was ready to repel the onset of an enemy. Three minutes is the time allowance at night for the manning of the laager, and when you reflect that men sleep all ready for action, even to their boots, and have nothing to do but to pull out the tent poles and bolt for the laager, the allowance is ample. Wood himself has never undressed or had his boots off, save for his bath, since the 10th January.

KING CETEWAYO'S WRATH.

Cetewayo is said to have killed Dabulmanzi, with a number of people belonging to him. The reason is said to be that they exceeded the orders at Isandula and Rorke's Drift, and that they deceived the King as to the English strength by not understanding it. If true, it is supposed he is going to cave in, and crave mercy for himself by laying all the blame on his officers. There is said to be a difficulty to get another army together. Most of the warriors are at their own homes.

THE WAR ON THE ORANGE RIVER.

The war on the banks of the Orange River is virtually over. The main stronghold of the enemy, situated on one of the islands, was carried in a dashing way by our forces. A good deal of the success is attributable to the energy of the Attorney-General, who was present, and in some degree directed operations.

THE EXPENSE OF THE LITTLE WAR.

The Pietermaritzburg correspondent of the *Cape Argus* complains that time passes, and that the military expenditure, which is now said to have reached seven millions sterling, goes on at the rate of above a million a month; but the prospect of hostilities being brought to a conclusion, whether by an arrangement or by the decisive successes of our arms, appears more distant than ever.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Collapse of the Panama Revolution—Blockade at Iquique Raised—Chili Preparing for a Bitter Struggle.

PANAMA, June 16.—On the 12th General Aizpuru, opened fire on the Government troops at Lion Hill station, and kept up a desultory fight until next day, when he saw, though he was well entrenched, that his cause was hopeless. He opened negotiations with the Government, and on the 15th surrendered, the Government agreeing to pay the expenses of the revolution.

Advices from the South coast state that the blockade of Iquique was raised for a few days by the destruction of the Esmeralda and the departure of the Cavadonga and Lamar.

Nobody expects the Huascar to escape long for the Chilian fleet are on the look-out for her. The Chilians are pouring men into the disputed territory and are preparing for a bitter struggle on land, while their superiority at sea is still undoubted. Gen. Prado is at Iquique and Daza at Arica, both with armies, hundreds of miles from the real seat of war.

News from Pisco states that the Cavadonga ran ashore and was destroyed in Antofagasta, possibly from damages received in the fight with the Independencia.

—A bright little miss, noted for her quaint sayings, said to her mother the other day, "Mamma, when you went to heaven to get me did you pick out the prettiest baby on God's floor?" Of course mamma said yes.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

—Parts of the Bible have been translated into 200 languages, yet in only fifty-six languages are these complete translations from Genesis to Revelation.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury believes there are signs on the religious horizon of a coming great change in spiritual matters among the people of Asia and Africa where Mahometanism is striving with Christianity for supremacy. The ebbings and flowing of the tide indicate, he says, for Christianity a steady progress.

—They have some queer clergymen in England. One at Gloucester requested his candidates for confirmation to retire to their closets and write down all the sins they had committed since their fifth year for his examination. Several seem to have complied, but the parents of the other children were so disgusted with this assumption that they took them away from the class.

—The Baptist Union of Great Britain has held its annual meeting, choosing Rev. G. Gould, of Norwich, as president. It was reported that there are now 576,348 members, showing an increase of 7,512. There are in the Sunday schools 399,317 scholars. The number of chapels is 3,451, with 1,028,000 sittings, and of pastors 1,879, with 1,652 evangelists. The amount raised for evangelistic work was $84,980.

—The Congregational Union of England and Wales has just held its annual meeting. The Union will hold a jubilee meeting in 1881, when a history of the organization will be read, and twelve lectures will be given on subjects connected with the history of Congregationalism. Among the lecturers are the Rev. R. W. Dale, the Rev. J. Stoughton, D. D., Dr. Allon, J. Baldwin Brown, B.D., and E. Mellor, D.D.

—Mr. Spurgeon, at the annual supper of the students of his pastors' college a fortnight or so ago, said he had determined to make provision for the training of fifty additional students, and that he had confidence in a Divine Providence supplying him with the funds necessary to do so. The next morning he received by post a letter from a lady in Scotland inclosing $20,000 for the college and an additional $20,000, from the Stockwell Orphanage.

—The worship of St. Joseph, it is said, is gaining ground in France, although the Congregation of Rites has just condemned as ridiculous an Ave Joseph contained in a pamphlet approved of by the Cardinal Archbishop of Touleuse, and honored with the benediction of the late Pope. Not only this but the *Propagateur de la Devotion a St. Joseph* relates how a child who for four days had been unable to open its eyes was immediately cured by reciting this ave, which the Congregation of Rites now declare to be ridiculous.

—The steady encroachments made upon the weekly day of rest in the city of Chicago, and which are moving in the direction of a total subversion of the day from any good purposes, has aroused the friends of the law and order to the necessity of the action. The *Interior* says that in that city, with the concurrence of the political parties and of the daily press, with one or two exceptions, the Sabbath is in process of utter destruction. The ministers of the city have therefore banded themselves to stop this tide of desecration and destruction.

—The population of the Island of Ceylon is about 250,000, of whom 15,000 belong to the Church of England. Newspapers in London of Liberal sympathies mention, with some show of indignation, that the 15,000 people contribute $70,000 a year for the payment of a bishop and chaplains, and say it is notorious that the present bishop, exercising extreme ecclesiastical authority, has done his own Church more harm than good. A heathen population ought not, they say, to pay a bishop $12,500 a year, and add that the wrong is too flagrant to remain much longer unredressed.

A young blind man from a village of Mount Lebanon, who has spent some years in Scotland learning a trade, has returned to Beyrout, Syria, and opened an industrial school, to teach the blind Arab youth to make baskets, mats, chairs, beds and bedding. Syria and Egypt are full of blind men, women and children, whose position is pitiable in the extreme. They sit by the wayside begging, or walk two and two, the blind leading the blind, and beg charity from the public. Christian schools have been opened to teach them to read. But this new school promises to teach them how to support themselves. The Turkish government expends millions for firearms, but nothing for the care of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane.

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Why He Went to Africa.

On the 25th of February, of the present year, the late Prince Napoleon, whose melancholy death has already been announced, wrote to M. Rouher, explaining the motives that had led him to resolve on going to the Zulu war. The communication was dated from Chiselhurst, and was as follows:

MY DEAR M. ROUHER,—I am about to leave Europe and my absence may continue for some months. I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. For eight years I have been England's guest. I completed my education in one of her military schools, and have kept up my connection with the British Army by joining it, on several occasions, during its great manœuvres. The war Great Britain is now carrying on at the Cape of Good Hope has lately assumed a much more serious aspect than it had previously. I felt anxious to watch the operations and I sail in two days.

In France, where, thank Heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote in assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me.

My thoughts, whether I am near or far, will constantly turn toward France. I shall watch the phases she will gradually pass through with interest and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her!

I trust that during my absence the partisans of the Imperial cause will remain united and confident, and will continue to hold before the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrines, remains constantly animated by the most ardent patriotism.

Accept, mon cher Monsieur Rouher, the assurance of my sincere friendship.

NAPOLEON.

ALGOMA'S GREAT WHEAT-FIELDS.

It is now a well established fact that a superior quality of wheat is produced from the lands in this district, which has, apparently, greatly astonished those who so strongly advocate emigration to the plains of Manitoba as being the *future* wheat-field of the world. "Carrying coals to Newcastle" has hitherto been a term expressive of the greatest absurdity, but in the future it may be substituted by that of carrying wheat to Algoma, for no greater absurdity can be practised than that which is now being carried on by the farmers of Ontario who are rushing in thousands to the distant province of Manitoba, and are leaving behind them, and within 200 miles of Toronto, thousands—yes millions of acres of the best wheat-bearing land in the Dominion. We are all aware of the fact that it is not popular to advance the settlement of Algoma. In these days of utilizing water stretches, it is thought best to have a thousand miles of unsettled country between the two provinces, as it leaves room for future speculation and that sort of thing, but, if the people of Ontario are desirous of finding wheat-producing lands, at a very low price and within easy reach of home markets, we would direct their attention to the vast stretch of good land to be found a little inland from the shores of Georgian Bay. Wherever the cultivation of wheat has been tried in this district it has invariably proved successful, and no better land can be found than is to be had on the forbidding-looking shore north of Georgian Bay between Spanish River and Sault Ste Marie.—*Pioneer.*

—"Blind with rage" meant something in a Paris workshop one afternoon three weeks ago. An overseer of the works, finding that one of the men had not finished a piece of work which was urgently required, fell into such a state of fury as to strike him in the face. Almost in the very act of striking, however, he staggered back, shouting for aid and complaining that he could not see. The workmen came round him with offers of assistance, but nothing could be done. It was certain that he had suddenly lost the use of both his eyes. Medical evidence showed that some of the blood vessels behind the eye had burst, and that the blood had flooded the interior cavities of the eyeballs.

—A new story, just published, is called "Wired Love." That's shocking. To get love "on a string" is bad enough, but to wire him is brutal. It is a graphic story, however—tele-graphic.

—The Niagara Falls *Gazette* says it is reported that Peer will make a second jump from the new Suspension Bridge on the 4th of July.

THE HULL MURDER.

Arrest of the Assassin in Boston.

HE ACKNOWLEDGES THE CRIME.

BOSTON, Mass., June 23.—Chastine Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull at New York, was arrested here to-night. He is a copper-colored negro, who has been engaged as a waiter a year and a-half in the neighborhood of the Hull residence. Cox appeared in Boston a week ago, and at a pawn-broker's shop disposed of a cameo set of jewelry, which the Superintendent of the pawn-brokers afterwards found. The pawn-broker furnished the description of the prisoner, and search revealed the fact that Cox, after getting rid of the jewelry, went to New York and remained there two or three days, and in the meantime made some alterations in the character and color of his clothing. Cox was discovered and suspected in the street here to-night by a newspaper reporter who had a description of him. The reporter accosted Cox and the latter's ignorance of the city confirmed the former's suspicion. The reporter followed Cox till the latter entered a colored church and then informed the police, who were sent and Cox surrendered without resistance. Mrs. Hull's watch was found on him, and he was thoroughly identified. He was not reticent, and said in answer to questions that he had lived for a long time opposite Mrs. Hull's house, and at the time of the robbery he entered through the lower window and went up stairs to her room. He said his purpose was robbery alone, and he did not intend to kill her. Officers from New York and also one of Mrs. Hull's boarders recognized Cox.

LATER—The negro has appeared very calm and indifferent since his arrest and talked without much hesitation in giving details of his crime. The night on which Mrs. Hull was murdered he remained in the house where he was employed until 10 o'clock, when he went out. He had a key for the door of the Hull house, but was unable to make it fit, and consequently he raised a window in the lower story and fastened it up to provide an easy escape from the house. He had a candle with him. On ascending the stairs he heard some one and blew the candle out. He then walked into the room and stepped up to the side of the bed. Mrs. Hull waking asked, "Who is it?" "The doctor," replied the negro. The robber then seized her and dashed the cologne bottle into the face of the struggling woman, after which he tied her in the manner in which she was found the next morning. The robbery was then committed and the robber escaped, soon leaving New York for Boston. He will be taken to New York, probably to morrow. In addition to the watch which Cox had on him he he has a mosaic ring.

W. P. Balch, the reporter who detected Cox, is of the staff of the Boston *Herald*, and was the cause of the arrest of E. D. Winslow, who absconded to Europe some time ago.

NEW YORK, June 24.—Through the confession made in Boston last evening by Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, the police recovered this morning the remainder of the missing jewelry. Part of the jewelry had been given to Bella Johnson, a mulatto girl in a house of ill-fame on South 5th avenue. She was found this morning asleep and arrested. About her neck she wore the topaz necklace, stolen from Mrs. Hull's trunk. In her possession was found a pair of solitaire diamond earrings, and a pawn ticket for other diamonds. She admitted that she got the jewelry from Cox.

Chastine Cox, *alias* Francis, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, did not put the officers to the trouble of procuring a requisition, but returned voluntarily to New York to-night.

BOSTON, Mass., June 24.—This morning Cox, the murderer of Mrs. Hull, gave the officers a minute description of the murder. He smothered Mrs. Hull with his hands. He declared he did not intend to kill her. He told where he had pawned the diamond ring, and the officer recovered it. Cox said, "I don't want my mother to know anything about this until after I am hung." He said he would rather be hung than imprisoned for life. Cox appears nervous, apparently realizing his terrible position. He appears to have lost heart, and to be resigned to the worst. Cox says he returned to Boston thinking Boston was a secure hiding place; not once did a suspicion cross his mind that he was in danger of being captured. The prisoner's trunk has been found to contain a large quantity of clothes of the finest materials.

Cox says that while thrusting the clothes into Mrs. Hull's mouth after she had got thoroughly awakened and had screamed on seeing that he was not "the doctor," she begged him to to take anything of hers which he wanted, but not to kill her. He responded that there would not be any killing if she would keep still. He never supposed she was dead and tied her feet to the bedstead so that she might not get her feet on the floor and stamp for assistance. He declares that he did not outrage her, and that such a thought never entered his mind.

ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

Strange Adventure of a Precocious Couple—The Girl Masquerading in Boy's Apparel.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 20.—Shortly before noon to-day, as the Canada Southern train was leaving the Central Depot, passengers and others were surprised to see Specials Wiley and Kief, of the First Precinct, arrest two bright looking boys, who had taken passage on the train. One of the supposed boys was in reality a girl in male attire. The prisoners were marched up to the station house, and Capt. Donahue at once proceeded to investigate the case. The Captain proceeded to question the supposed boy, who promptly admitted her sex. The substance of her statement was that her name was Emma Simonson, her age 14 years and that she resided at Flint, Mich., where her father was employed as foreman of a large saw mill. She left Flint on Tuesday morning last with her companion, who was Harry Clark. She had her hair cut off, put on the boy's suit which she wore, obtained $30 in some way yet to be explained, and the two then eloped, taking a train for the city. She said, further, that she had been attending public school in Flint, and that a project was arranged between herself and Harry by letters or notes which they wrote to one another. The girl seemed to realize her position, and apparently felt very sorry. Her male companion was next called into the Captain's Office and questioned. He stated that his name was Harry Clark, that his age was 17, and that he resided in Flint, Mich. He admitted running away with the girl, and stated, in answer to a direct question, that he did not intend to marry her, and could give no very satisfactory reason for the elopement. Last night the adventurous couple took quarters in a boarding-house on Seneca street, and were just about leaving the city for St. Thomas, Ont., where the girl has friends, when they were taken into custody. The girl had in her possession $4 in money, and her companion's cash capital consisted of $5.50. Harry intimated that he had got tired of the trip, and intended to return home even if he had not been arrested. This youthful couple will be returned to their parents much wiser in their brief connubial experience.

NATURE'S ANÆSTHETIC.

(A Foist in Louisville Medical News.)

Several evenings since I was attacked with a severe dental neuralgia. After resorting to friction, cold and hot applications, etc., without obtaining any relief, I lay upon my bed trusting that sleep might come and give me respite. Still the excruciating pain continued, and while I was suffering the "tortures of the doubly damned," undecided whether to arouse some tired druggist for a bottle of chloroform or slop my head off (with a decided preference, however, for the chloroform), I suddenly bethought me of what I had read on an anæsthetic which we always carry with us. Thereupon I began to inflate my lungs to their utmost capacity, and then forcibly blew out all the air I could. Immediately the pain began to lessen, and after a few repetitions of the process it had entirely ceased, being displaced by a delightful tickling sensation in the gums, and furthermore I know not, for in less time than it takes to tell it I was sound asleep, awakening next morning delightfully refreshed and without a symptom of my ailment left. Hence, you see, I was not simply temporarily relieved, but entirely well again. I wish other sufferers would try this and report results.

—The great magnate of South Wales is Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who owns 90,000 acres in the principality. He is M. P. for Denbighshire, as was his father from the age of 24 to his death at an advanced age. His father, who repeatedly refused a peerage, was also Lord Lieutenant of two counties. Upward of 7,000 persons attended his funeral. In 1858 Wynnstry, his ancestral home, with its contents, was destroyed. Only four pictures were saved out of a large collection. To a South Welshman "Sir Watkin" is the *ne plus ultra* of grandeur and wealth.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 119 MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

BY THE SEA.

My blue-eyed pet with golden hair
Is sitting on my knee,
And merrily she plays
Across the beach, beyond the bar,
Where rolls the restless sea.

She puts her little hand in mine,
And laughs with childish glee,
To see the tossing billows splash
As on the shore they heavily dash,
Then glide back silently.

But while she laughs so merrily,
My heart is far away;
And, as I look upon the shore,
Where lead and long the breakers roar,
My sad soul hearkens to my.

"The sea is like a human life,
It breaks upon the shore
Of time, with a resistless might,
And, when the goal is just in sight,
Dies—to return no more.

"And all along the shore of time
Full many a wreck doth lie;
The pangs of many a mad caress,
Of blasted hopes and broken vows,
Of happy days gone by."

Yet, while I muse in mournful mood
And gaze upon the sea,
My blue-eyed pet with golden hair,
Whose heart has never known a care,
Still sits upon my knee.

Her head is resting on my breast—
Her eyes in slumber deep;
The sailor sees when storm breakers roar,
And madly, fiercely lash the shore,
Has lulled my child to sleep.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why wonder we pray,
All lonely waiting here for you?—Old Song

"I don't think I could be exactly quite that," Molly replies, quietly. "I did you I sang a little; it is not customary to land one's own performances."

"You are a clever actress," says Marcia, so low as to be inaudible by all but Molly; "with such a voice as yours, and such masterly command of all emotion and expression, you should make the stage your home."

"Perhaps I shall find your hint useful in the future," says Molly, with a slight shrug of her shoulders; "when one is poor it is always worth one's while to hear is something one can put one's hand to when things come to the worst; but at present I feel sufficiently at home where I am. I am glad," calmly, "my singing pleased you—[illegible]."

"You sing [illegible]," Marcia says, aloud, giving her mind of praise justly, but unwillingly.

"And such a charming song as that is!" breaks in Mrs. Darley; "I remember hearing it for the first time just after my marriage, indeed while we were yet enjoying our wedding tour. Do you remember it, dearest?" As she murmurs the tender words, she turns upon her lord two amazed eyes so limpid and full of trust and love that any man ignorant of the truth would have sworn by all his gods her desire was with her husband, whereas every inch of heart she possesses has long since been handed over to a man in the Horse Guards Blue.

"Humph," says Henry Darley, eloquently, and without further rejoinder goes on with the game of chess he is playing with Mr. Amherst.

"Let us have something else, Eleanor," her grandfather says, looking up for an instant from his game, "queens and kings and castles; "another song."

This is such a wonderful request, coming from Mr. Amherst, who is known to abhor Marcia's attempts, that every one looks surprised.

"Willingly, grandpapa," says, Molly, and, going once more to the piano, gladly pick the obnoxious music from it, sure its appearance has caused Tedcastle's annoyance. "Though if he is going to be jealous so early in the game as this," thinks she, "I don't fancy I shall have an altogether festive time of it."

"What shall it be?" she asked, loud.

"Nothing Italian, at all events," says Mr. Amherst (all Marcia's endeavors are in that language); "I like something I understand, and I hate your runs and trills."

"I will sing you my own song," says Molly, gayly, and gives them "Molly Bawn" deliciously.

"How pretty that is!" says Lady Stafford; "and so wild—quite Irish! But your name after all is Eleanor, is it not?"

"There is, I believe, a tradition in the family to that effect," says Molly, smiling, "but it is used up, and no one now pays to it the least attention. Myself much prefer Molly. I am always called Molly Bawn at home."

Her voice lingers on the word home. In an instant, amidst all the luxuries and charms of this beautiful drawing-room at Herst, her mind goes back to the old homely, beloved sanctum at Brooklyn, where she sees John, and Letty, and all the happy, merry, good-hearted children harmoniously mixed up together.

"It is a pity," says Mr. Amherst, purposely, seeing an opening for one of his cheerful remarks, "that everything about Ireland should be so wretchedly low."

"It is swampy," replies Miss Molly, promptly.

At this dangerous moment the door is thrown wide open, and a servant announces "Mr. Potts."

The effect is electric. Everybody looks up, and pleased and glad; while the owner of this euphonious name come forward, and having shaken hands with Marcia, turns to old Amherst.

"How d'ye do, sir?" he says, heartily. "I hope you are better?"

"Do you?" says Mr. Amherst, unamiably, feeling still a keen regret that the neat retort intended for Molly must wait another occasion. "I would believe you if I could, but it isn't in human nature, I suppose, to wish anybody good, thank you, much better; I dare say with care I shall last this winter, and probably the next, and perhaps outlive a good many of you." He chuckles odiously as he winds up this pleasing speech.

Mr. Potts rather takes aback, mutters something inaudible, and turns to Lady Stafford, who receives him graciously.

He is a young man of about twenty-four, (though he might, in appearance, be any age from that to forty-four), and is short rather than tall. His eyes are gray, small, and bright, and full of fun, bespeaking importurbable good humor.

His hair is red. It is hair that admits of no compromise; it is neither auburn, golden, nor light-brown, it is a distinct and very red. His nose is poor but honest, and he has a thorough and most apparent appreciation of himself.

As I said before, Lady Stafford grips him warmly; he is one of her special pets.

"How are you getting on?" he asks, mysteriously, when the first questions and answers have been gone through. "Do you evidently worse than ever. The wine theory would not suit his case; age does anything but improve him. He has gone to the bad altogether. I suppose you've been putting in an awfully bad time of it."

"We have, indeed," says Lady Stafford; "he has been unbearable all through dinner, though he was pretty well yesterday. I think myself it was great; every thing went forth [illegible]."

By [illegible] every one had shaken hands with the new comer, and welcomed him heartily. He seems specially pleased to see Tedcastle.

"Luttrell! you here? Never had a hint of it. So glad to see you, old man! Why, you're looking as fit as even your best friend could wish you."

"Meaning yourself," says Luttrell. "Now, let's have a look at you. Why, Planty, what an engine-fire you've got! New coat and—etc., set 'em, and diamonds *ad lib.* Quite coquettish, upon my word. Who gave you the diamonds, Potts? Your mother?"

"No, I got tired of pinching there," says Potts, ingenuously, "so gave it up, and bought 'em myself. They are fetching, I take it. Luttrell, who is the girl at the piano? never saw anything so lovely in all my life."

"Miss Mannyrens."

"Indeed. Been received, and all that? Well, there's been nothing this season to touch on her. Introduce me, Luttrell."

He is introduced. And Molly, smiling up at him one of her brown brightest, kindliest smiles, makes him then and there her slave forever. On the spot, without a second's delay, he falls head over ears in love with her.

By degrees he gets back to Lady Stafford, and sinks upon the sofa beside her. I say sinks unostentatiously, for he drops upon the soft, and very nearly makes havoc of the springs in doing so.

"I want to tell you who I saw in town the day before I left—a week ago," he says, earnestly.

"A week ago! and have you been ever since getting here?"

"No, I did it by degrees. First, I went down to the Majesticum, and spent two days there, very slow, indeed; then I got on to the Blounts', and found it much slower there; finally I drove to Talbot Lowry's night before last, and slept there until this evening. You know he lives only three miles from this."

"He is at home now, then?"

"Yes. He always is at home, I notice, when—you are hept?"

"No!" says Cecil, with a little faint laugh.

"You don't say so! What a remarkable coincidence!"

"An annual coincidence. But you don't ask me who it was I saw in London. Guess."

"The Christy Minstrels, without doubt. They never return out of London, so I suppose are the only people in it now."

"Wrong. There was one other person—Sir Penthony Stafford!"

"Really?" says Cecil, coloring warmly, and sitting in a more upright position. "He has returned, then? I thought he was in Egypt."

"So he was, but he has come back, looking uncommon well too, as brown as a berry. To my thinking, as good a fellow to look at as there is in England, and a capital fellow all round into the bargain!"

"Dear me!" says Cecil. "What a loss Egypt has sustained! And what a partisan you have become! May I ask," suppressing a yawn, "what you have behind her perfumed fan, "where your *rara avis* is at present hiding?"

"I asked him," says Mr. Potts, "but he rather evaded the question."

"And is that your Mr. Potts?" asks Molly, finding herself close to Tedcastle, speaking with heavy and suspicious emphasis.

"Yes," Tedcastle admits, coloring slightly as he remembers the glowing terms in which he has described his friend. "Don't you—eh, don't you like him?"

"Oh! I like him, I cannot answer that yet; but," laughing, "I certainly don't admire him."

And indeed, Mr. Potts's beauty is not of the sort to fall forth rapture at first sight.

"I have seen many different shades of red in people's hair," says Molly, "but I have never seen it rosy until now. Is it dyed? It is the most curious thing I ever looked at."

"Poor Potts, when covering him with a first impassionate glance, one thinks not of his pale gray orbs, his large, good-humored mouth, his freckles, or his enormous nose, but only of his hair. Molly is struck by it at once.

"He is a right good fellow," says Luttrell, rather disjointedly, being scarcely in the mood to laugh at Molly's question.

"He may be," is her calm reply; "but if I were he, rather than go through life with that complexion and that unhappy head I would commit suicide."

Then there is a little more music. Marcia plays brilliantly enough, but it is almost impossible to forget during her playing that she is not an accomplished master. It is not genius from the heart, it is clever, but it is acquired, and falls very flatly after Molly's perfect singing, and no one in the room feels little more seriously than Marcia herself.

Then Luttrell, with a charming voice, sings for them something pathetic and reproachful, you may be sure, as it is meant for Molly's ears; and then the evening is at an end, and Molly's first day at Herst is over.

What a haven of rest and security is one's own room! How instinctively in grief or joy one turns to it, to hide from prying eyes one's inmost thoughts, one's hopes and despairs.

To-night there are two sad hearts at Herst; Marcia's, perhaps, the saddest, for it is full of that most maddening, most intolerable of all pains, jealousy.

For hours she sits by her casement, pondering on the cruelty of her fate, while the unsympathetic moon pours its white rays upon her.

"Already his love is dead," she murmurs, leaning naked arms upon the window-sill, and turning her lustrous scathed eyes up to the skies above her. "Already. In two short months. And how have I fallen short? how have I lost him? By over-loving, perhaps. While she, who does not value it, has gained my all."

A little groan escapes her, and she lets her dark head sink upon her outstretched arms. Yet there is something in Philip's eyes as they rest on Molly, something in the mouth he formed, but surely there, that betrays to Marcia the secret feeling, of which he himself is profoundly ignorant.

One hardly knows how it is, but Molly with a glance, a gesture, three little words pointed by a smile from the liquid eyes, can draw him to her side. And when a man of his cold reserved nature truly loves, he sure it is a passion that will last him his life.

Tedcastle, too, is thoroughly unhappy tonight. His honest, anyone mind, made sharp by love's conflict, has seen through Philip's infatuation, and over his last cigar before turning in (a cigar that to-night has somehow lost half its soothing properties) he sets out with a sinking of the heart what it all means.

He thinks, too, yet upbraids himself for so thinking, that Miss Mannyrens must see that Philip Stafford is—in love. Herst and twenty thousand pounds a year, is a better catch than Teddy Luttrell, with only his great love for her, and a paltry six hundred pounds a year.

Is it not selfish of him to seek to keep her from what is so evidently to her advantage? Perhaps he ought to throw up his engagement, and, passing out of her life, leave her to reap the goods the gods provide.

In vain he tries to argue himself into this heroic frame of mind. The more he tries, the more obnoxious grows the idea. By cannot, he will not, give up Molly.

"Faint heart," says Teddy, flinging the remnant of his cigar with fierce determination into the grate, "never won fair lady; she is worth the fight. I'll fathom darling that and breathed, and, be it selfish or otherwise, keep her I will if I can."

But he sighs as he utters the word can, and finds no comfort in the sound. Though he does seek it, by no means a bed of roses.

While Molly, the pretty cause of all this heart-burning, lies in slumber, soft and sweet, and happy as a child, with her red red lips apart and smiling, her brunette, but not sallow, complexion as a little child's, and all her "nut-brown" hair like a silken garment around her.

Cecil Stafford, walking leisurely up and down her apartment, is feeling half frightened, half amused, at the news conveyed to her by Mr. Potts of her husband's arrival in England. Now at last after three months of absence they meet him at any moment face to face.

Surely never such a story so odd, so strange as hers! A bride unknown; a wife whose face has never yet been seen!

"Well," thinks Cecil, as she sinks herself while her maid binds up her long fair hair, "no use troubling about it beforehand. What is—is. Perhaps he will be very thoughtful and regular

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C.E.,
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Madoc. 1

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FARM FOR SALE.
THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,
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J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1879. 65

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Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short date.
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THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 9, 1879.

THE TWELFTH IN MADOC.

The 12th of July celebration in this village on Saturday next, promises to be one of the largest and most successful demonstrations of this kind ever held in this county. Posters containing full particulars of the celebration, order of procession, &c. have been issued and distributed, but for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing them we republish the programme of the day's proceedings:—The Lodges will meet at the Orange Hall, at 10 o'clock, and headed by the Madoc Brass Band, march to the railway station to meet the Belleville, Foxboro' and Plainfield Brethren. The procession will then re-form and march along St. Lawrence street to Riggs' corners, where it will turn and march back along Durham street to the town line, Huntingdon; then back to the corner of St. Lawrence street and disperse for dinner. After dinner the Lodges will again form in procession and proceed to Rollins' Grove, where a sermon will be preached by Rev. J. McFarlane of this village. Prominent members of the order and others will also deliver addresses. The Belleville contingent, consisting of two lodges of Youn gBritons, one of True Blues, and one of 'Prentice Boys will be accompanied by the fine band of the 15th Battalion, which in connection with our own band will contribute an abundance of music during the day. A musical and literary entertainment will be given in the Masonic Hall in the evening, for the purpose of raising funds to assist in building a new Orange Hall in this village. The best local talent available will take part, assisted by Mr. S. A. Spangenburg, of Belleville, who has on former occasions delighted a Madoc audience with his comic German songs. Considering the object we hope to see a large turn out at the concert.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The public meeting, at the Town Hall, on Monday, announced in our last issue, to consider the propriety of taking steps to have the dam at the foot of Mpira Lake lowered, was largely attended and resulted in the taking of active and practical action for that purpose. We heartily endorse the movement made and expect to see satisfactory results therefrom. As stated by the Chairman, A. F. Wood, Esq., it seems strange that any one should be allowed, in the first instance, to build a dam at the foot of the Lake, and flood hundreds of acres of valuable land, and in the second place be allowed, at their own will and pleasure, to raise the water to the serious injury, not only of the land owners but of the health of the general public in the vicinity, and no action be taken to prevent it. The evidence of Drs. Sutton and Dafoe went strongly to show that the rapid increase of fever and ague in this place was due to the effects of raising and lowering the water, causing malarial fever from decomposed matter, etc. A committee composed of the following gentlemen was appointed to take action in the matter:—Messrs A. F. Wood, L. Keene, A. B. Ross, D. O'Donnell, S. Rollins, R. Chambers, C. Kirk F. Harris, E. Sargent, W. Conley, J. Pitts, Jas. Foley, Richard Connell, John Brouson, and Jas. Chambers. They have already held one session and have decided to get subscriptions to the amount of $1,000 to start with, which they think they will have no difficulty in accomplishing, and then to take immediate action in the matter. An amicable solution will be sought first; if not successful the highest legal opinion will be obtained and acted upon without further delay. This matter of raising and lowering the water has been going on for years, and while there has been a good deal of grumbling there has not been, until now, any active steps taken to put a stop to it. We hear there has been a good deal of "bluffing off" to any one who made application for redress, but we fancy that class of tactics will not avail much longer. We hope those who have this matter in hand will be successful in accomplishing the object for which they are appointed, and that those who are called on to contribute of their means towards that object will do so liberally.

The London *Free Press* thus compliments the representative of North Hastings in the Commons:—"The Hon. Mr. Bowell, Minister of Customs, is described by a recent visitor as one of the busiest men in Ottawa. Of the stern and thorough manner in which he looks after the affairs of his department, there are frequent out-croppings of evidence. In arranging for a common general valuation of goods, he has given great satisfaction to the wholesale trade of the country. He has just signalized himself in another wise direction, that is, in regard to the importation of American machinery by the Canada Southern Railway. Under the late Government this company was permitted to bring in a great variety of machinery in bond, the duty on which was never collected. The present Minister has insisted on the payment of the duties, and the sum of something like $10,000 has in this way been saved to the revenue."

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Seventeen car loads of cheese were shipped from Belleville to England on Friday last, the largest shipment of the season.

About 350 persons went by train from Campbellford to Belleville on Dominion Day. The run was made in about two hours.

The fall sittings of the Court of Chancery will be held in Belleville, before Vice-Chancellor Blake, commencing on Monday, 10th November next.

There is some fall wheat at the office of E. N. Gould, Plainfield, from the farm of Isaiah McVinn, 8th concession Thurlow, 6ft. 4in. long. Who can beat this?

Ashley's Cheese Factory, situated in the 2nd concession of Thurlow, together with its contents, were burned to the ground on Friday afternoon last. Insured for $1,000.

The Campbellford *Herald* thinks Mr. Bickford will have no difficulty in finishing the Grand Junction to Hastings by the 1st of August next, the time specified in his contract.

Messrs. Starling and Elliott, of Belleville, have returned home from Newcastle-on-Tyne. They declare that Hanlan still says his race at Lachine with Courtney was the hardest he ever rowed.

Mr. J. A. Vandervoort, of 6th con. Rawdon, cut timothy hay on the 1st of July, 5ft 4½ inches in height. From all parts of the country the reports reach us of an abundant harvest.—*Intelligencer.*

Mr. George Merrill, of Belleville, has a Greek Bible, probably one of the oldest to be found on the Continent. It was printed in London in 1653, two hundred and twenty-six years ago, and is in a remarkable state of preservation. It has been in the Merrill family since 1815.

The Mill Point *Echo* says:—"We are glad to be able to report that the danger of taking small-pox is well provided against. None are permitted to go in reach of danger, and in fact the only danger now would be in entering the house—which none are allowed to do. Before the 12th the house will be cleaned up."

Only six marriages were solemnized in Belleville during the month of June. The *Ontario* says, this is a very bad record in a community numbering some twelve thousand souls, and thinks there must be a large number of old maids and bachelors living in single wretchedness.

A fire occurred at Shannonville on Wednesday night last, destroying the large grist mill owned by Mr. F. Wallbridge, and occupied by Mr. N. S. Appleby. The mill was valued at $10,000, and was insured in the Western for $5,000. Mr. Appleby's loss on stock is between $5,000 and $6,000. Insured for $2,000. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the machinery.

For choice and elegant language commend us to the editor of the Mill Point *Echo*. Referring to the rumors about small-pox in that place he makes use, in his last issue, of the following expressions:—"This 'chickenpox' don't wash! People are not infernal fools! It is just such monkeying that makes people afraid to come to town." In another place he speaks of a musician of that place as a "cursed" nuisance. We shall not be surprised if we hear of his being found murdered some fine morning.

On Saturday last, the 84th birthday of Col. Elijah Ketcheson, a family gathering took place at his residence, front of Sidney. About 80 children, grand-children and great grand-children sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared for the occasion, some of whom had come from New York and some from Leavenworth, Kansas. A very happy evening was spent; and, as his children once more gathered around him, the old gentleman related to them many thrilling adventures during the rebellion, in which he took a prominent part, and also of his trials as an early settler.—*Ontario.*

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The proposed money order office here is still under discussion, there is some red tape business in this, and gross misrepresentation by some postmasters or other parties along the route as regarding the sureties. Surely those who disparage this district will open their eyes when they learn that the Post Office Department demands over $7,000 of real estate security from our Postmaster, and when bondsmen are tendered who are really worth that amount, this department refuses them without even endeavoring to find out from reliable sources the substantiality of these men. However as the case has been properly represented, they have been accepted—rather a slur on the first informant.

The mail service will run three times a week through from Madoc to Maynooth, commencing July 1st. This will be a great public benefit. There is another branch mail route the Department might consider, viz., from York River to the Burleigh corners, to bring us in connection with Peterboro'. The letters posted for that town have to go via Belleville and a fast increasing community without any mail service lying between here and Burleigh corners, up to which point there is a mail for Peterboro, is seriously handicapped.

The Hon. Billa Flint is in the village, he is putting up a carding mill in the upper part of his large and extensive saw mill, he also intends making further improvements in the already commodious grist mill.

The crop outlook is exceedingly good, the insidious potato bug, who for the past few years, might always be seen patiently waiting upon the newly made potato hill for the first leaf, seem as determined as ever, although it is noticeable that the numbers in the field are less.

An alteration in the Hastings Road from Mr. D. Kavanagh's to L'Amable is to be put to the public vote, to sanction the awards for right of way demanded by settlers, this would be a great improvement to travellers.

Now is the time to look for tall grass, mammoth eggs and big rye heads. Well, Mr. editor if there is anyone who disputes our being able to beat you of the frontier let him pay the carriage and I will forward to him an assorted load of big productions.

FIAT LUX.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, who for the past week or so has been confined to his bed through a dangerous illness, is now much improved, and on a fair way to recovery. His visit to England has, however, in consequence been delayed for some weeks.

CHARLEY ROSS, the long lost and often found Philadelphia child, has turned up again, this time in the Province of Quebec. A Richmond, Vt., despatch alleges that at East Farnham, Quebec, there is a boy who says his name is Chirley Ross, and answers the description very well. He says he was brought from New York by two men a long time ago. He lives with a man who speaks no English and is reticent and sullen when questioned about the boy or himself. He says he does not know or care who the boy is. He is paid $150 for his keep, drafts being sent from New York every six months. These drafts are signed Edward Pierson and are payable at the Molsons' Bank, Montreal. Ross and parties from Philadelphia are expected to visit the place and investigate.

ELZIVER AND GRIMSTHORPE.

BRIDGEWATER, 19th June, 1879.

Council met pursuant to adjournment. Present—the Reeve, Messrs. Mallroy, Kells and Breeze.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The following petitions were presented by Mr. Breeze, and ordered to be received:

From Trustees S. S. No. 5, with regard to their being amalgamated with S. S. No. 2; from the same for a grant of $50 to help to pay the teacher; from S. S. No. 2, for a grant of $25 to assist in meeting expenses; from J. Kehoe *et al*, for a grant to improve road on townline between Elziver and Hungerford.

On motion the above were laid over for the present.

George Parkes was appointed pathmaster in place of D. Jackson—gone away; and Jas. A. Hicks in place of Philip Hicks—gone away.

Hon. B. Flint was heard relative to a petition he had sent in to County Council, for the remission of taxes due by this municipality for the years 1876-77, stating that, owing to the good gravel roads which this municipality had constructed at its own expense, and the liberal grants which had been made from time to time on the side roads, had been the cause of being behind in payments, which the County Council had declined to accede to.

The Collector and Treasurer were then called upon to state what conclusion they had come to on balancing up their accounts, when the Collector stated he had not made any with the Treasurer; and after going over his accounts again, the Council ordered that the matter should be submitted to arbitration, and finally settled within three weeks from this day, and called upon the Collector and Treasurer each to name a party.

The Collector named Mr. M. McLean; the Treasurer named Mr. L. Tait; and the Council named Mr. H. H. Warren; their decision, or a majority of them, to be final.

The Clerk presented an account of $4.10 for attending on Collector and copying his Rolls, and service of summonses for Court of Revision, which was ordered to be paid.

On motion the Council adjourned till one o'clock p. m. on Monday, the 25th August.

COURT OF REVISION.

The Court of Revision met pursuant to adjournment.

Present—the Reeve, Messrs. Breeze, Kells, and Mallroy.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The assessments of the following parties were on their own application raised to $100: Leander Levesque, Alfred Hardy, Jno. Wright, D. J. Hudgins, John Campbell, J. Credicott, Jeremiah Shambo, Richard Conway, G. Lindsay, Alex. Lindsay, and Henry Laundry.

The following were entered as owners: Alexander Lepum, jr., 7 in 4th con.; R. Davison, n½ 11 in 11th; Louis Bonah, 21 in 8th; and Adolphus Bonar, e½ 15 in 10th.

On application, Michael Kehoe was entered on roll as farmer's son, e½ 2 in 3rd con.; and the following were entered as tenants: Herston and William Ashley for w½ 4 in 5th; J. Guyett, jr., s½ 17 in 11th; Sam'l Mollyneux, 10 in 11th; Geo. Primrose, 9 in 11th; J. G. Frost, for part 2 in 4th, a cabinet shop.

Richard Noukes' assessment was raised to one hundred dollars.

The following were ordered to stand as assessed: Simon Wiggins, Archibald Thompson, jr., Arch. Thompson, sr., and Armour Jeffs.

On application of Hon. B. Flint, his name was struck off the roll for 17, in 7th con., he not owning it, and the following lots were entered in his name: 26 in 8th con.; 26 in 9th con.; 26 in 11th con.; and the following lots belonging to him were reduced to sixty-two cobds per acre, viz.: 5th con., n½ of 8, s½ of 9; 6th con., 5, w½ 8, 21, 22, 23; 7th con., n½ 10, 14; 8th con., s½ of 17, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32; 9th con., 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32; 10th con., e½ of 8, e½ of 29, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32; 11th con., 3, n½ of 12, e½ of 20, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32.

Court closed.

A protest was on Friday last entered against the return of Mr. Alex. Robertson, as representative of West Hastings in the Legislative Assembly, on the ground of bribery.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JORDAN HOTEL.
THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

LOST.
CAME to my premises, Lot 5, 9th Con. of Madoc, on 22nd day of June, a black Sow, with a short tail, and about 1 year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take her away.
JAMES MARRIN.
118-4t

A CARD.
MR. R. S. HENDERSON avails himself of his first moments of convalescence to tender his most sincere and grateful thanks to Messrs. Taylor, Jas. Pine, and others whose names he does not know, who so kindly came to his assistance at the time of the accident that so nearly deprived him of life. Also to Mr. Maitland, of Bancroft, for his unwearied attention to him and the ladies with him, during the night that he lay helpless at his house.

BONES WANTED.
GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.
Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
118-4t

FIRST-CLASS
FARM FOR SALE.
CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; buildings large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to
WAREHAM TULLER,
Owner, on the premises.
Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.
TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.
The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.
Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 16th June, 1879. 117-6i

FOR SALE.
A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.
Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

PLANTS FOR SALE
The undersigned has a large variety of
CABBAGE,
TOMATOES,
CAULIFLOWERS,
AND
CELERY PLANTS,
FOR SALE.
HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

LOW PRICES
JUST ARRIVED,
A LARGE STOCK OF
DRIED APPLES,
Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.
Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.
A general assortment of choice
FAMILY GROCERIES,
and a large stock of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
Confectionery, &c., &c.
—ALSO,—
AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.
N. D. PETERS.
Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

By-Law No.—

A By-law to authorize the granting of a Bonus to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company to the extent of $10,000.

Whereas the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company have built and completed a line of Railway from the point of junction with the Grand Junction Railway to the "Moore Mine," in the Township of Madoc;

And whereas the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon are desirous of assisting the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company by way of Bonus, to the extent of Ten Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of working said road, and of assisting in developing the northern part of the County of Hastings, and for other advantages to be derived from the construction and working of said Railway;

And whereas to carry the said recited object into effect, it is necessary to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned;

And whereas the amount of the whole of rateable property of the said municipality according to the last revised and equalized Assessment Rolls, is the sum of Four hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and two dollars, ($421,502);

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said municipality of the Township of Huntingdon is as follows, that is to say, for principal sum, *nothing*, and there is no principal money in arrear and there is no interest money in arrear;

And whereas it will require the sum of Six hundred dollars annually to be raised by special rate for paying the interest on said Ten thousand dollars during the currency of the debentures, and the further sum of Three hundred and two dollars and forty-three cents, ($302.43,) to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said sum of Ten thousand dollars, such sum being sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said Ten thousand dollars when payable, the debentures to be issued to extend over twenty years;

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon as follows:—

1st.—That this By-law shall come in force on the first day of November next.

2nd.—That the whole of the debentures hereinafter mentioned and authorized to be issued shall be made payable in twenty years at furthest, from the day on which this By-law shall take effect, as in the preceding clause mentioned. That immediately after this By-law comes into force the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon shall issue their debentures in sums not less than One hundred dollars each, and in such greater sums as the Reeve and Treasurer shall think best, in all for the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

3rd.—That the said debentures shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal in Belleville, at the time in Section Two above mentioned, and the said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and shall have interest Coupons attached, payable half-yearly at said Bank.

4th.—That the said debentures shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer of said Township of Huntingdon.

5th.—That there shall be levied and assessed upon all rateable property in the Township of Huntingdon an annual special rate of Two mills and one-seventh of a mill on the dollar, sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said debt and interest when payable at the end of twenty years, until the same are paid off, redeemed and discharged in full.

6th.—That the said debentures shall be taken and accepted by the said Company to whom they are to be given in payment of said aid, as hereinafter provided, at par value.

7th.—That the said debentures so to be created and issued shall be paid over to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company on the following conditions, that is to say:—When they shall have commenced the said working and traffic on the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway for passengers and produce, and otherwise to and from the northern part of the said Township of Huntingdon to the Grand Junction wharves at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, in Belleville, or to a shipping station of the said Company at said waters in Belleville,

8th.—That the said debentures so to be appropriated in aid of the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall be deposited with the Trustees to be appointed in the manner and as provided in the Act incorporating said Company.

9th.—That before the delivery over of the debentures to the said Railway Company by the Trustees, and before they shall be entitled to receive the same, or any part thereof, the said Railway Company shall enter into a Covenant with the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon; providing that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, in addition to the present Railway Stations, shall provide a Flag Station, together with a Storehouse for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, sufficient for that purpose, and for the storage of goods and merchandise, at Mr. John B. Fox's farm, sufficient for that purpose, on that portion of the same heretofore conveyed by him to said Railway Company, and that the said Railway Company shall erect at each of the said other stations in the said Township a Storehouse sufficient for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, and to store the grain and the goods, wares and merchandise of the said Township, and that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall carry passengers and the grain and produce of the said Township and work the said road through the said Township of Huntingdon to and from the said Grand Junction Railway wharf or wharves of the said Company in Belleville, at the Bay of Quinte, for the term of Twenty years.

10th.—That the said Covenants shall be entered into by the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, contemporaneously with the handing over of the said debentures.

Be it further enacted that for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the qualified electors to the said By-law,

Friday, the 8th day of August next,

is hereby appointed for taking votes of the said electors thereon, and polls are hereby appointed to be held and opened at the hour of Nine o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, and remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

Be it further enacted that the following shall be the Returning Officers who shall take the votes at the following places and as mentioned below:

Division No. 1, Orange Hall, West Huntingdon; James Guy, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2, Town Hall; J. G. Foster, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3, Sargent's House; Elisha Sargent, Returning Officer.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon, after one month from the first publication in the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, the date of which first publication was the Second day of July, A. D. 1879, and that the votes of the electors of the said municipality will be taken thereon at the several and respective places therein appointed for polls to be held, at the hour of Nine o'clock of the forenoon of the said day, to remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

That the Clerk shall on the day after the election attend at the Town Hall, in the said Township of Huntingdon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and shall sum up the number of votes cast in favor of the By-law, and the number polled against it, and then and there declare the result of said election.

J. G. FOSTER,
Clerk, Township of Huntingdon.
Town Hall, Huntingdon, June 26th, 1879.

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:
Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!
We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.
SYDMER ROSS & Co.

WRIGHT'S
GROCERY, PROVISION, WINE
AND LIQUOR STORE,
(Established in 1858, by the late Andrew Wright,)
NOW CARRIED ON BY MRS. WRIGHT.
Mrs. W. in returning her sincere thanks for the very large share of public patronage she has received, begs to inform her numerous customers that her stock is now complete, consisting of
SUGARS,
TEAS,
TOBACCOS,
SPICES,
CONFECTIONERY & BISCUITS,
(A SPECIALTY,)
FRUITS IN SEASON,
W. C. Wells' celebrated Honey and Grape Wine.
WINES,
BRANDIES,
GINS,
SPIRITS,
PORTERS,
ALES,
of the best brands, imported direct from the manufacturers, and sold as received.
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE,
BASKETS IN GREAT VARIETY, BROOMS, BRUSHES, AND WOODEN WARE,
FLOUR AND FEED, &c., &c.,
All wholesale and retail, at the lowest possible Cash price.
JANE WRIGHT,
Wright's Block, Durham Street, Madoc.
Madoc, May 19th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,

THE CELEBRATED

DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 2nd Concession, Tudor, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 19th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jelinek, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of Job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK. lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NORNTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUSTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 263. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1135. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEERS, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, July 10th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, July 21st,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.
Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Left Over.

"Spectator's" account of the Limerick Picnic will appear next week.

Second-Class Examination.

Eight candidates are competing in the above examination, which commenced in this village yesterday. The examination will continue until Saturday.

Miners' Shanty Burned.

On Wednesday last the building occupied by Mr. Pusey's men at the Seymour iron mine was burned to the ground, together with some of the bedding, etc., belonging to the men. Loss about $300; no insurance.

Thanks.

Mr. John Harper, of this village, will please accept our thanks for the present of a "bushel" of new potatoes, left with us this morning. The potato bug has not been a success in our friends garden this year, if we may judge by the fine, large specimen before us.

Tall Wheat.

Mr. Edward Plane, yesterday left in our office a sample of fall wheat, measuring over six feet in height, which he cut on his farm, lot 10, 1st concession, Madoc, on the 3rd inst. This is about as good as they can do in the front townships.

New Gravel Road.

The road leading from Madoc village to the B. & N. H. Railway having been assumed by the County, workmen have been engaged on it during the past few days, and now the entire distance has been gravelled, and otherwise put in good repair.

Obituary.

Died in Huntingdon, June 21st, George Rollins, in the 90th year of his age. Deceased was a native of the County Antrim, Ireland, and came to this country, settling in Huntingdon, thirty years ago. His end was peaceful and quiet, a short time previous to death he exclaimed, "I know the Lord is my shepherd!" He lived an honest, respected life, and leaves behind a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. Rev. D. Wishart preached the funeral sermon to a large concourse of sympathizing friends, after which the remains were interred in Lake's graveyard.—*Con.*

S.S. Picnic.

We understand the Presbyterian S.S. held on Tuesday this week in Mr. [illegible]'s grove in connection with their Sabbath School was a decided success. The day was fine, the attendance large, and the young people enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. There was one serious drawback arising out of the trains not running, it having been arranged that a trip should be taken on the cars. The obliging agent, however, has agreed to give the parties attending the picnic the trip as soon as the cars are running again. We are requested to express the thanks of the committee to Mr. Barnum who kindly gave the use of his bus on the day.

Sudden Death.

Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Richardson, who reside near Stirling, came down to Mrs Richardson's father's, Mr. Wm. Yourex, Thurlow. On Sunday, Mr. R. returned home leaving his wife to enjoy a week's visit. Tuesday morning, Mrs. R. was taken ill and soon went into convulsions. Medical aid was summoned from the city, but nothing could be done to relieve her, and before night she was a corpse. Her husband was summoned with all possible haste, but his wife whom he left on Sunday in her usual health, was dead when he arrived. The blow was terribly severe, and for a time almost unhinging the mind of the bereaved husband. The deceased was only married some ten months ago, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her.—*Ontario.*

The deceased was a sister to Mrs. Richard Brooks of this village, and leaves many friends and acquaintances in this section to mourn her untimely end, having resided in Madoc township for some time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me, through your columns, to call the attention of our Village Council to the necessity that exists for something being done to compel the Directors of the cheese factory to carry on their business in a way that will make the factory less of a nuisance than it is. Few in the village are ignorant of the horrible stench which arises from the factory creek, and none of the residents in that part of the village, to the south of the factory, can sit at their doors long without being sickened by the stench. Last night this was worse than usual. I trust the Council will take the matter in hand and get the nuisance lessened. They were very anxious to get elected. Let them prove their worth by their works. By-the-bye may I suggest to the medical members of the Council, who, I suppose, are a committee on nuisances, the advisability of getting something done to change, at least the *appearance* of the basement of a small edifice on the creek behind Mrs. Wright's store. There may possibly be, in the centre of Africa, a more offensive object, but no village can allow such an abomination to remain and maintain its character for decency.

ANTI-FILTH.

July 7th, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have been living over ten years in this "Madoc of ours" and without claiming for our village any greater degree of piety or godliness than the average of Canadian villages, I have always been impressed with one peculiarity of its life, and boasted of it to visitors from a distance, and that is the calm quietness of its Sabbaths. Living as I do in the centre of its thoroughfare I speak from experience when I say that after the pleasant sight of the various congregations passing east and west and north to their respective places of worship, and returning from the same, you will not, as a general rule, see a sight or hear a sound to disturb the becoming quietness of the holy day. I have felt the more pained at the manner in which this Sabbath quiet was broken in on yesterday afternoon by the shriek of the locomotive and the whistle of the steam-engine.

Although I would not for a moment admit, that any pressure of business would justify the railway company in depriving us of our right to the quietness of our Sabbaths, yet I think it aggravates the wrong done us when we know that it was done (as I have been informed) not under the pressure of business but to gratify the whim of a few persons who wished to come from the direction of Campbellford or Stirling to Madoc; and who having stretched their conscience to come this far, found it not hard to stretch it a little more and take a trip on to the mines. (What a queer thing this conscience is). I dare say you remember how earnestly our late pastor, Mr. Kenner, used to pray that that great power for good or evil, the press of Canada, might be found on the side of order and truth. I hope his prayer will be answered now and that you, sir, as the representative of that great power in this locality, will come out strong and clear on the point that this community must be protected in its right to a quiet Sabbath. I trust our four ministers of the Gospel, each from his own watch tower (with which this favored village is surrounded, even as the hills are round about Jerusalem), will stir themselves in the matter, and giving no uncertain sound, raise up such a public opinion in the place as will deter any company from outraging our Christian feelings in the matter.

As the Madoc station is inside our Corporation I would appeal, through you, to our esteemed Reeve and his fellow magistrates (who are all prominent members of their respective churches) that they exercise their powers for our protection. I would warn the Christian heads of our rising families of young people that they stir themselves in this matter, and not suffer any soulless company to throw additional temptation in the paths of our young people, to waste the Sabbath hours in railway trips.

I am proud to know that the Province of Ontario is foremost in the world in its recognition of the Sabbath, but it will take unceasing watchfulness on the part of the community to prevent the entering in of the wedge of Sabbath desecration in such localities where large companies have the chance of over-riding public opinion. Some may think I am making a great ado about nothing, and raising a tempest in a teapot, but I don't think so; now is the time to act, in a year or so it will be too late. The force of the temptation on yesterday was brought very close to me, and I felt both sore and sorry in my heart for some that I feel an interest in. We all know the force of the old housewifely adage, "a stitch in time saves nine" and I know that a dose taken in time will often prevent more than ten doses will cure when taken too late.

MICHAEL WILSON.

Madoc, July 7, 1879.

Village Council.

Pursuant to adjournment the Council met in the Town Hall on the 7th inst.

Present:—The Reeve, and Messrs. Sutton, Loomis and Orr.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Constable Sills presented an account of $5 75 for his services in connection with the late case of child desertion. A motion was made by Dr. Loomis, offering him one dollar, which the former refused to accept.

Mr. Dunn, Street Surveyor, appeared before the Council in reference to the removal of a stone from the ditch near Mr. Wishart's residence. He explained that the removal of this stone was necessary for the water to run unobstructed, and the Council, believing such to be the case, ordered it to be removed.

Mr. Embury appeared before the Council and asked for a grant of five or six dollars to be used in repairing the road near his residence.—Granted.

The request from Mrs. Sullivan for money to be spent upon a road near her abode was laid over, it not being clear to the Council that the road was a public one.

The advisability of at once beginning the collection of the poll tax was here discussed for some time, some of the members thinking it would be advisable for the Street Surveyor to employ those liable to poll tax, upon the street, instead of paying out cash for road improvement, while others thought the tax should be collected by the regular collector when going his usual rounds. The Street Surveyor was under the impression that a demand for the tax should be made at once and those who did not immediately respond should be compelled to inhabit Mr. Sills' "quiet corner" or, to use his own language, "should be jugged." The Reeve mildly intimated that are this peculiar "jugging" process could be put into practice the individual to be "jugged" should be allowed a certain time to "produce," and even then it was questionable whether this was the best mode of collecting the tax. After a little further discussion the matter was allowed to stand.

The hog by-law was then taken up and discussed, but no action was taken thereon. There seems to be a division on the merits of this by-law but we presume the difficulties will be overcome at the next meeting.

Council adjourned.

Whilst a labouring man, named Ephraim Babcock, was fishing from the wharf at Buck's saw-mill about a mile from the city, on the Bay shore, one of the masts of the old schooner *Troy*, which was dismantled some years ago, fell, striking him on the head, breaking his neck, and killing him instantly. The deceased was 26 years of age, and leaves a wife and one child.

The Peterborough *Daily Review* says:—"Mr. T. Allum, of North Monaghan, has a hive of bees, which he bought from Mr. Bennett last winter, and from which he has had three swarms this year. All four are now working and doing well."

The Phrenological Journal

And SCIENCE OF HEALTH opens its sixty-ninth volume with a variety of themes which must please every reader. A sketch and excellent portrait of Dean Stanley first attract the eye. Next we find a seasonable article entitled Fire-Flies, in the course of which these brilliant objects of the summer evening are well described. Two supposed organs of Temperature and Respirativeness are discussed by a critical Phrenologist, whose opinions incline him to accept the first mentioned. The poem entitled "The Innocent Sleep" exhibits Mrs. E. Oakes Smith's facility in versification. Making a Home, is an article which fathers and mothers generally should read with care. Place is given to Mrs. Lockwood, the Washington lawyer; the portrait certainly indicates a woman of marked intellectual ability. The admirable articles entitled "Brain and Mind," are continued; the fresh installment relating to the Education of Children. In our opinion this series of articles should be published in volume form. The suggestions given in their course are much too valuable to be laid away with the old numbers of the magazine upon the shelf of the subscriber. Whether one accept the tenets of the Phrenological system or not, he can not fail to find the philosophy of "Brain and Mind" of great practical value. The closing chapters of Uncle Jimmie the Cripple are as entertaining as the first. In the Health Department, there are some good suggestions with regard to rest and recreation, under the title of The Philosophy of Reaction. Simple Curvatures of the Spine are described and well illustrated. A characteristic letter of Isaac Pitman on Diet follows and there are also some reminiscences by a Southern contributor, relating to the recent yellow fever epidemic. The departments headed Science and Agriculture, Sentential, Editorial, etc., appear to be more crowded than usual, and treat of their several themes in a direct and instructive manner. The number blossoms with numerous poems, some exhibiting genuine merit. The Magazine is now published at $2.00 a year or 20 cents a single number, by mail, post-paid. Address S. R. WELLS & Co., Publishers, 737 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE.

I HAVE been informed that my husband, Francis Newells, signed papers on the 17th inst., disposing of part of his property. Now I want to notify the public that any such agreements he might have signed for the last two years are no good, as part of his property is mortgaged, and the balance is settled on me by our marriage settlements. Any debts I justly owe will be paid, as I am going to put my property into the hands of some of the best business men of Madoc to see me righted and my creditors also.

MARY ANNE LLOYD NEWELLS.

Millbridge, June 30, 1879. 118

TENDERS FOR STEEL RAILS.

TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.
5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.
5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.

Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender, and all other information will be furnished on application at this office, or at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England.

By order,

F. BRAUN.
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 13th June, 1879. 117-3t

NOTICE!

ALL persons are hereby forbid trespassing or cutting hay in lot 17, Con 5, Elzivir, after the appearance of this notice, as for such offence I shall prosecute to the full extent of the law.

JOHN HAILSTONE.

Queensboro', June 18, '79. 116 4t.

J. CLEAK,

COMMISSIONER IN B.R.,

LAND AGENT,

Conveyancer and Accountant.

YORK RIVER,

116-4t Hastings Road.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,

Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

C. G. WILSON,

DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,

Fancy & Toilet Articles

Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

108-13w Renfrew, Ont.

ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

In style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

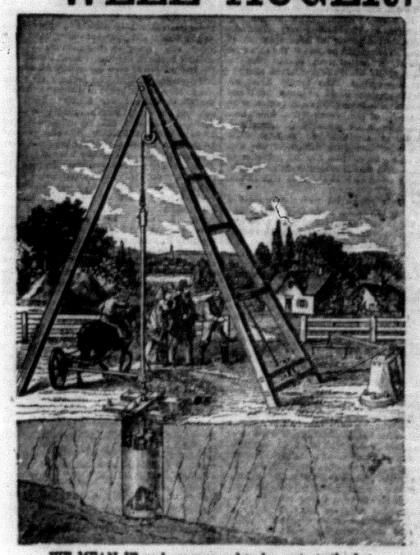
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *down fine.*

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

Mention this Paper you see this advertisement. Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa.

DECAPITATION.

Full Account of the Montreal Murder.

FINDING OF THE AXE.

Arrest and Search of the Murderess.

A SICKENING SIGHT.

MONTREAL, June 28.—Last night at about eleven o'clock, information was received at the police headquarters of a murder at No. 242 William street, Griffintown. A reporter immediately proceeded to the spot, and found the house, as is usual in such cases, was besieged by a crowd anxious to obtain a glance at the victim. The reporter forced his way up the stairs, where he found an officer holding back a crowd of women. "Now I'm sure it's not a sight for you women to see," observed the considerate officer. "Deary me, I would not look at it for the world," observed the foremost female as she forced herself past the policeman, and before she was aware of it, she was in the presence of the murdered woman. The sight was too much for her, and with a slight scream she turned and ran down stairs, and nothing more was seen of her. The scene of the murder is a three storied house of dilapidated appearance. It is gradually tumbling to pieces, the stairs and planks of the floor seem to be running away from each other at acute angles. The whole of the furniture in the room would not fetch five cents under the auctioneer's hammer. The parties renting the house are named Jacobs, and both the husband and wife are notoriously dissipated characters. The woman is in the habit of conducting herself most outrageously when drunk, shouting and raving from her bedroom windows. Yesterday about noon a disturbance of the usual character took place. The cries and screams, however, attracted no notice, as in the past they have merely been regarded as evidence that a debauch was in progress. Mrs. Myers, about six o'clock in the evening, put her head out of the window and cried "Murder" several times. Not much importance was attached to the circumstance at first, but after some hesitation a young man decided to go up and see if anything was wrong. Upon arriving at the top of the stairs he saw lying upon the floor the body of a woman. The head was completely severed from the body, and was placed in a bucket close by. In the bucket also was the right hand of the unfortunate woman. He immediately gave information to the police who at once took charge of the house. The murdered woman was lying upon her breast, the whole of the neck had been removed from the trunk, and the sight of the jagged wound extending almost from shoulder to shoulder was sufficient to have unstrung the strongest nerves. The irregularities of the surface of the wounded part were filled with clotted blood, and the large arteries leading to the head were also clogged with congealed blood. The maimed arm was underneath the body, which was attired in a slovenly looking woolsey dress. The dress was disarranged, and the legs of the deceased which were encased in dirty brown stockings were uncovered. The head presents a ghastly sight. The face is hacked to pieces, evidently with an axe. One gash upon the temple would have been sufficient to have deprived the poor creature of her life. Another gash upon the forehead and others in different parts of the face show that the murderer was drunk and very clumsy in the use of the axe. Owing to the unevenness of the floor the blood had run for some distance and then collected in a pool. The blood, however, had been wiped up. The contents of the bucket constituted a horrible scene. The mutilated face, the matted grey hair, which showed that the woman must have been advanced in years, the besmeared and wounded hand, sent those who looked at them away shuddering. When the police entered the house Mrs. Myers was in bed, and although not very drunk, she was not sober. She stated that a man called to see the deceased, whose name, as far as we could learn last night, is Conway *alias* McCormack *alias* Troy. She (Mrs. Myers) asked the man for some money, which he gave her. She asked him for the money because her man had been out of work for some time, and she did not think there was any harm in it. This, according to her statement, made the deceased jealous. Mrs. Myers left them and they were having high words. Before this the party had drunk three bottles of whiskey, and when the altercation was taking place between the murdered woman and her visitor Mrs. Myers went to bed. When she woke up about four o'clock she went into the next room and found the murdered woman lying in a pool of blood. Being afraid that the blood would go through to the floor beneath she wiped it up. Then she returned to bed and again slept. When she woke up the second time she was in a better state to realize the danger of the situation, and she opened the window and screamed for help. As soon as the police arrived she was taken into custody. Myers cannot be found. His wife says he was afraid he would be charged with the murder and consequently cleared out. Jacobs is the man who at present is suspected of having committed the crime. He is not regarded as of sound mind, and probably in a drunken quarrel committed the atrocious deed. The clumsy manner in which the murder was committed proves conclusively that the murderer was drunk. At present the police are at a loss to discover a motive for the murder. Detective Cullen has the case in hand.

LATER.—The police searched for a long time for the axe, and about one o'clock found it in the woman's trunk. The woman was then searched. She looked very clean externally, but had on a large quantity of clothes. The clothes nearest to the skin were completely saturated with blood. She resisted violently when she discovered that she was to be searched. The family living beneath the prisoner heard a heavy thud and the sound of chopping between twelve noon and one o'clock p.m. yesterday, at which time the murder must have been committed. When the prisoner went out to fetch water from a neighbor in the afternoon she had blood on her face. She has no abrasion of the skin now. She is evidently the murderess. An inquest will be held at eight o'clock this morning.

The facts connected with the murder of Mrs. Couly are being more fully developed since the inquest commenced this morning. On searching Mrs. Myers, it was discovered that she had on more than one dress, and that the one on the outside had been evidently donned to conceal the bloody gown which she wore underneath. This accounted for her strenuous opposition to being searched. The man referred to as having visited Mrs. Conly yesterday morning has been arrested. He is named Michael Flanigan. He is a single man and is well known as a drunken loafer about the city. He was identified by Jacob Myers before the coroner's jury as the person who visited the house before the murder. The Myers', both husband and wife, especially the latter, bear a very bad reputation, being the keepers of the lowest kind of a den of infamy. Mrs. Myers has frequently been arrested for drunkenness, and being extremely violent in her fits, it always took a posse of police to land her in the station. About three years ago she was tried for attempting to kill a woman whom she beat severely on the head with a bottle. She was found guilty and imprisoned for several months. On being released she resumed her vicious course. Both Myers and his wife are from the north of Ireland. The murdered woman's maiden name was Mary Gallagher and she was the wife of James Connolly, a maltster in the employ of the Montreal Brewery Company. He married her in Kingston, Ont., six years ago, but was obliged to separate from her over a year since on account of her dissolute habits. She has since been leading the life of a prostitute. Connelly is a respectable man, and both he and his late wife are natives of the Green Isle beyond the seas.

MONTREAL, June 28.—The Coroner opened the inquest this morning, when Jacob Myers was examined. He stated that he had been 16 years in Montreal, and worked in Clendinning's foundry, but has been idle lately. He married Susan Kennedy about five or six years ago and has no family. His wife is 30 years old. His wife, he said, was frequently drunk. Witness went out yesterday morning at seven o'clock, and on returning at noon he found a strange man in bed with his wife, and going into the room of Mrs. Conly he saw her lifeless body on the floor. He then left the house, being afraid of being accused of the murder. Could not say who committed the crime, as he was not an eye witness. He recognized Flanagan as the man he saw in bed. He identified the axe found in the trunk of his wife. He used it for chopping wood. The [...] it was found in belonged to him, and [...] used by his wife for holding her clothes.

JAS. CONLY, husband of deceased, sworn, testified to having married Mary Gallagher, the deceased, in Kingston about six years ago, and being obliged to leave her a year since he knew nothing of her habits lately.

The only evidence adduced to-day in addition to that already reported was that of Dr. Guern, who made the *post mortem* examination. It was to the following effect: I found the head severed from the body; on examining the head there were three scalp wounds as though caused by an axe; they extended through the scalp and down to the bone, each of them slightly splintering the skull; the axe now produced would inflict such wounds; the axe had a few grey hairs attached to the blade, and the hair of deceased was also grey; there were two wounds on the forehead; the bridge of the nose is smashed as if it was struck by the hammer at the back of the axe; on the left side of the face extending from the external angle of the left eye to about one and a half inches behind the ear and about one inch above the ear is a cut, extending down into the muscles; the right hand, which is lying in the tub with the head, is severed from the arm partly through the wrist joint and partly a little below it; there is one cut over the right shoulder as though it had been inflicted by the same hatchet; on the stomach a little to the right is a wound; the right thigh is somewhat discoloured, about three inches wide, resembling a bruise; the probabilities are that the wounds on the head put the deceased into an insensible condition, and that the head was severed either after death or while deceased was insensible; I would imagine that deceased had been dead a few hours; the floor of the room on one side had been washed; there was very little blood.

The inquest was adjourned until Monday evening at seven o'clock.

Before Mrs. Myers was taken from the house by the police last night she said that she was hungry, and the officers allowed her to go to the cupboard, where she got some bread and butter, and sat down and quietly commenced to eat beside the ghastly corpse. She is twenty-four years of age, and before her marriage to Myers, six years ago, she was a servant in a merchant's family in this city. She is a native of Leeds, Ont., and is descended from Scottish-American parentage. Although an exceedingly attractive girl before her marriage, she is said to have been loose in her conduct and only married Myers, an imbecile kind of man, as a cloak for her iniquities. Few traces of her former beauty now remain, as her debaucheries have sadly told on her personal appearance. She is tall and powerfully built. The police records of the city give the number of times she has been arrested for drunkenness and assaults at twenty.

The other prisoner, Michael Flanagan, gives the following account of himself—"I was born in Ireland and am now 32 years of age. Am a laborer and live at 142 McCord street and work around the wharves or any place that I can find employment. On Thursday night I met the deceased woman, whose name I do not know, near the Bonsecours market. About 10 o'clock in the evening we went to a hotel near the market, where we remained until 5 o'clock in the morning, when we got up and went to the house on William street. I was a little boosy and lay down in the front room to sleep. I slept until 2 o'clock and then got up and went out. Mrs. Myers was standing at the door, but I did not notice anything on her clothing. As I was going out I looked into the other room and saw the dead woman lying on her face and hands on the floor, but the head was not off at the time. I then went home, where I was last night. I do not know anything about the murder, nor have I any suspicions concerning it." He is rather intelligent-looking, five feet nine or ten inches in height, and will probably weigh about 160 pounds. He told his story in such a way as to make a favorable impression upon his hearers. He has been a paramour of Mrs. Myers's for some time past, and spent what money he earned on such worthless characters as she, depending on his mother and brother for his board.

The latest theory of the murder is that after Flanagan and Mrs. Myers had retired yesterday morning, the deceased, aroused by jealousy, attempted to force herself into the room, when Mrs. Myers attacked her like a tigress, forced her back into the adjoining room and completed the murder with the hatchet which was lying in the corner. It is thought Flanagan was asleep at the time, being drunk when he came in; that on awakening and discovering what had taken place he made his escape as quickly as possible. He went to his mother's house and remained there until he was arrested this morning. The affair has created a profound sensation in the city, and a crowd of people have visited the scene of the murder to-day.

MONTREAL, June 30.—The inquest on the late Mrs. Conley was resumed this evening, when Mrs. Myers, who is accused of the murder, gave the following testimony: I knew the woman who was killed; she told me her name but I do not recollect it; she came to the house in the morning about 9 o'clock and had a young man named Flannagan with her; deceased was sober when she came, but had been drinking some; I did not know Flanagan at that time, but have since heard his name; I do not think he was drunk; they sent me for a bottle of whiskey and the three of us drank it; Jacob (the husband) did not drink any; he ran out when he saw the whiskey, but scolded me before going for letting them into the house; my husband left us about half an hour after they came in; he would not drink; he did not like to see the man at the house; deceased often came in alone and my husband did not object to her coming; Flannagan left the house, I think, some time after 12; am not sure how late it was, it might have been 2 or 3; was up when he left the house; the woman was dead when he left; he was frightened when he saw her and ran out; there was a young man came in while I was sleeping; deceased called me up and told me to go for another bottle, but I would not go; I knew the young man who came in by sight, as he had been in the house when we lived on Chatham street; deceased let him into the house; Flannagan was in the house asleep when the other man came in; he was lying on the floor; did not see the young man drink any liquor in the house; I found another bottle in the basket when I woke up; I asked the young man for money for apples, and deceased scolded him because he would not go for another bottle of whiskey; he left the house while I was asleep; I left him scolding her when I went to asleep; he called her a grey-headed old rat; he said she brought him to a hotel to stop all night and he thought she was younger than she was that is all the quarrelling I heard before I went to asleep; Flannagan was asleep all the time; I awoke late in the afternoon, I think about 3 o'clock; Mrs. Conley was dead when I woke up; I got such a fright that I fell upon the floor right beside her when I went to look at her; she was lying with her back up; her body was next to the door and her feet from it; her head and hand were in the tub; I started to call the police, but could not; I told Jacob to call the police, and I suppose he did; poor Jacob did not know anything about it; I was up when my husband came in, and he was frightened; he looked in the room and I think he saw Flannagan lying asleep in the bed; he asked me did he kill her; I told him to go and fetch the police and to tell the neighbors, but he was down the stairs and I think did not hear; my husband only saw Flannagan in the house; the other stranger left between 12 and 3 o'clock; there was a box in the room in which tools were kept; there was a little axe in it; I saw the axe last when they brought me to the station; saw blood on it, but there was none on it when my husband was chopping wood with it; when I fell down I got some blood on my clothes; when I was getting better I cleaned up the blood; I had an apron on, and when arrested had a black skirt over my apron; tucked up the skirt, and that was the way the blood got on the apron; was not able to call on the police, but was able to wipe up the blood; the dead woman was in the kitchen; the strange man was let in by the deceased; when Flannagan woke up he called for a drink of water; I told him I had some trouble since he went asleep, and that the man killed her; I do not know the name of the man who killed her, although he was five times in the house; would know the man if I saw him; deceased brought the stranger to the house; the latter stayed with some company on the canal banks; it was not Flannagan who killed deceased, for the poor fellow was asleep, and it was not my husband, for he was out all the time and only came in twice when he saw Mrs. Conley dead; I was fixing my hair with my hands and I suppose that was the way the blood got on my face.

In answer to a juror witness said her husband was at home the night previous to the murder, and that they slept well that night; afterwards she corrected herself and said that they did not sleep well, being awake until daylight; only drank one glass of liquor before going to sleep Friday morning; may have told detective Cullen that deceased was killed with a white-handled penknife; all the clothing I had on was my own; the murderer was Irish or English, can't say which.

After a number of unimportant questions by jurymen the enquiry was adjourned until to-morrow.

Flannagan will be the next witness.

Mrs. Myers was not in the least nervous during the examination. She acted with a good deal of levity, and made a bad impression upon all present.

CANADIAN NEWS.

While the Greenway party which left Centralia on the 6th of June last were crossing the Pembina River, a cooking stove fell overboard. "Dick" Marshall, an Exeter boy, and son of Mr. J. P. Marshall, of Rodgerville, not wishing to see the stove lost, dived to the bottom of the river, where the water was fifteen feet deep, and fastened a rope to the oven, which was pulled up by those on board. The other portion of the stove was also found and brought from the bottom of the river in a similar way.

Among the graduates at Ville Marie convent, Montreal, were Miss Campbell of South Finch, Ont., and Miss McGinn, of Harriston, Ont.

Mr. Alexander Kay, of Ekfrid, is the fortunate recipient of a legacy of $33,000, $20,000 of which was paid over to him last week.

The Methodist New Connection Conference, which has just closed its session at Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, England, unanimously elected Rev. J. C. Watts President—the first instance in the history of the denomination of father and son occupying the Presidential chair—the father in 1856, the son in 1879. Rev. J. C. Watts resided for a long time in Canada, and is well known to many of our readers.

The ladies of St. Paul's church, Simcoe, realized at their bazaar the sum of $468.

The Napanee *Standard* says:—"We have now on the staff of compositors in this office William J Johnson, a deaf mute and a student of the Belleville Institute, who has entered upon a study of the mysteries of type-sticking, and exhibits remarkable aptitude. In addition to being competent, he is the quickest operative in the office.

A Goderich township youth named Cook kicked a horse the other day. The horse kicked back, and one of Cook's legs is incapacitated from kicking. It is broken.

More N. P. Napanee now has large hydraulic cement works that will manufacture 150 barrels per day, and employ 30 or 40 men.

Miss Eliza Sutton, only child of Granville Sutton, of Norwich village, died after a very short illness on Sunday. Deceased was to have been bridesmaid during the week on the occasion of Miss Stover's marriage. Strangely enough, the day of the wedding was also the day of the funeral, which was largely attended.

At a recent session of the County Court, at Brantford, the grand jury called attention to a very patent fact, namely, that in the changing condition of society, evident to all who take any interest in observing such things, county jails are more the places of refuge and of comfort for the dissolute than places of punishment for crime. The natural effect of this can hardly be said to be healthful.

A ewe belonging to Mr. D. R. Galbraith, lot 12, Prince of Wales road, Mona, gave birth, on Sunday last, to two lambs, which weighed 32 pounds.

New Hamburg has decided to purchase a Ronald steam fire engine to be paid by ten year debentures.

Mr. H. R. D. Brown lately purchased from the New Dundee Creamery 100 cases of butter. The purchase was for direct shipment to England.

Halifax was founded one hundred and thirty years ago by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, a relative of the General Cornwallis who figured so prominently in the Revolutionary war. The colony which he brought with him consisted of some 2,500 persons, many of them disbanded officers, soldiers and sailors. Halifax received its name out of compliment to the Lord then at the head of the Board of Trade.

Frank W. Rimer, the Toronto forger, has been captured and taken to Thunder Bay. He will be brought to Toronto.

Some time Wednesday night thieves effected an entrance into Mr. E. D. Tilson's mill, Tilsonburg, and took therefrom $12 in small change—$7 belonging to the mill and $5 of Oddfellows' money.

At Cainsville, Miss Willoughby, daughter of Rev. W. Willoughby, of the Methodist church, was lately presented with a purse of $80 for her services as organist of the church.

On a gate in Normandy is printed the following inscription:—"This lot for sale, or exchange for a wife." The farm is said to be owned by a bachelor, and is a good one.

The volunteers of Bruce County will assemble for battalion drill at Walkerton, during the month of September.

Mr. John Woods of Hibbert township, relates to us a most extraordinary case of a sheep living without food for fourteen days. Two of his best ewes strayed from the flock a few weeks ago, and in his search through the woods for the missing sheep, he imagined that he heard a noise in a hollow log, but thinking that it might have come from a raccoon or rabbit paid no attention to the matter at the time. Exactly two weeks after one his sons happened to be passing by the same spot, and seeing wool at the end of the log, he looked into the opening where he found the sheep, one dead and the other still living! In this position of course it was impossible for the poor brutes to get either water or food, and while one of them succumbed to hunger and thirst, the other lived and is now doing well!

NORTH-WEST ROUGHING.

Hardships in Manitoba Lake Sailing.

Captain Hugh Black, owner of the schooner Venture, which arrived in port on Saturday, reports having had a very rough time before reaching his vessel. It will be remembered that this schooner was frozen in at Sturgeon Island, Lake Winnipeg, in October last, and was abandoned by Mr. Adam Black, who was in charge at the time, but who succeeded in reaching Winnipeg overland. Mr. Hugh Black left Selkirk on April 9th last, on an ice-boat, for the imprisoned vessel, taking with him a small supply of provisions. On April 11th he reached Drunken River, where the melting ice compelled him to abandon the ice-boat. At this point he delayed for three weeks. He improved the time in making a canoe, in which he was determined to continue his journey. On Saturday, May 10th, he left Drunken River, and after about half a dozen narrow escapes from being swamped in crossing the bays, he reached his goal, the Venture, on May 25th. The provisions had now run out and he was compelled to subsist for nearly two weeks on gull eggs only, of which he was fortunate enough to obtain about 400 dozen, some not very fresh. The Venture was found in such bad condition that he had to repair and caulk her, which took the best part of a week. She was launched on June 1st, and was run into the Little Saskatchewan River, where he caught a few fish. He left on June 7th, and reached Selkirk on the 11th, and Winnipeg on the 13th, at both of which places he astonished those who witnessed him by the manner in which he cleaned the eatables off the table. The canoe in which he undertook the perilous journey was only 13 inches wide, and it took him 44 days from the time he left Selkirk to reach his schooner. —*Winnipeg Times.*

"SIR ROGER'S" PRISON LIFE.

The Claimant is at present in her Majesty's convict prison at Portsmouth, where he is employed in stacking timber, in which occupation he is said to be quite at home. He does as much work as any three men in his party, and this not—as he himself says—from any superior strength that he possesses, but from a "knack" of shifting logs, which he acquired in the backwoods in Australia. By his fellow-prisoners the Claimant is regarded as "a very good sort," always ready and willing to lend a hand to a fellow-prisoner. About three years ago he was transferred from Dartmoor to Portsmouth, when he was put in the tailor's shop to repair prison clothing, but having had a quarrel with one of the men in the shop, he applied to the governor to be put out of it, and was accordingly transferred to the stacking party, where he has remained ever since. At first the "Claimant's" appearance on public works created considerable excitement, crowds flocking to the prisoner eager to catch a glimpse of him as he marched to and from labor, but the novelty soon wore away, and he now marches in and out of the prison scarcely noticed. Although his health is good, his prodigious bulk had considerably decreased. He does not weigh more than 15 stone. He is allowed extra food to the extent of about one-fourth more than the ordinary allowance. Some time ago he petitioned the Secretary of State for some reduction of sentence, when the governor was instructed to inform "Arthur Orton, *alias* Thomas Castro, *alias* Roger Tichborne, that there were no grounds, etc." This answer the Claimant felt very keenly.

—A correspondent, writing from Battleford, N. W. T., writes: "What shall we do with our girls?" is a question which does not yet much disturb the equanimity of the public. But what shall we do for a wife? is the cry of many bachelors. And there cannot be desired a more welcome or useful settler than he who brings in a family of marriageable daughters. Young ladies who have taken the vow of celibacy, I would advise to beware of the Saskatchewan.

THE GREAT CATARACT.

Latest News About the Rolland Tragedy—A Heavy Insurance Policy—Body of Another Victim Found at Niagara.

CLIFTON, June 27.—The body of Madame Rolland, the lady who was carried over the Falls last Friday, was found early this morning by a fisherman named Stewart under what is known as Sturgeon Rock, situated on the Canada side of the river a few hundred yards below the Falls. The body was found stripped of all clothing excepting one shoe and one kid glove. The husband of the unfortunate lady left the Falls a few days ago, but, it is said, he offered a considerable reward for the recovery of her body. An inquest will probably be held this forenoon.

The Niagara Falls *Gazette* of Wednesday closes with an extended account of the death of Madame Rolland by being swept over the falls on Saturday last, with the following: "Mons. Rolland left suddenly yesterday afternoon for New York city. The body of his wife had not been recovered, and his sudden disappearance has given rise to considerable comment. We are told that a man arrived in town during yesterday afternoon and stated that he was looking for Mons. Rolland; that Madame Rolland's life was insured some three weeks ago in a New York insurance company for $25,000, and that the manner of her death was a subject of considerable interest to the insurers. We have been unable to see this self-announced detective, and are rather inclined at this writing to place but very little reliance upon the statements attributed to him."

CLIFTON, June 27.—A verdict of "found drowned" was returned by the Coroner's jury this afternoon on the body of Madame Rolland, found this morning.

NIAGARA, June 27.—Early this morning while Messrs. Shannashy, Kleiser and Jackman were fishing off Miller's dock at Niagara they saw a dead body floating down the river. They notified some fishermen, who put out in their boat and brought it ashore. The body was not identified. It had no clothes. The throat was badly cut and one leg was cut off. It is now in charge of the Coroner of Niagara district. The body had not the appearance of having been long in the water.

HOW AND WHEN TO TAKE A VACATION.

There are people who do not take a vacation because they conscientiously cannot; there are those who don't take one because they won't; there are those who, taking, make something in the way of health, amusement or acquirement of knowledge out of their vacation, and there those who only intensify the inconsequence of their existence by travel. About the only thing to be said is that every one ought to have sense enough to know how and when and where to take his or her vacation, and to avoid the idea that the recreation of another is a guarantee that the same place and things will give pleasure to the imitator. Means, tastes, habits, sex, time of life are all factors, and where these coincide the fact of no or, hasty and limited acquaintanceship, is sufficient with many to militate against the crowd. The law of variety is as universal as any other law. It is as beneficial as pleasant to get occasionally out of the ruts. But it is not essential that the change should be far in distance or great in kind. The vacation, simply as a vacation from accustomed work and in behalf of physical and mental recuperation, may often better be taken at home; that is to say, with such excursions as do not break up the home life; or in many cases the habit of turning daily, for an hour or to, wholly aside from ordinary routine, and in indulging in reading, study or work of a different character, will be a perpetual and sufficient vacation. One thing is absolutely certain, change of place is not the essential; it is change of thoughts, of care, of responsibility. Worry among the hills or in Europe is as depressing and destructive as worry in the counting room or manufactory—even more so, for distance precludes its alleviation by the endeavor to remove its cause. The formal, fashionable and legal vacation ought to be the occasion for the renewal of strength of body and mind. How far it is so, fortunately, perhaps, we have no statistics to show.

SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC.

Extraordinary Treatment of a Patient.

The London *Advertiser* gives the following account of the reprehensible manner in which a small-pox patient was treated in St. Mary's village, and the terrible results arising therefrom:—"A few weeks ago a man who owned a race horse came to the town from London, and brought the foll disease with him. He lay in the stable unattended and uncared for, and having none of those things necessary for a sick man. After lingering for a short time in this pen of misery, he was summoned from all care and woe by that dread monster Death. And now the strange part of the story is to be told. We have narrated in as few words as possible how the man was allowed to die alone and in a stable, but after his death the parties who were aware of the disease to which he had succumbed, set fire to the stable and cremated the poor fellow. We hope, for the sake of humanity, the latter part of the statement is not true. This proceeding on the part of the natives did not have the desired effect, however, as the disease has spread to an alarming extent, and all the schools have been closed for fear of the contagion. In one house there are four cases, and in two other houses the inmates are down with the disease."

HIGHGATE, Ont., June 25.—About six weeks ago small-pox of a very malignant type broke out among the Moravian Indians on the River Thames. It is supposed to have been brought among them by Frank Wampum, from Ottawa, who, it will be remembered, was on a trip to interview the Governor-General in reference to Indian affairs. Since its break-out about fifteen have died, and more have it at present than at any previous time. As yet no precautionary measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. At present they are soaking and washing their infected clothing in the springs, creeks and streams which supply a great many of the whites with water for family use. Unless stringent measures are at once adopted it is feared that it will spread very rapidly among the whole community for miles round. Although the matter was laid before the Government at the outbreak, still no benefit seems to have been derived from their action in the matter. A certain doctor was authorized to attend them, but he seems to be very negligent in his duty. He only comes among them about once a week and vaccinating a few who call on him for that purpose. The Township Councils are again asking the Government to take strong and active measures to stamp out the disease. Meanwhile the people feel very insecure.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE.

The author of a series of papers on "Young London" in the *Telegraph* (London) records some of the changes of the half-century. When he first began to remember things there were only two railroads in the United Kingdom. It took the best part of four days to go to Paris; and the postage of a letter to that city was one and eightpence. There were no ocean steamers; and five weeks were often consumed in a journey to New York. There were no lucifer matches lighting on or off the box; and flint and steel, and the tinder-box, and matches dipped in brimstone, reigned supreme in the kitchen; oil was still burnt in the street-lamps of Grosvenor square. There were no electric telegraphs, no post-office money orders, no steel pens—in common use—no envelopes, no perambulators. There were no cheap newspapers, no shilling magazines, no post-cards, no perforated stamps and counterfoils, and no paraffin candles. There was not an hotel in England where a lady could dine in a public room. There were only two decent French restaurants in London. There was no photography, no benzoline, no chloroform, no glycerine, no collodion, and no guncotton. There were no mauve and no magenta dyes. There were no preserved meats, soups or vegetables. There was but little chocolate, and no cocoa. Soda water was a shilling a bottle. There were no hansom cabs, and no knifeboards to the omnibuses. There were no refrigerators, and no sewing machines. There were no keyless nor crystal-cased watches; no Albert or Brequet watch chains; no electro gilding nor silvering, and no electro-typing. The steel in ordinary use had only two prongs; "balanced" table knives were unknown. There were no stays that were not instruments of torture, and no walking boots for ladies. There were no Balbriggan nor Balmoral hosiery. There were only a few velocipedes, and there were no revolvers. There was no guttapercha, and very few cigars.

—This is a bill which was extensively placarded in the English provinces by a religious body:—"Professor Drake's cheap trips to heaven will start from Salvation Hall, North street, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Sunday, May 25, 1879. Tickets free. No luggage allowed."

DISASTERS AND CRIMES.

CORNWALL, June 27.—The body of an unknown woman was found this morning near Gleason's lock, Cornwall Canal. The body has been in the water some days. An inquest is now in progress.

PORT LAMBTON, June 26.—The particulars of the accident resulting in the death of Frank Wagner, of Thorold, who was lost overboard from the steamer Clinton on the 22nd, in Lake Michigan, are as follows: Wagner was running a barrow along the main rail of the vessel, when he stumbled, the barrow striking one of the twelve timber-heads, throwing Wagner overboard. Every effort was made by the captain to rescue the unfortunate man, but without avail.

LEXINGTON, Mo., June 26—R. S. Taylor and Robert Taylor, brothers, and B. C. Wren, all farmers, between whom an old feud existed, met at Altville, Lafayette county, yesterday and renewed the quarrel. The Taylors fired four balls into Wren's body, mortally wounding him, and Wren killed R. S. Taylor instantly and fatally wounded Robert.

NEW YORK, June 27.—Coroner James Dempsey, Staten Island, 20 years coroner of Richmond Co., was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for perjury.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—J. T. Jaggard, a resident of Biggs, Butte county, was stabbed yesterday fatally by a tramp. There were threats of lynching. The tramp was jailed.

MONT CLAIRE, N. J., June 27.—John Oglesby, coachman, was shot last evening in an altercation by his employer, John A. Blair, paying teller of the Mechanics' Bank, N. Y., and died to-day. Blair was placed under arrest at his own residence last night. There was great indignation among the neighbors, and the house was surrounded all night by a boisterous crowd. Blair claims that he shot Oglesby in self defence.

CALIFORNIA CITY, Cal., June 27.—B. H Moore, keeper of the Dupont Powder Co.'s magazine, shot and killed A. Fulton, manager of the works, and then blew his own brains out. The tragedy was enacted in the presence of Fulton's wife and children. Fulton recently gave Moore notice that he would dispense with his services.

OTTAWA, June 27.—A young man named Hodgins was crushed to death to-day on the Gatineau by a stick of timber falling on him.

CLARKSBURG, June 27.—Yesterday afternoon three children, aged 11, 9 and 6 years, sons of Alfred Stoutinbury, 7th concession, Collingwood, were out fishing, and, frightened by an approaching storm, were making their way to the house of James Latter, their uncle, and while passing through a piece of bush, a tree fell on the two eldest, striking them on the heads and killing them instantly.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—The explosion of a boiler this morning in Willet's planing mill caused great consternation and panic, and, it is feared, the loss of several lives. The engine house and a portion of the mill were blown in all directions, the flying bricks and iron doing much damage to surrounding property. There is no estimate of the number injured. The boiler, in bursting, demolished the rear portion of the planing mill and came down on the second story of a dwelling near by, and occupied by a family named Long. Claude Long, aged 8, was killed, and his sister, aged 11, was badly hurt. Their mother and Mrs. Ann McAvoy are missing. It is believed that they are buried in the ruins.

LATER.—Mrs. McAvey was found alive in the ruins, but died soon after. This is the third death from the accident. The firemen are still working at the ruins.

LATEST.—The body of Eva Long has been found. Stella Long has since died. This is the fifth death from the accident.

OSWEGO, June 28.—Capt. J. S. Barton, of the Forty-eighth Regiment, who holds the medal won at Creedmore last autumn as the champion long range military marksman of America, was, it is feared, fatally injured on Friday. A large piece of oak stave bolt which he was sawing with a buzz saw flew backward, smashing the bones on the right side of the face and tearing out the right eye.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 28.—The jewelry store of Robert Linke, in the central part of the city, was robbed by professional burglars last night of watches and other property valued at $10,000. The entrance was effected from a vacant store adjoining whilst crowds were on the streets.

CUMMINSVILLE, June 27.—Nathan Balins, sen'r, had his house burned with all its contents yesterday morning from fire used the evening before for driving mosquitoes away. The amount of insurance was not ascertained.

A man named Geo. Tille was seriously hurt by a small stable falling on him. The bones of the pelvis were badly crushed, and he is attended by Dr. McClure, under whose treatment he is doing well.

PETERBORO, Ont., June 27.—Last evening Edward Fitzgerald, aged about 19, who lately arrived from the Old Country, together with a number of others went in swimming at Burnham's Point, on the Ashburnham bank of the river. Fitzgerald had great confidence in his ability as a swimmer, and although warned as to the depth of the water, proceeded farther out than any of his companions, and he was soon noticed to be in distress. His companions thinking he was only in fun paid no attention to his struggles for some time, but it soon became apparent that he was really in danger, and a young man named Glover instantly went to his rescue, but too late to save him. The body was recovered this afternoon near the spot where he sank.

WINNIPEG, June 27.—The person supposed to be Joseph E. Ellis, who was drowned in the Assiniboine, had letters on him from Hampton, Ont., also $95 in money.

BELLEVILLE, June 27.—An Indian named Maracle, living on the Tyendenaga Reserve, was literally roasted to death by the sun on Wednesday. He partook freely of whiskey until he became drunk and then lay down in the sun near his dwelling. His daughter tried to arouse him, but could not, and on visiting him some time afterwards found that he was not sleeping but dead. In taking off his clothing parts of his flesh came off with them, the flesh being roasted by the heat of the sun. Deceased was about 55 years of age.

THOROLD, June 28.—A man named James Dillon was killed at Lawson's quarry, Beaver Dams, to-day by a stone derrick giving way and falling upon him. He only lived five or ten minutes. A jury was summoned but the inquest was adjourned until Wednesday. He was about twenty years of age, and was not married. Nothing is known as to where he belonged.

NEW YORK, June 28.—Cheverton Pierre, a Frenchman, aged 24 years, committed suicide this morning by cutting the calf of his right leg with a table knife and bled to death from the wound. Pierre came from France on Thursday, and the custom house officers seized 3,000 francs' worth of jewelry which was in his trunk. This made the Frenchman despondent and probably led to the commission of the act. An examination of his papers revealed the fact that he was an agent of a large firm in Paris.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 28.—Last night W. Johnson raped Lizzie Sherwood, a child 11 old, and afterwards fled across the river to Arkansas. This morning the police force went over the river and succeeded in arresting Johnson, shooting him in the thigh. The girl was outraged in a most shocking manner and now lies in a critical condition. Fears of lynching were entertained, and the police removed Johnson to the county jail.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 28.—Friday morning Mrs. Agnes Dieckmann was murdered in her bed at Bluff Ridge, being shot in the head. Her husband went to market early, leaving her in bed and Joseph Stockli, a neighbor who had been helping him, at the house. Three hours later Mrs. Dieckmann's brother Fred came to the house and found Stockli and a negro named Lyle there. Not finding his sister, Fred, accompanied by Stockli, went to her room, where she was discovered lifeless in bed saturated with blood. The affair has caused great excitement. Dieckmann returned home and expressed the belief that Stockli committed the murder. The latter was arrested. Dieckmann has also been arrested. Mrs. Dieckmann's infant, one year old, was found nearly smothered with its murdered mother. The deepest mystery surrounds the whole affair.

COHOES, N. Y., June 28.—John W. Dodd, law student of this city, was instantly killed by lightning at Adams' Island this forenoon. Two companions were injured.

NEW YORK, June 29.—During a thunder storm this afternoon Emily, aged six, and Ada, four and a-half, daughters of Mr. Wiswell; a master mechanic on the Harlem River Railway, were struck and killed by lightning.

OTTAWA, June 30.—The young man Gibson, who gave himself up to the authorities, was to-day arraigned before the County Police Magistrate, charged with setting fire to the Gloucester school house. He was remanded.

MONTREAL, June 30.—A new born infant in a state of nudity was found to-day on St. Antoine street. It bled to death a short time after being discovered, the umbilical cord having been torn apart. It is supposed that the child was dropped out of a carriage which passed a short time before.

MIDLAND, June 30.—A sad accident occurred on the Midland Railway construction to-day, by which John Bath and Paul Parker nearly lost their lives by a premature discharge while blasting with dynamite. Bath is now lying in a critical condition, part of his cheek being blown off. Parker will recover.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, West Va., June 30.—W. L. Groome and J. Clements have been arrested, charged with the murder of a negro girl, who was Groome's mistress.

BOSTON, June 26.—This afternoon James F. Edmonds was arraigned on a charge of forging the name of Amasa Crafts to a note for $3,000. Counsel asked the bail to be fixed at $10,000, and it was so ordered by the Court. Edmonds was jailed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Thomas Brown, of Stamford, Conn., found his wife with another man in a house on William street last night. In the scuffle that ensued, he threw a kerosene lamp which broke, and the woman was frightfully burned. Brown was jailed. The woman will die.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., June 30.—The Grant powder magazine, at the Mowbray nitroglycerine works, exploded this afternoon, killing Jack Pierce and Wm. Long, who were blown to atoms. The neighboring buildings of the works were badly shattered.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 30.—Lieut Henry McAuley to-day went into an empty freight car and fired a pistol in his mouth, the ball coming out at the top of his head. He cannot live. The cause was financial trouble. He is a brother of Gen. McAuley, commandant at the Navy Yard, Washington.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.—At Mariposa, on Friday, Henry Ivey was hanged for the murder of John Royal. The killing arose out of a dispute concerning land. On the scaffold Ivey protested that the deed was committed in apprehension of an attack by Royal.

CARLINVILLE, Ill., June 30.—While John O'Neil, a prominent farmer and ex-Railroad man, was driving this morning his horses became frightened, throwing him from the wagon. His foot caught in the wheel and his leg was completely torn from his body. He soon died.

BRISTOL, R. I., June 30.—The wife of Postmaster Pearce has been regarded as probably insane for sometime recently. She shot her husband in the head while he slept. To-day Pearce found Mrs. Pearce in bed wrapped in flames. She had saturated the bed clothing with kerosene and set the bed on fire. The fire was extinguished, but Mrs. Pearce is probably fatally burned.

EMMONS, Pa., July 1.—A tinker named Sharpe, aged 23, suicided yesterday by shooting himself with a revolver. Cause, disappointment in love.

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., July 1.—Chas. Herman and Thos. Welch were arrested to-day for the murder of Wm. Martin, the real estate broker who was mysteriously beaten to death in his office in Philadelphia some time ago. The charge is made by a woman claiming to be Herman's wife.

MADISONVILLE, Texas, July 1.—Spencer Wolf and Robert Kilpatrick, white men, attended a negro camp meeting. An assassin in the bushes fired a rifle killing Wolf. A negro man and woman are dangerously wounded.

MADISON, Ga., July 1.—A man named Towne left the following note in a drug store: "I will be fleeing from town in a few moments, a murderer." He then went to the room of his paramour and killed her. Towne escaped.

TORONTO, July 1.—At 8 o'clock this morning John Christie, an employee of the Grand Trunk Railway, was helping to shunt some cars in the yard when he slipped and a car ran over his legs, cutting them both off. He was taken to the hospital, where he died within an hour. He was a young man of steady habits, and leaves a wife and a child a few months old.

ANNEKE JANS' HEIRS.

A Mysterious Message From Holland—Alleged Plot to Assassinate a Searcher for Evidence.

The many heirs of the Trinity church and other properties resident in the Niagara Peninsula will read with interest the following dispatch from Cincinnati, dated June 30: "Colonel Wappenstein, Chief of Police, has just received a package of papers from Amsterdam, Holland, containing letters and newspaper extracts which, if true, indicate that an attempt has been made to assassinate E. B. Humphreys, who went abroad some months since in the interest of certain Western claimants for the Anneke Jans estate. Some six or eight months ago a meeting of the Anneke Jans heirs was held here, and Humphreys agreed to go to Europe in their interest. Henry Spillman, the Western attorney of the heirs, corroborated this and says that some dissatisfaction existed among them at Humphreys' demand for money to bear his expenses, they claiming that he went on percentage, bearing his own expenses. The first of the letters in Chief Wappenstein's possession is anonymous, but is addressed to Humphreys' wife, who resides at No. 319 West Twenty-second street, New York city, and bears date of Zanesville, February 28. It says that "a plot has come to the writer's knowledge; that several secret meetings have been held in Ohio and Indiana for the purpose of devising some way to put Mr. Humphreys out of the way. He has done them great injustice by keeping them out of their money. One of their number volunteered to go to Rolland and assassinate him if he could be found if they would raise money to defray his expenses; and it was not half an hour before they collected $1,000 for the purpose, so I expect he is on his way there now. He is to book on the steamer under a fictitious name and from a different part of the country than where he belongs, and go to Liverpool as a tourist for a cloak. So there is not a moment to be lost." The letter concludes by asking her to telegraph to her husband, warning him of his danger.

A QUEER STORY.

The next letter is from Humphreys himself to the Chief of Police of Cincinnati, detailing with great minuteness his meeting, on the 4th of June, a German calling himself Willen, whose wife, he says, has relatives in Steuben county, Ind. After paying him social attentions for a day or two he parted from him one night under suspicion that Willen was the man he was warned against. Later the same night Willen entered from his hotel in search of Humphreys, and got into an altercation with the police. He having a long knife seriously wounded the first police officer and took his sabre away from him. Then two more officers came up and with the sabre he hacked and cut them. The difficulty becoming general, some sailors came up, and with boat hooks attacked Willen and nearly killed him. The letter further says that Willen had near $1,000 on his person. A newspaper article from *De Standard*, of Amsterdam, gives substantially the same account of the altercation.

The whole thing is mysterious, and will awaken a new interest in the prosecution of the claims of the heirs of the vast estate which is associated with the name of Anneke Jans.

SWALLOWING PULVERIZED GLASS.

(From the Shakopee (Minn.) Argus.)

Mr. Cichia Lessburg, Le Sueur county, got on a spree last week. Monday, at Montgomery, and offered to wager that he could swallow the glass contained in a whiskey flask. The wager was taken up by one of the party present, whereupon the drunken man proceeded to swallow the pulverized glass and also a tallow candle. Strange to relate, that night he felt no ill effects caused by the rash deed, but next day the glass began to cut and grind his bowels, compelling the man to writhe and scream in agony. This continued until Thursday morning, when the poor wretch was brought to New Prague, in the delusive hope that a physician could save him from his inevitable and fast approaching death. Of course no physician's skill could now save or even prolong the life which had been so deliberately, though unknowingly, taken. It was pitiful and heartrending to hear the poor mortal moan and scream in agony as the death-dealing glass slowly but constantly cut its way into the vitals. This could not long continue, however, and death kindly relieved the suffering man Thursday afternoon. A post-mortem examination was held, and the man's stomach and intestines were found to be literally ground to pieces.

A wife and nine children are left dependent by the foolhardiness of a man crazed by drink. This may prove a timely warning to those addicted to the excessive use of a substance so deadly in its final effects as that swallowed by the man who came to so untimely an end.

—It is thought that before long the cotton mills in New England will be built with one story instead of with five or six, as at present. The advantages claimed are increased safety and convenience and a higher speed for machinery. The report of a New England gingham factory on last winter's use of a new one-story building was that it covered about an acre, was built of brick with corner towers at a cost of $23,000, and saved in gas alone a sum equal to the interest on the cost of the building. The looms were driven at 12 per cent. higher speed than on the second floor of the old mill, the repairs were fewer, and less imperfect work was turned out.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

Scotland.

The rumor that the Marquis of Bute was about to secede from the Church of Rome is contradicted.

Much distress prevails in the homes of the unemployed in Newmilns, and an appeal is made for help.

There is living in Cartsdyke, Greenock, a widow named Mrs. Campbell, who has reached the age of 101 years.

A public conference of ladies and gentlemen opposed to the practice of vivisection has been held in Edinburgh and was largely attended.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh has accepted an invitation from the Lord Mayor of London, to meet H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Council of the English Agricultural Society at dinner in the Mansion House on the 1st of July.

Owing to the unfavorable state of the crops in 1877 and 1878 the Earl of Zetland has kindly allowed to his tenants on his Kerse estate a reduction of 10 per cent. on the year's rent. To his Fifeshire tenants he has granted a reduction of 5 per cent.

An unprecedented run of luck has rewarded the anglers at Lochawe during the last few days. Eight boats from Portsonachan Hotel landed the extraordinary number of 1 000 fish during the last week. Four hundred and ten trout were caught on the 23rd and 24th ult.

The liquidators of the City of Glasgow Bank have put in answers to the suspension presented by Provost Christie, Stirling, to stay execution of a charge to pay £22,500 of calls on stock of the bank held by him. The liquidators set forth that the Provost, before leaving for France, conveyed his property of Southfield and others to his uncle, a merchant in Edinburgh, for the price of £6,567, and that on the very next day his uncle executed a trust disposition and settlement, which gave the Provost the alimentary liferent use of the same property, unattachable by creditors, and the right to dispose of the capital or fee at the same time.

Ireland.

A memorial statue has been erected to Sir John Gray in Dublin.

On May 26 a man named Richard Pyle, a clerk on the Midland Railway, went into a drug store in Lower Sackville street for some medicine, and while waiting for it dropped dead.

A demonstration in honor of The O'Gorman Mahon, M. P., in which 20,000 persons are said to have taken part, took place in Ennis on May 29. The new member delivered a patriotic speech, and great enthusiasm prevailed.

The Dublin Castle authorities have removed since the 1st of June the proclamation of the 16th of September, 1765, in force in the county of Cork—excepting the districts of the Barony of Cork, the Great Island and the parishes of Marmullan and Monkston.

A Connaught farmer recently surrendered his farm on being released a reduction in his rent. It was immediately taken possession of at the same rent, but on walking over the land a few mornings after, the new comer discovered a recently-made grave, and on the headstone the words—"*Requiescat in pace.*"

Nearly $20,000 have been subscribed in Dublin, to erect a statute in memory of the Cardinal Cullen, the site for which is not yet decided on.

Mr. Reynold's, a Longford magistrate, while returning home in his carriage from the Longford races on May the 28th, was attacked by a party of men and dreadfully beaten. His driver was also badly assaulted. Mr. Reynold's is a brother of Surgeon-Major Reynold's, who distinguished himself in the defence of Rorke's Drift.

A gang of "Gingle" drivers were brought up at the Queenstown Petty Sessions recently, and fined for following "Yankees" and asking to be hired. "His Worship," in passing sentence, said, "What would strangers, especially Americans, say to such conduct?" "His Worship" should get a dose of an American drummer, and he wouldn't be hard on the Queenstown Jarveys.

At the monthly meeting of the Cork Farmers' Club, recently held, the depressed condition of agriculture in this country formed the subject of an interesting discussion. The chairman (Mr. Riordan) said the country was in a wretched state at present, and unless some concessions were made to the farmers, in the shape of a reduction in the rents, they would have to emigrate and leave the land in the hands of the landlords.

The Moore Centenary Committee of Dublin were greatly pleased at the great success attending the celebration, May 28, and at their first meeting after that event, passed the following resolution: "That a communication be addressed by the honorary secretaries to the Town Clerk of Dublin, requesting him officially to bring before the Lord Mayor and the Town Clerk the desire of this committee, in the event of a sufficient sum being received, to take down the present unsuitable statute of Moore, and to replace it by one more creditable as a work of art, and more worthy of the name and fame of the poet, and that the Town Clerk be requested to inform the Corporation, as the municipal authority of the city, that this committee relies on its hearty support and co-operation in carrying out this design, which would be at once an important National project, and a marked city improvement.

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—It is reported that "Our Boys," which has now been played some three years continuously in a London theatre, has netted $250,000 to the lessees.

—Gen. Walker, who is to superintend the United States census of 1880, estimates that the population will be between forty-six and forty-seven millions.

—The first of the 100-ton guns has been mounted on the carriage and platform which it will occupy on service, at Woolwich. Its whole weight with travelling equipments is 180 tons.

—Mr. Charles Bowen has been appointed to the Queen's Bench in succession to Mr. Justice Mellor, who, after eighteen years on the bench, retires on a pension of £3,500 a year.

—Cetewayo is said to save a good deal of money and trouble by killing prisoners instead of maintaining prisons, and burying paupers alive instead of sending them to the island."

—On the 4th inst. two hundred "ladies of the ballet," from the different theatres, were entertained at Exeter Hall, by a number of Christian ladies and gentlemen. Lord Aberdeen presided.

—Outbreaks of typhoid fever in swine are reported to have occurred on farms in Somerset. The pigs were ordered to be slaughtered and buried. They were purchased in the Bristol market.

—In Kieff, in Russia, about a dozen Jews have been tried for endeavoring to defeat the provisions of the army law by submitting to the mutilation of an eye each at the hands of a Hebrew surgeon.

—An English trade circular complains that the cotton mills of Russia are running day and night, and have consumed 50 per cent. more of the staple this year than during the same period last year.

—A large package of love letters from the Rev. W. J. Fay to a married woman has been discovered at Canton, Ohio, and the indiscreet clergyman has consequently been expelled from the pastorate of a Presbyterian church.

—Edison has exhibited in Philadelphia an improved telephone, which speaks much louder than the ordinarily apparatus. The improvement consists of the attachment of an electro-motograph receiver to the carbon transmitter.

—During January only eight days were recorded in which any sunshine was registered at the Greenwich Observatory, England, and during fourteen days of February there was none. In December there were only 14.8 hours of sunshine.

—A writer tells us to place our hand upon our heart and feel its muffled beat—that it will sadden us. True; but not half so much as placing our hand upon our wallet, and realizing from its thinness that we must soon become the muffled beat.

—"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

—Wanted—A man that isn't smart enough to make "a few well chosen remarks" on the occasion of being presented with some token of "affection and esteem," especially if it is a "surprise"—twins, for instance.

—One of the old blue laws of Connecticut said: "No one shall run on the Sabbath day except reverently." Imagine a man just out of church pursuing a flying hat reverently before a high wind, and in the presence of an interested congregation.

—A circular advocating a summer resort calls attention to "numerous cosy seats in forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons." We defy the production of an attraction that can go ahead of that. We shall pass the major part of the summer there.

—A young lady will take a bashful beau out to the arbor in the garden on a moonshiny night and do more in five minutes toward convincing him that he is nearly froze to death to pop the question, than the old man in the front parlor in a week arguing what a smart gal Jemima is for business.

—In reference to recruiting a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* that "men of fair complexion attain the proportions of manhood earlier than dark men, but the medical statistics of the American war show that they more quickly break down, and are more liable to every disease."

—Merris Einstein, formerly of Syracuse, died in Titusville recently. Although possessed of considerable means, he ordered a plain pine coffin, directed that his body should be wrapped in a sheet, and forbade all religious rites at the funeral. He also wrote his own funeral sermon and requested a friend to read it. His wishes were explicitly obeyed.

—The recipients of the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford this year are: The Duke of Connaught, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Dufferin, Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy; Mr. W. E. Forster, M. P., Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P., the original "Monarch of the Sea;" and M. Tourgenieff, the Russian novelist.

—Sir Patrick Colquhoun, an English Queen's counsel, has delivered a lecture before the Royal Society of Literature to prove that William Shakespeare did not write the plays which bear his name, but that he was an impostor who cozened men more gifted than he, as Greene and Peele, out of their plays, pocketed the proceeds, and retired to live on the gains, leaving the playwrights whom he robbed to live in penury.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The following items in relation to the Thunder Bay Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be found interesting:—Mr. Jennings, late of the Canada Pacific Railway, surveyor in British Columbia, has been appointed Resident Engineer on Section B, Thunder Bay Branch; and Mr. Caddy to a similar position on Section A. A few weeks ago Mr. Brydges, Manager Hudson Bay Company, paid a visit to the mouth of Kaministiquia River and Prince Arthur's Landing to inform himself of the relative merits of the rival termini. In a conference with a gentleman present, he was informed that when the road from Selkirk to Thunder Bay was constructed wheat could be carried from Selkirk to Montreal, via Thunder Bay, then over Lakes Superior and Huron to Collingwood, then by rail to Toronto, and from that point east to Montreal by water, for the small sum of seventeen cents per bushel, and allow the contractors for the Thunder Bay Branch, assuming that it was leased to a company, a fair margin of profit; if the all water route from Thunder Bay to Montreal were adopted, two or three cents per bushel would be saved. The impression prevailing among contractors and others from the North-West is that the Thunder Bay Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will eventually be the best paying piece of railroad on the American Continent. In this connection it is understood that at the present time there are at Thunder Bay enough steel rails to supply 42 to 43 miles of the 118 miles on Section A, and that some six or seven thousand tons of rails more than are there will be required to completely rail this contract alone. A large portion of the rails recently advertised for by the Minister of Railways and Canals are destined for Thunder Bay.

LONDON AS A MARVEL AMONG CITIES.

Lord Carnarvon, in accepting the honorary freedom and livery of the Cutler's Company on Thursday week in a banquet given in Freemason's Hall, made an interesting speech on the sagacity, growth and power of London. London, he said, had in many great patriotic struggles always been on the winning side—so that if, as Marshal Blucher had said, it was the finest city in the world to plunder, it had never had to undergo that uncomfortable process, but had become instead not only the great show but the great counting-house of the world. In the eighteenth century Hume, the philosopher, had conjectured that no great city would ever have a population of more than 700,000—a speculation which he tried to demonstrate from citing the cases of London and Paris. In fact London has now a population of 4,000,000, "a population approaching that of Scotland" (surely Lord Carnarvon should have said exceeding it), "and I venture to say, with all respect for Scotland, almost as intelligent." France is afraid to seat her Parliament in Paris. The United States are averse to seat theirs at New York. England feels no anxiety about seating hers in London. In spite of a great professionally criminal class, a handful of police effectually keep order, while the mighty self-acting mechanism by which the 4,000,000 of Londoners are fed, and fed surely, and without even the chance of mishap, is one of the wonders of the world, and one of those which is least wondered at. In Rome you catch Roman fever. In Constantinople you wake up and find that a third of the city has burned down while you slept. In a single twelvemonth, and but a few years ago, Paris suffered two seiges, famine and civil war. In the great cities of America you hear of vast conspiracies of corruption which make your hair stand on end; but London, so much bigger than any of them, goes on her own way, not, of course, without great blunders, but still with a certain uniformity of peace and progress. Lord Carnarvon is right. London is a great marvel among cities. And her strength consists not in intensity of social feelings, like Paris, nor in splendor of historic memories, like Rome—but rather in the sagacity which comes of sober, practical energies, and of a sedate and solid but sometimes both slow and frigid judgment.

AT LEISURE.

(Dunnville Gazette.)

The editor of the *Monck Reform Press* of this place, having for some time found his position as bridge-tender seriously interfere with the proper discharge of his editorial duties insomuch that he has been compelled for weeks at a time to neglect serving up to his readers their weekly re-hash of stale slanders and personal abuse, has at length severed the tie which bound him to official life, has ceased to draw a salary which he never earned, and has retired from the position he held for years in the public accounts; in other words he is no longer bridge-tender. On Monday the canal authorities relieved him from the burden he has borne for years for an ungrateful country, and left him free to devote his time to a thorough discussion of the Caughnawaga Canal and kindred topics. His mighty mind will no longer be called upon to grapple with the intricate mechanism of guard locks, swing bridges, or to go through the monthly farce of signing a pay sheet. Of course, he no doubt feels that the country has lost the services of a valuable official, but it will save between $400 and $500 per annum by his retirement. No doubt the Government will after a little get along comfortably without him.

BY THE SAD SALT SEA.

(Coney Island Cor. New York Tribune.)

Pretty little girls wading and paddling in the surf make an attractive spectacle. But when a pretty young lady of twenty summers or thereabouts, and wearing a jaunty Gainsborough hat, undertakes the same pastime, the scene is a novel one. Such a young lady, on a part of Manhattan beach which was secluded for the moment, thought it would be nice to join the little children, and, pulling her shoes and stockings, ventured in. It was evidently a most difficult task to adjust her dress to the rising and lowering tide, for she gave her whole mind to it, and succeeded very poorly. Everybody passing that way paused, and the young men took seats, determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer. In fifteen minutes a crowd of nearly 200 persons, mostly men, had gathered. The smile on the young lady's face changed to a tragic frown, and the mother's sharp cry hastened her withdrawal to the background, where, screened by a close phalanx of female friends, she restored shoes and stockings to their proper place in the economy of civilization.

NOT LEGALLY POSTED.—At the trial of Conant, the defaulting cashier of the Eliot National Bank, of Boston, on Monday, his counsel, Gen. Butler, arguing that the court could not go behind the *nolle prosequi* which had been entered in the case, told this story: "A Quaker was on trial in England, when a brother Quaker entered and accosted the Lord Chief Justice with the remark, 'My Lord Chief Justice I am charged with a message to thee from God Almighty.' The Lord Chief Justice asked its purport, when the broadbrim replied, 'The Lord commands thee to nol. pros. this indictment.' The Lord Chief Justice remarked: 'Thou art a lying knave. The Lord knows well enough that the court has nothing to do with a *nolle prosequi*. It must be addressed to the Attorney-General.'"

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 120. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

EGLANTINE.

Sweet Eglantine, rest next my heart;
For Ida's sake I love thee so,
Whether thy green sweet-scented leaves,
Or buds that with love's blushes blow,
I love to wear her favorite flowers
Upon my breast and in my hair,
And dream, as in the happy past,
My little darling placed them there.

She loved the violet and rose,
Rich fuchsias, star-eyed eglantine
And heart's-ease, which she culled for me;
Alas! alas! what might have been!
Child of my soul, what now is life?
Or what this weary world to me?
With no congenial spirit near,
No beauty lies in all I see.

I've learned to live a life unloved,
With none to share my joys or woe,
Or fondly smooth my aching brow
As she did in the long ago.
Yet every day we live apart
But makes my heart more fondly cling
To mem'ries of the calm delights
Her joyous presence used to bring.

M. A. ROGERS.

Stony Creek, July 1st, 1879.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song*

"Well, and if I had?"

"Without doubt you would have fallen in love with me." Coquettishly.

"Would not that have been desirable? Is it not a good thing for a man to fall in love with the woman he is going to marry?"

"Not unless the woman falls in love with him." With a little expressive nod that speaks volumes.

"Ah! true," says Sir Penthony, rather nettled.

"However, you showed no vulgar curiosity on the occasion, although I think Mr. Lowry, who supported you at the last moment, suggested the advisability of seeing your bride. Ah, that reminds me he lives near here. You will be glad to renew acquaintance with so particular a friend."

"There was nothing particular about our friendship. I met him by chance in London at the time, and—er—he did as well as any other fellow."

"Better, I should say. He is a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed! I shouldn't have thought him your style. Like Cassius, he used to have a lean and hungry look."

"Used he? I think him quite good-looking."

"He must have developed, then, in body as in intellect. Three years ago he was a very gaunt youth indeed."

"Of course, Stafford," breaks in Mr. Amherst's rasping voice, "we can all make allowance for your joy on seeing your wife again after such a long absence. But you must not monopolize her. Remember she is the life of our party."

"Thank you, Mr. Amherst. What a delightful compliment!" says Cecil, with considerable *empressement*. "Sir Penthony was just telling me what an enjoyable voyage he had; and I was congratulating him. There is nothing on earth so depressing or so humiliating as sea-sickness. Don't you agree with me?"

Mr. Amherst mutters something in which the word brazen is distinctly heard; while Cecil, turning to her companion, says, hastily, holding out her hand, with a soft graceful movement:

"We are friends?"

"Forever, I trust," he replies, taking the little plump white hand within his own, and giving it a hearty squeeze.

To some the evening is a long one—to Luttrell and Molly, for instance, who are at daggers drawn and maintain a dignified silence towards each other.

Tedcastle, indeed, holds his head so high that if by chance his gaze should rest in Molly's direction it must perchance pass over her without fear of descending to her face. (This is wise, because to look at Molly is to find oneself disarmed). There is an air of settled hostility about him that angers her beyond all words.

"What does he mean by glowering like that, and looking as though he could devour somebody? How different he used to be in dear old Brooklyn! Who could have thought he would turn out such a tartar? Well, there is no knowing any man; and yet—— It is a pity not to give him something to glower about," thinks Miss Massereene, in an access of rage, and forthwith deliberately sets herself out to encourage Shadwell and Mr. Potts.

She has a brilliant success, and, although secretly sore at heart, manages to pass her time agreeably, and, let us hope, profitably.

Marcia, whose hatred towards her rival grows with every glance cast at her from Philip's eyes, turns to Tedcastle and takes him in hand. Her voice is low, her manner subdued but designing. Whatever she may be saying is hardly likely to act as cure to Teddy's heartache; at least so thinks Cecil, and, coming to the rescue, sends Sir Penthony across to talk to him, and, drawing him from Marcia's side, leads him into a lengthened history of all those who have come and gone in the old regiment since he sold out.

The ruse is successful, but leaves Cecil still indignant with Molly. "What a wretched little flirt she is!" She turns an enraged glance upon where Miss Massereene is sitting deep in a discussion with Mr. Potts.

"Have you any Christian name?" Molly is asking, with a beaming smile, fixing her liquid Irish eyes upon the enslaved Potts. "I hear you addressed as Mr. Potts—as Potts even—but never by anything that might be mistaken for a first name."

"Yes," replies Mr. Potts, proudly. "I was christened Plantagenet. Good sound, hasn't it? Something to do with the Dark Ages and Pinnock, only I never remember clearly what. Our fellows have rather a low way of abbreviating it, and bringing it down to Planty. And—would you believe it?—on one or two occasions they have so far forgotten themselves as to call me the regular Plant."

"What a shame!" says Miss Massereene, with deep sympathy.

"Let 'em," says Mr. Potts, heroic, if vulgar, shaking his crimson head. "It's fun to them, and it's by no means death to me. It does no harm. But it's a nuisance to have one's mother put to the trouble of concocting a fine name, if one doesn't get the benefit of it."

"I agree with you. Were I a man and rejoiced in such a name as Plantagenet, I would insist upon having every syllable of it distinctly sounded, or I'd know the reason why. All or nothing should be my motto."

"I never think of it, I don't see my wife's cards," says Mr. Potts, who has had a good deal of champagne, and is rather moist about the eyes. "Mrs. Plantagenet Potts would look well, wouldn't it?"

"Very aristocratic," says false Molly, with an admiring nod. "I almost think—I am not quite sure—but I almost think I would marry a man to bear a name like that."

"Would you?" cries Mr. Potts, his tongue growing freer, while enthusiasm sparkles in every feature. "If I only thought that, Miss Molly——"

"How pretty Mrs. Darley is looking to-night!" interrupts Molly, adroitly, "what a clear complexion she has!—just like a child's."

"Not a bit of it," says Mr. Potts. "Children don't require cream of roses and Hebe bloom and—and all that sort of thing, you know—to get 'emselves up."

"Ah! my principal pity for her is that she doesn't seem to have anything to say."

"English women never have, as a rule; they are dull to the last degree. Now, you are a singular exception."

"English! I am not English," says Molly, with exaggerated disgust. "Do not offend me. I am Irish—altogether, thoroughly Irish—heart and mind a Paddy."

"No! are you, by Jove?" says Mr. Potts. "So am I—at least, partly so. My mother is Irish."

So she had been English, Welsh, and Scotch on various occasions; there is scarcely anything Mrs. Potts has not been. There was even one memorable occasion on which she had had Spanish blood in her veins, and (according to Plantagenet's account) never went out without a lace mantilla flowing from her fairy head. It would, indeed, be rash to fix on any nationality to which the venerable lady might not lay claim, when her son's interests so willed it.

"She came from—er—Galway," he says now; "good old family too—but—out at elbows and—and—that."

"Yes?" Molly says, interested. "And her name?"

"Blake," replies he, unblushingly, knowing that there was never a Blake that didn't come out of Galway.

"I feel quite as though I had known you forever," says Molly, much pleased. "You know my principal crime is my Hibernian extraction, which perhaps makes me cling to the fact more and more. Mr. Amherst cannot forgive me—my father."

"Yet he was of good family, I believe, and all that?" Questioningly.

"Beyond all doubt. What a question for you to ask! Did you ever hear of an Irishman who wasn't of good family? My father"—with a mischievous smile—"was a direct descendant of King O'Toole or Brian Boru—I don't know which; and if the king had only got his own my dear brother would at this moment be dispensing hospitality in a palace."

"You terrify me," said Mr. Potts, profoundly serious. "Why, the blood of all the Howards would be weak as water next to yours. Not that there is anything to be surprised at, for if ever there was any one in the world who ought to be a princess it is——"

"Molly, will you sing us something?" Lady Stafford breaks in, impatiently, at this juncture, putting a stop to Mr. Potts' half finished compliment.

"Molly, I want to speak to you for a moment," Luttrell says next day, coming upon her suddenly in the garden.

"Yes?" coldly. "Well, hurry, then; they are waiting for me in the tennis-ground."

"It seems to me that some one is always waiting for you now when I want to speak to you," says the young man, bitterly.

"For me?" With a would-be-astonished uplifting of her straight brows. "Oh, no, I am not in such request at Herst. I am ready to listen to you at any time; although I must confess I do not take kindly to lecturing."

"Do I lecture you?"

"Do not let us waste time going into details; ask me this all-important question and let me be gone."

"I want to know"—severely yet anxiously—"whether you really meant all you said yesterday morning?"

"Yesterday morning!" says Miss Massereene, running all her ten little white fingers through her rebellious locks, and glancing up at him despairingly. "Do you really expect me to remember all I may have said yesterday morning? Think how long ago it is!"

"Shall I refresh your memory? You gave me to understand that if our engagement came to an end you would be rather relieved than otherwise."

"Did I? How very odd! Yes, by the bye, I do recollect something of the kind. And you led up to it, did you not?—almost asked me to say it, I think, by your unkind remarks."

"Let us keep to the truth," says Luttrell, sternly. "You know such an idea would never cross my mind. While you—I hardly know what to think. All last night you devoted yourself to Shadwell."

"That is wrong; he devoted himself to me. Besides, I spoke a little to Mr. Potts."

"Yes, I suppose you could not be satisfied to let even an idiot like Potts go free."

"Idiot! Good gracious! are you talking of your friend Mr. Potts? Why, I was tired to death of hearing his praises sung in my ears morning, noon and night at Brooklyn; and now, because I am barely civil to him, he must be called an idiot! That is rather severe on him, is it not?"

"Never mind Potts; I am thinking principally of Shadwell. Of course you are quite at liberty to spend your time with whom you choose, but at all events I have the right to know what you mean seriously to do. You have to decide between Shadwell and me."

"I shall certainly not be rude to Philip," Molly says, decisively, leaning against the trunk of a flowering tree, and raising defiant beautiful violet eyes to his. "You seem to pass your time very agreeably with Marcia. I do not complain, mind, but I like fairness in all things."

"I thought little country girls like you were all sweetness, and freshness, and simplicity," says Luttrell, with sudden vehemence. "What lies one hears in one's lifetime. Why, you might give lessons in coquetry and cruelty to many a town-bred woman."

"Might I? I am glad you appraise me so highly. I am glad I have escaped all the sweetness, and freshness, and general imbecility the orthodox village maiden is supposed to possess. Though why a girl must necessarily be devoid of wit simply because she has spent her time in good, healthy air is a thing that puzzles me. Have you delayed me only to say this?"

"No, Molly," cries Luttrell, desperately, while Molly with cool fingers and calm face plucks a flower to pieces, "it is impossible you can have so soon forgotten. Think of all the happy days at Brooklyn, all the vows we interchanged. Is there inconsistency in the very air of Herst?"

His words are full of entreaty, his manner is not. There is an acidity about the latter that irritates Molly.

"All Irish people are fickle," she says, recklessly, "and I am essentially Irish."

"All Irish people are kind-hearted, and you are not so," retorts he. "Every hour yields me an additional pang. For the last two days you have avoided me—you do not care to speak to me—you——"

"How can I, when you spend your entire time upbraiding me and accusing me of things of which I am innocent?"

"I neither accuse nor upbraid; I only say that——"

"Well, I don't think you can say much more,"—maliciously—"because I see Philip coming."

He has taken her hand, but now, stung by her words and her evident delight at Shadwell's proximity, flings it furiously from him.

"If so, it is time I went," he says, and, turning abruptly from her, walks towards the corner that must conceal him from view.

A passing madness seizes Molly. Fully conscious that Luttrell is still within hearing, fatally conscious that it is within her power to wound him and gain a swift revenge for all the hard words she chooses to believe he has showered down on her, she sings—slightly altering the ideas of the poet to suit her own taste—she sings, as though to the approaching Philip:

"He is coming, my love, my sweet!
Was it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would know it and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead."

She smiles coquettishly, and glances at Shadwell from under her long dark lashes. He is near enough to hear and understand; so is Luttrell. With a suppressed curse the latter grinds his heel into the innocent gravel and departs.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret,
Eyes with idle tears are wet."
—THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is evening; the shadows are swiftly gathering. Already the dusk—sure herald of night—is here. Above in the trees the birds are crooning their last faint songs and ruffling their feathers on their night-perches.

How short the days have grown! Even into the very morning of sweet September there has fallen a breath of winter—a chill, cold breath that tells us summer lies behind.

Luttrell, with downcast eyes and embittered heart, tramples through the same green wood (now, alas! fuller of fallen leaves) where first, at Herst, he and Molly re-met.

With a temperament as warm but less hopeful than hers, he sees the imaginary end that lies before him and his beloved. She has forsaken him—she is the bride of another—that other is Shadwell. She is happy with him. This last thought, strange to say, is the unkindest cut of all.

He has within his hand a stout stick he took from a tree as he walked along; at this point of the proceedings he breaks it in two and flings it to one side. Happy! away from him, with perhaps only a jesting recollection of all the sweet words, the tender thoughts he has bestowed upon her! The thought is agony; and, if so, what will the reality be?

At all events he need not witness it. He will throw up his commission, and go abroad—that universal refuge for broken hearts; though why we must intrude our griefs and low spirits and general unpleasantness upon our foreign neighbors is a subject not yet sufficiently canvassed. It seems so unkind towards our foreign neighbors.

A rather shaky but consequently picturesque bridge stretches across a little stream that slowly, lovingly babbles through this part of the wood. Leaning upon its parapet, Luttrell gives himself up a prey to gloomiest forebodings, and with the utmost industry calls up before him all the most miserable possibilities. He has reached the verge of suicide—in a moment more (in his mind's eye) he will be over, when a delicious voice behind him says, demurely:

"May I pass, please?"

It is Molly; such a lovely Molly!—such a naughty, unrepentant, winsome Molly, with the daintiest and widest of straw hats, twined with wild flowers, thrown somewhat rakishly towards the back of her head.

"I am sorry to disturb you," says this apparition, gazing at him unflinchingly with big, innocent eyes, "but I do not think there is room on this bridge for two to pass."

Luttrell instantly draws his tall, slight, handsome figure to its fullest height, and without looking at her, literally crushes himself against the frail railings behind him, lest by any means he should touch her as she passes. But she seems in no hurry to pass.

"It is my opinion," she says, in a matter-of-fact tone of warning, "that those wooden railings have seen their best days; and if you try them much harder you will find, if not a watery grave, at all events an exceedingly moist coat."

There is so much truth in this remark that Luttrell sees the wisdom of refraining from further trial of their strength, and, falling into an easier position, makes as though he too would leave the bridge by the side from which she came on it. This brings them nearly face to face.

Now, dear reader, were you ever in the middle of a crossing, eager to reach the other side of the street? And did you ever meet anybody coming towards you on that crossing, also anxious to reach his other side of the street? And did you ever find yourself and that person politely dancing before each other for a minute or so, debarring each other's progress, because, unhappily, both your thoughts led you in the same direction? And did you ever feel an irresistible desire to stop short and laugh aloud in that person's face? Because now all this happens to Molly and Luttrell.

Each appears full of a dignified haste to quit the other's society. Molly steps to the right, so does Luttrell to the left, at the very same instant; Luttrell, with angry correction of his first movement, steps again to his first position, and so, without pausing, does Molly. Each essay only leaves them as they began, looking fair into each other's eyes. When this has happened three times, Molly stops short and bursts into a hearty laugh.

"Do try to stay still for one second," she says, with a broad smile, "and then perhaps we shall manage it. Thank you."

Then, being angry with herself for her mistaken merriment, like a true woman she vents her displeasure upon him.

"I suppose you knew I was coming here this evening," she exclaims, with ridiculous injustice, "and followed to spoil any little peace I might have."

"I did not know you were coming here. Had I known it——"

A pause.

"Well"—imperiously—"why do you hesitate? Say the unkind thing. I hate innendoes. Had you known it——"

"I should certainly have gone quite the other way"—coldly. "Meanly as you may think of me, I have not fallen so low that I should seek to annoy you by my presence."

"Then without doubt you have come to this quiet place searching for solitude, in which to think out all your hard thoughts of me."

"I never think hardly of you, Molly."

"You certainly were not thinking kindly."

Now, he might easily have abashed her at this point by asking where was the necessity to think of her at all, but there is an innate courtesy, a natural gentleness about Luttrell, that utterly forbids him.

"And," goes on his tormentor, the more angry that she cannot induce him to revile her, "I do not wish you to call me Molly any more. Only those who—who love me call me by that name. Marcia and my grandfather (two people I detest) call me Eleanor. You can follow their example for the future."

"There will not be any future. I have been making up my mind, and—I shall sell out and go abroad immediately."

"Indeed!" There was a slight, a very slight, tremble in her saucy tones. "What a sudden determination! Well, I hope you will enjoy yourself. It is charming weather for a pleasure-trip."

"It is."

"You shouldn't lose much more time, however. Winter will soon be here; and it must be dismal in the extreme traveling in frost and snow."

"I assure you"—bitterly—"there is no occasion to hurry me. I am as anxious to go as ever you could desire."

"May I ask when you are going, and where?"

"No, you may not," cries he, at length, fiercely, goaded past endurance; "only, be assured of this: I am going as far from you as steam can take me; I am going where your fatal beauty and heartlessness cannot touch me; where I shall not be maddened day by day by your coquetry, and where, perhaps—in time—I may learn to—forget you."

His indignation has made him appear at least two inches taller than his ordinary six feet. His face is white as death, his lips are compressed beneath his blonde moustache, his dark blue eyes—not unlike Molly's own—are flashing fire.

"Thank you," says his companion, with exaggerated emphasis and a graceful curtsey; "thank you very much, Mr. Luttrell. I had no idea, when I lingered here for one little moment, I was going to hear so many home truths. I certainly do not want to hear any more."

"Then why don't you go?" puts in Luttrell, savagely.

"I would—only—perhaps you may not be aware of it, but you have put your foot exactly on the very end of my gown."

Luttrell raises his foot and replaces it upon the shaking planks with something that strongly resembles a stamp—so strongly as to make the treacherous bridge quake and tremble; while Molly moves slowly away from him until she reaches the very edge of their uncertain resting place.

Here she pauses, glances backward, and takes another step, only to pause again—this time with decision.

"Teddy," she says, softly.

No answer.

"Dear Teddy," more softly still.

No answer.

"Dearest Teddy."

Still no answer.

"Teddy—darling!" murmurs Molly, in the faintest, fondest tone, using towards him for the first time this tenderest of all tender love-words.

In another moment his arms are around her, her head is on his breast. He is vanquished—routed with slaughter. In the heart of this weak-minded, infatuated young man there lingers not the slightest thought of bitterness towards this girl who has caused him so many hours of torment, and whose cool, soft cheek now rests contentedly against his.

"My love—my own—you do care for me a little?" he asks, in tones that tremble with gladness, and sorrow, and disbelief.

"Of course, foolish boy," with a bright smile that revives him. "That is, at times, when you do not speak to me as though I were the fell destroyer of your peace or the veriest shrew that ever walked the earth. Sometimes, you know"—with a sigh—"you are a very uncomfortable Teddy."

She slips a fond warm arm around his shoulder and caresses the back of his neck with her soft fingers. Coquette she may be, flirt she is to her finger-tips, but nothing can take away from her lovableness. To Luttrell she is at this moment the most charming thing on which the sun ever shone.

"How can you be so unkind to me," he says, "so cold? Don't you know it breaks my heart?"

"I cold!"—with reproachful wonder. "I unkind! Oh, Teddy! and what are you? Think of all you said to me yesterday and this morning; and now, now you called me a coquette! What could be worse than that? To say it of me, of all people! Ted"—with much solemnity—"stare at me—stare hard—and see do I look the very least bit in the world like a coquette?"

He does stare hard, and doing so forgets the question in hand, remembering only that her eyes, her lips, her hair are all the most perfect of their kind.

"My beloved," he whispers, caressingly.

"It is all your own fault," goes on Circe, strong in argument. "When I provoke you, I care nothing for Philip Shadwell, or your Mr. Potts, or any of them; but when you are uncivil to me, what am I to do? I am driven into speaking to some one, although I don't in the least care for general admiration, as you well know."

He does not know; common sense forbids him to know; but she is telling her fibs with so much grace of feature and voice that he refuses to see her sin. He tries, therefore, to look as if he agreed with her, and succeeds very fairly.

"Then you did not mean anything you said?" he asks, eagerly.

"Not a syllable," says Molly. "Though even if I did, you will forgive me, won't you? You always do forgive me, don't you?"

It would be impossible to describe the amount of pleading, sauciness, coaxing, she throws into the "won't you?" and "don't you?" holding up her face, too, and looking at him out of half-shut, laughing, violet eyes.

"I suppose so," he says, smiling. "So abject a subject have I become that I can no longer conceal even from myself the fact that you can wind me round your little finger."

He tightens his arm about her, and—considering, I dare say, she owes him some return for so humble a speech—stoops as though to put his lips to hers.

"Not yet," she says, pressing her fingers against his mouth. "I have many things to say to you yet before—— For one, I am not a coquette?"

"No."

"And you are not going abroad to—*forget* me? Oh, Teddy!"

"If I went to the world's end I could not compass that. No, I shall not go abroad now."

"And," half removing the barrier fingers, "I am the dearest, sweetest, best Molly to be found anywhere?"

"Oh, darling! don't you know I think so?" says Luttrell, with passionate fondness.

"And you will never forgive yourself for making me so unhappy?"

"Never."

"Very well," taking her hand away, with a contented sigh, "now you may kiss me."

So their quarrel ends, as all her quarrels do, by every one being in the wrong except herself. It is their first bad quarrel; and although we are told the falling out of faithful friends but the renewal is of love, still, believe me, each angry word creates a gap in the chain of love—a gap that widens and ever widens more and more, until at length comes the terrible day when the cherished chain falls quite asunder. A second coldness is so much easier than a first!

CHAPTER XVII.

"One silly cross
Wrought all my loss,
O frowning fortune!"
—THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

It was an unfortunate thing—nay, more, it was an unheard-of thing (because for a man to fall in love with his own wife has in it all the elements of absurdity, and makes one lose faith in the wise laws and settled convictions of centuries)—but the fact remained. From the moment Sir Penthony Stafford came face to face with his wife in the corridor at Herst he lost his heart to her.

There only rested one thing more to make the catastrophe complete, and that also came to pass; Cecil was fully and entirely aware of his sentiments with regard to her.

What woman but knows when a man loves her? What woman but knows (in spite of all the lies she may utter to her own heart) when a man has ceased to love her? In dark moments, in the cruel quiet of midnight, has not the terrible certainty of her loss made her youth grow dead within her?

Cecil's revenge has come, and I hardly think she spares it. Scrupulously, carefully, she adheres to her *role* of friend, never for an instant permitting him to break through the cold barricade of mere good fellowship she has raised between them.

Should he in an imprudent moment seek to undermine this barrier, by a word, a smile, sweet but chilling, she expresses either astonishment or amusement at his presumption (the latter being perhaps the more murderous weapon of the two, as ridicule is death to love), and so checks him.

To her Sir Penthony is an acquaintance—a rather amusing one, but still an acquaintance only—and so she gives him to understand; while he chafes and curses his luck a good deal at times, and—grows desperately jealous.

The development of this last quality delights Cecil. Her flirtation with Talbot Lowry—not that it can be called a flirtation, being a very one-sided affair, the affection Talbot entertained for her being the only affection about it—carefully as he seeks to hide, irritates Sir Penthony beyond endurance, and, together with her marked coldness and apparent want of desire for his society, renders him thoroughly unhappy.

All this gratifies Cecil, who is much too real a woman not to find pleasure in seeing a man made miserable for love of her.

"I wish you would bring yourself to speak to me now and then without putting that odious Sir before my name," he says to her one day. "Anybody would say we were utter strangers."

"Well, and so we are," Cecil replies, opening wide her eyes in affected astonishment. "How can you dispute it? Why, you never even saw me until a few days ago."

"You are my wife, at all events," says the young man, slightly discomfited.

"Ay, more's the pity," murmurs her ladyship, with such a sudden, bewitching, aggravating smile as entirely condones the incivility of her speech. Sir Penthony smiles too.

"Cecil—cis—a pretty name. It rhymes with kiss," he says, rather sentimentally.

"So it does. And Penthony—what does that rhyme with? Tony—money. Ah! that was our stumbling-block."

"It might have been a worse one. There are more disagreeable things than money. There was once upon a time a stubborn mare, and even she was made to go by this same much-abused money. By the bye"—thoughtfully—"you don't object to your share of it, do you?"

"By no means. I purchased it so dearly I have quite a veneration for it."

"I see. I don't think my remark called for so ungracious a reply. To look at you one could hardly imagine a cruel sentiment coming from your lips."

"That shows how deceitful appearances can be. Had you troubled yourself to raise my veil upon your wedding-day, you might have made yourself miserable for life. Really, Sir Penthony, I think you owe me a debt of gratitude."

"Do you? Then I confess myself ungrateful. Oh, Cecil! had I only known——" Here he pauses, warned by the superciliousness of her bearing, and goes on rather lamely: "Are you cold? Shall I get you a shawl?" They are standing on the veranda, and the evening is closing in.

"Cold? No. Who could feel cold on so divine an evening? It reminds one of the very heart of summer, and—— Ah!" with a little start and a pleased smile, "here is Mr. Lowry coming across the grass."

"Lowry! It seems to me he always is coming across the grass. Has he no servants, no cook, no roof over his head? Or what on earth brings him here morning, noon and night?"

"I really think he must come to see me," says Lady Stafford, with modest hesitation. "He was so much with me in town, off and on, that I dare say he misses me now. He was very attentive about bringing me flowers and—and that."

"No doubt. It is amazing how thoughtful men can be on occasions. You like him very much?"

"Very much indeed. He is amiable, good-natured, and has such kind brown eyes."

"Has he?" With exaggerated surprise. "Is he indeed all that you say? It is strange how blind a man can be to his neighbor's virtues, whatever he may be to his faults. Now, if I had been asked my opinion of Talbot Lowry I would have said he was the greatest bore and about the ugliest fellow I ever met in my life."

"Well, of course, strictly speaking, no one could call him handsome," Cecil says, feeling apologetic on the score of Mr. Lowry; "but he has excellent points; and, after all, with me good looks count for very little." She takes a calm survey of her companion's patrician features as she speaks; but Sir Penthony takes no notice of her examination, as he is looking straight before him at nothing in the world, as far as she can judge.

"I never met him without thinking of Master Shallow," he says, rather witheringly.

"May I ask how he managed to make himself so endurable to you?"

"In many ways. Strange as it may appear to you, he can read poetry really charmingly. Byron, Tennyson, even Shakespeare, he has read to me until," says Cecil, with enthusiasm, "he has actually brought the tears into my eyes."

"I can fancy it," says Sir Penthony, with much disgust, adjusting his eye-glass with great care in his right eye, the better to contemplate the approach of this modern hero. "I can readily believe it. He seems to me the very personification of a lady's man—a thorough paced carpet knight. When," says Sir Penthony, with careful criticism, "I take into consideration the elegant slimness of his lower limbs and the cadaverous leanness of his under-jaw, I can almost see him writing sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow."

"If"—severely—"there is one thing that absolutely repels me, it is sarcasm. Don't you be sarcastic; it doesn't suit you. I merely said Mr. Lowry probably feels at a loss, now his mornings are unoccupied, as he generally spent them with me in town."

"Happy he. Were those mornings equally agreeable to you?"

"They were, indeed. But, as you evidently don't admire Talbot, you can hardly be expected to sympathize with my enjoyment."

"I merely hinted I thought him a conceited coxcomb; and so I do. Ah, Lowry, how d'ye do? Charmed to see you. Warm evening, is it not?"

"You are come at last, Mr. Lowry," Cecil says, with sweet meaning in her tone, smiling at him as he stands beside her, with no eyes but for her. "What a glorious day we have had! It makes one sad to think it cannot continue. I do so hate winter."

"Poor winter!" says Lowry, rather insipidly. "It has my most sincere sympathy. As for the day, I hardly noticed its beauties; I found it long."

"The sign of an idler. Did you find it very long?"

"Very," says Lowry, with a look that implies his absence from her side was the sole cause of its tedium, and such an amount of emphasis as awakens in Sir Penthony a mad desire to horsewhip him. Though how, in these degenerate days, can one man horsewhip another because he makes use of that mild word, very.

It certainly is a delicious evening. Five o'clock has crept on them almost insensibly, and tea has been brought out to them on the veranda. Within, from the drawing-room, a roaring fire throws upon the group outside white arms of flame, as though petitioning them to enter and accept its warm invitation.

Marcia, bending over the tea-tray, is looking tall and handsome, and perhaps a degree less gloomy than usual. Philip, too, is present, also tall and handsome; only he, by way of contrast, is looking rather more moody than usual. Molly is absent; so is Luttrell.

Mr. Potts, hovering round the tea-table, like an overgrown clumsy bee, is doing all that mortal man can do in the way of carrying cups and upsetting spoons. There are few things more irritating than the clatter of falling spoons, but Mr. Potts is above irritation, whatever his friends may be, and meets each fresh mishap with laudable equanimity. He is evidently enjoying himself, and is also taking very kindly to such good things in the shape of cake as the morbid footman has been pleased to bring.

Sir Penthony, who has sturdily declined to quit the battlefield, stands holding his wife's cup on one side, while Mr. Lowry is supplying her with cake on the other. There is a good deal of obstinacy mingled with their devotion.

"I wonder where Molly can be?" Lady Stafford says, at length. "I always know by instinct when tea is going on in a house. She will be sorry if she misses hers. Why don't somebody go and fetch her? You, for instance," she says, turning her face to Sir Penthony.

"I would fly to her," replies he, unmoved, "but I unfortunately don't know where she is. Besides, I dare say if I knew and went I would find myself unwelcome. I hate looking people up."

"I haven't seen her all day," says Mr. Potts, in an aggrieved tone, having finished the last piece of plum-cake, and being much exercised in his mind as to whether it is the seed or the sponge he will attack next. "She has been out walking, or writing letters, or something, since breakfast. I hope nothing has happened to her. Perhaps if we instituted a search——"

At this moment, Molly, smiling, *gracieuse*, appears at the open window and steps on the veranda. She is dressed in a soft blue clinging gown, and has a flower, fresh-gathered, in her hair, another at her throat, another held loosely in her slender fingers.

"Talk of an angel!" says Philip, softly but audibly.

"Were you talking of me?" asks modest Molly, turning towards him.

"Well, if ever I heard such a disgracefully conceited speech!" says Lady Stafford, laughing. But Philip says, "We were," still with his eyes on Molly.

"Evidently you have all been pining for me," says Molly, gayly. "It is useless your denying it. Mr. Potts"—sweetly—"leave me a little cake, will you? Don't eat it all up. Knowing as you do my weakness for seed-cake, I consider it mean of you to behave as you are now doing."

"You shall have it all," says Mr. Potts, magnanimously. "I devoted myself to the plum-cake so as to leave this for you; so you see I don't deserve your sneer."

Philip straightens himself, and his moodiness flies from him. Marcia, on the contrary, grows *distrait* and anxious. Molly, with the air of a little *gourmand*, makes her white teeth meet in her sweet cake, and, with a sigh of deep content, seats herself on the window-sill.

Mr. Potts essays to do likewise. In fact, so great is his haste to secure the coveted position that he trips, loses balance, and crash goes tea, cup, and all—with which he meant to regale his idol—on to the stone at his feet.

"You seem determined to outdo yourself this evening, Potts," Sir Penthony says, mildly, turning his eye-glass upon the delinquent. "First you did all you knew in the way of battering the silver, and now you have turned your kind attention on the china. I really think, too, that it is the very best china—Wedgwood, is it not? Only yesterday I heard Mr. Amherst explaining to Lady Elizabeth Eyre, who is rather a connoisseur in china, how blessed he was in possessing an entire set of Wedgwood unbroken. I heard him asking her to name a day to come and see it."

"I don't think you need pile up the agony any higher," Philip interposes, laughing, coming to the rescue in his grandfather's absence. "He will never find it out."

"I'm so awfully sorry!" Mr. Potts says, addressing Marcia, his skin having by this time borrowed largely of his hair in coloring. "It was unpardonably awkward. I don't know how it happened. But I'll mend it again for you, Miss Amherst; I've the best cement you ever knew up-stairs; I always carry it about with me."

"You do right," says Molly, laughing.

"The hottest tea won't affect it afterwards," goes on Potts, triumphantly.

"He is evidently in the habit of going about breaking people's pet china and mending it again—knows all about it," murmurs Sir Penthony, *sotto voce*, with much interest. "It isn't a concoction of your own, Potts, is it?"

"No; a fellow gave it to me. The least little touch mends, and it never gives way again."

"That's what's meant to do," Captain Mottie has the audacity to say, very unwisely. Of course no one takes the faintest notice. They all with one consent refuse indignantly to see it; and Longshank's inevitable "Ha, ha!" falls horribly flat. Only Molly, after a wild struggle with her better feelings, gives way, and bursts into an irrepressible fit of laughter, for which the poor captain is intensely grateful.

"Mrs. Darley, who is doing a little mild running with this would-be Joe Miller, encouraged by Molly, laughs too, and gives the captain to understand that she thinks it a joke, which is even more than could be expected of her.

A sound of footsteps upon the gravel beneath redeems any further awkwardness. They all simultaneously crane their necks over the iron railings, and all at a glance see Mr. Amherst slowly but surely advancing on them.

He is not alone. Beside him, affording him the support of one arm, walks a short, stout, pudgy little man, dressed with elaborate care, and bearing all the distinguishing marks of the lowest breeding in his face and figure.

It is Mr. Buscarlet, the attorney, without whose advice Mr. Amherst rarely takes a step in business matters, and for whom—could he be guilty of such a thing—he has a decided weakness. Mr. Amherst is frigid and cutting. Mr. Buscarlet is vulgar and gushing. They say extremes meet. In this case they certainly do, for perhaps he is the only person in the wide world with whom old Amherst gets on.

With Marcia he is a bugbear—a *bete noir*. She does not even trouble herself to tolerate him, which is the one unwise step the wise Marcia took on her entrance into Amherst.

Now, as he comes puffing and panting up the steps to the veranda, she deliberately turns her back on him.

"Pick up the ghastly remains, Potts," Sir Penthony says, hurriedly, alluding to the shattered china. Mr. Amherst is still on the lowest step, having discarded Mr. Buscarlet's arm. "If there is one thing mine host abhors more than another, it is broken china. If he catches you red-handed I shudder for the consequences."

"What an ogre you make him out!" says Molly. "Has he, then, a private Bastile, or a poisoned dagger, this terrible old man?"

"Neither. He clings to the traditions of the 'good old times.' Skinning alive, which was a favorite pastime in the dark ages, is the sort of things he affects. Dear old gentleman, he cannot bear to see ancient usages sink into oblivion. Here he is."

Mr. Potts, having carefully removed all traces of his handiness, gazes with recovered courage on the coming foe.

"Have some tea, grandpapa?" says Marcia, attentively, ignoring Mr. Buscarlet.

"No, thank you. Mr. Buscarlet will probably have some, if he is asked," says grandpapa, severely.

"Ah, thank you, thank you. I will take a little tea from Miss Amherst's fair hands," says the man of law, rubbing his own ecstatically as he speaks.

"Mr. Longshanks, give this to Mr. Buscarlet," says Marcia, turning to Longshanks with a cup of tea, although Mr. Buscarlet is at her elbow, ready to receive it from her fair hands.

Mr. Longshanks does as he is bidden; and the attorney, having received it, walks away discomfited, a fresh score against this haughty hostess printed on his heart. He has the good luck to come face to face with pretty Molly, who is never unkind to any one but the man who loves her. They have met before; so he has no difficulty about addressing her, though after his rebuff from Marcia he feels some faint pangs of diffidence.

"Is it not a glorious evening?" he says, with hesitation, hardly knowing how he will be received. "What should we all do but for the weather?"

"Is it not?" says Molly, with the utmost cheerfulness, smiling on him. She is so sorry for his defeat, which she witnessed, that her smile is one of her kindest. "If this weather might only continue, how happy we should be. Even the flowers would remain with us." She holds up the white rose in her hand for his admiration.

"A lovely flower; but not so lovely as its possessor," says this insufferable old lawyer, with a smirk.

"Oh, Mr. Buscarlet! I doubt you are a sad flirt," says Miss Molly, with an amused glance. "What would Mrs. Buscarlet say if she knew you were going about paying compliments all round?"

"Not all round, Miss Massereene, pardon me. There is a power about beauty stronger than any other—a charm that draws one out of oneself." With a fat obeisance he says this, and a smile he means to be fascinating.

Miss Molly laughs. In her place Marcia would have shown disgust; but Molly only laughs—a delicious laugh, rich with the very sweetest, merriest music. She admits even to herself she is excessively amused.

"Thank you," she says. "Positively you deserve anything for so pretty a speech. I am sorry I have nothing better to offer, but—you shall have my rose."

Still smiling, she goes close to him, and with her own white fingers places the rose in the old gentleman's coat; while he stands as infatuated by her grace and beauty as though he still could call himself twenty-four with a clear conscience, and had no buxom partner at home ready to devour him at a moment's notice.

Oh, lucky, sweetly perfumed, pale white rose! Oh, fortunate, kindly, tender manner! You little guess your influence over the future.

Old Mr. Amherst, who has been watching Molly from afar, now comes grumbling towards her and leads Mr. Buscarlet away.

"Grandpa is in a bad temper," says Marcia, generally, when they have quite gone.

"No; you don't say so? What a remarkable occurrence!" exclaims Cecil. "Now, what can have happened to ruffle so serene a nature as his?"

"I didn't notice it; I was making a fresh and more lengthened examination of his features. Yet I still adhere to my original conviction; his nose is his strong point." Mr. Potts says this as one would who had given to the subject years of mature study.

"It is thin," says Lady Stafford.

"It is. Considering his antiquity, his features are really quite handsome. But his nose—his nose," says Mr. Potts, "is especially fine. That's a joke; do you see it? Fine! Why, it is sharper than an awl. Score two on the shovel for that, Mary Anne."

For want of something better to do, they all laugh at Mr. Potts's rather lame sally. Even Mr. Longshanks so far forgets himself and his allegiance to his friend as to say, "Ha-ha-ha!" out loud—a proceeding so totally unexpected on the part of Longshanks that they all laugh again, this time the more heartily that they cannot well explain the cause of their merriment.

Captain Mottie is justly vexed. The friend of his soul has turned traitor, and actually expended a valuable laugh upon an outsider.

Mrs. Darley, seeing his vexation, says, quietly, "I do not think it is good form, or even kind, to speak so of poor Mr. Amherst behind his back. I cannot bear to hear him abused."

"It is only his nose, dear," says Cecil; "and even you cannot call it fat without belying your conscience."

Mrs. Darley accepts the apology, and goes back to her mild flirtation.

"How silly that woman is!" Cecil says, somewhat indignantly. She and Molly and one or two of the men are rather apart. "To hear her going in for simple sentiments is quite too much for me. When one looks at her, one cannot help——" She pauses, and taps her foot upon the ground impatiently.

"She is rather pretty," says Lowry, glancing carelessly at the powdered doll's face, with its wealth of dyed hair.

"There was a young lady named Maud,"

says Sir Penthony, addressing his toes,

"Who had recently come from abroad,
Her bloom and her curls,
Which astonished the girls,
Were both an ingenious fraud."

"Ah! here is Tedcastle coming across to us."

Tedcastle, with the boy Darley mounted high on his shoulders, comes leisurely over the lawn and up the steps.

"There, my little man, now you may run to your mother," he says to the child, who shows a morbid dislike to leave his side; all children adore Luttrell. "What! not tired of me yet? Well, stay, then."

"Tea, Tedcastle?"

"No, thank you."

"Let me get you some more, Miss Massereene," says Plantagenet. "You came late, and have been neglected."

"I think I will take a very little more. But," says Molly, who is in a tender mood, "you have been going about on duty all the evening. I will ask Mr. Luttrell to get me some this time, if he will be so kind." She accompanies this with a glance that sets Luttrell's fond heart beating.

"Ah, Molly, why did you not come with Teddy and me this day as usual?" says little Lucien Darley, patting her hand. "It was so nice. Only there was no regular sun this evening, like yesterday. It was hot, but I could see no dear little dancing sunbeams. And I asked Teddy why, and he said there could be no sun where Molly was not. What did he mean by that?"

"Yes, what could he have meant by that?" asks Sir Penthony, in a perplexed tone, while Molly blushes one of her rare sweet blushes and lowers her eyes. "It was a wild remark. I can see no sense in it. But perhaps he will kindly explain. I say, Luttrell, you shouldn't spend your time telling this child fairy-tales; you will make him a visionary. He says you declared Miss Massereene had entire control over the sun, moon, and stars, and that they were never known to shine except where she was."

"I have heard of the *enfant terrible*," says Luttrell, laughing, to cover some confusion; "I rejoice to say I have at last met with one. Lucien, I shall tell you no more fantastic stories."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

—A method of producing inlaid wood for ornamental purposes, by compression, has been recently tried with success.

—Buoys, having whistles or horns that sound continuously as they float, are already in use, and it is proposed to light them.

—The dependence of the character of the twinkling of stars on the amount of moisture in the air seems to be established.

—De Candolle says that a branch of coffee tree, preserved in a solution made by boiling water with about seventeen per cent. of common salt, has retained its green color for fifty-three years.

—It has been observed that if a fragment of chloride of lime be held before the opening of a narrow tube from which issues a rapid passage of hydrogen sulphide, the odor of the latter disappears at once and entirely, and is replaced by that of chlorine.

—Celi has made a series of experiments to ascertain the action of electricity on the growth of plants, and has discovered that plants furnished with electrized air in twelve days show an increase by nine centimeters over those that have not been electrified.

—Physicians, in discussing the qualities of wine and the effect of different kinds and vintages on the human system, have arrived at the conclusion that red wine is less injurious to the health than white wine. Red wines are rich in tannin; white wines are not; the natural inference being that the astringent principal present forms a counteraction to the stimulating influence of the alcohol contained.

—Mr. Nordlinger, of Stuttgart, has invented and patented a process by which hop stems can be made the source of fiber almost equal to flax. The stems and other parts of the plant are boiled in water, to which soap has been added, for three-quarters of an hour, thoroughly washed, and then again boiled in very dilute acetic acid. The fibers are now washed free and dried, and when properly combed can be worked like other textile materials.

—Church has made a series of analyses of white and green leaves of the same age and of the same plant, to see if he could detect any difference in their composition. The leaves were obtained from the maple, holly, ivy and three exotic plants. White leaves contain more water than corresponding green leaves, while the ash of white leaves contains more potassium and phosphate acid, but less lime, less calcium oxalate and carbolate.

—The ancients had a most singular art of forming pictures with colored glass. It consisted of laying together fibers of glass of various colors, fitted to each other with the utmost exactness, so that the sections across the fibres represented the objects to be painted, and then cementing them by fusion into a homogeneous mass. It is conjectured that this process was the first attempt of the ancients to preserve the colors by fusing them into the internal parts of the glass, which was, however, but partially done, as the surfaces have not been preserved from the action of the atmosphere.

RESTORED BY PRAYER.

Two Remarkable Cures—Extraordinary Narratives from the States.

ALBANY, July 9.—A singular case of belief in the power of spiritual faith to cure physical ailments has come to notice in Saratoga county. It happened in West Galway, a small hamlet of 300 population, in the extreme western part of the county. The inhabitants are principally farming people, exceedingly simple, and far removed from any city. The region is mountainous and sterile. Four years ago, Adele Shattuck, a young woman 18 years old, became paralyzed from the effects of a violent nervous attack caused by hearing of the sudden and accidental death of a brother to whom she was greatly attached. She went into convulsions, was in a comatose condition for several days, and when her mind recovered its normal condition she could neither talk nor use her limbs. For four years this condition was unchanged. In that time her body gradually wasted, until the skin was drawn tightly over the bones, and the flesh assumed a milky or cream color. Miss Shattuck was a devout member of the Methodist church. She has since her prostration persisted in believing that she would be restored to health, and she expressed her faith in the efficacy of prayer to bring about her recovery.

Three weeks ago, having been totally helpless for four years, and being regarded as incurable, the young woman one day walked down stairs, and informed her wonder-stricken parents, by signs, that she had been cured in answer to prayer. Since then her limbs have gradually become strong and pliant. Last week, at her request, the clergy and members of the three churches in West Galway met at her father's, and held a meeting for the especial purpose of praying for spiritual power to enact a further cure in this young person's case, and restore to her the power of speech. Miss Shattuck soon began singing and talking.

The case is vouched for as a fact by the village folk.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]

Rev. W. H. Swartz, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who graduated in the class of '77, Alleghany College, preached at the State street Church, Meadville, night before last, when he said it was not his intention to preach a sermon, but to give testimony, and he related a wonderful story of the efficacy of prayer in restoring him to health, which in brief is as follows: After his graduation he received an appointment from the Erie Conference to preach at Ridgeway, Pa. After a few months' labor he was stricken with disease and was compelled to resign his charge. After being compelled to leave his work at Ridgeway, he went to his father's home, near Beaver Falls, where he grew rapidly worse, but through the aid of eminent physicians he was partially cured several times, but relapsed into a worse condition each time. Two visits were made to Clifton Springs, but finally medicine failed to have any effect upon his system, and a gradual but sure decline was taking place. He had become so bad that he could not read or converse, when a letter was received from his brother, Clark Swartz, who is now in Boston, stating that Rev. Dr. Cullis of that city had performed many wonderful cures by prayer if it was the Lord's will that the patient should be cured. Accordingly a letter was written and delivered to Dr. Cullis by the brother. Upon receiving the letter he knelt in prayer, and upon arising said: "Tell your brother he will be well." The word reached the invalid on the 7th day of April, when he also knelt in fervent prayer. On the 8th he was much better, and on the 9th arose from his bed in perfect health, both physically and mentally, and has been so ever since, able to work on his father's farm during the week and to preach every Sunday. After delivering the above testimony, demonstrating that miracles are performed in this age, Rev. Mr. Swartz made an earnest plea, telling the lessons to be learned from his experience, and impressing the audience with the power of faith and the efficacy of prayer.

LUDICROUS SCENE AT A DANCE.

(From Peck's Milwaukee Sun.)

A ludicrous affair happened at the town of Wells, ten miles from Sparta, last Friday night. There was a dance given in a large barn, and over a hundred persons were present. During the evening lemonade was served, and in a short time all who partook of it were seized with vomiting. They rushed out doors, into the bushes, leaned against barrels, lay across the wagon tongues, got into buggies, and held their heads over the boxes. Young fellows held their girls' heads one way, and their own heads the other way, and it was a concert of "Ye-up," till 5 o'clock in the morning, when a doctor arrived from Sparta, and stopped it. Tartar emetic had been put in the lemonade by mistake, instead of tartaric acid.

THE INELIGIBLE MAN.

(From Lippincott's Magazine.)

The ineligible man is generally a gentleman of good connections and some small fixed income, which is sufficient to serve as a narcotic to ambition, but which from its incapacity to provide for more than one person puts matrimony out of reach. "Oh, I'm no marrying man," he says, and is conscious of his freedom and of his privileges. The best of everything seems to be offered to him; he is *ami de la maison* among all his old set of friends, both masculine and feminine, who have married and settled down; he may drop in anywhere to dinner, and is a favorite guest at ladies' luncheons; he has invitations to parties of all kinds, and never has to buy more than one entrance-ticket at the opera.

The ineligible man is in no way to be confounded with "detrimentals," ineligible although the detrimental may be. The distinction is so broad that a radical difference may be perceived at once. The "detrimental" is considered "so dangerous"—the "ineligible" is "so safe." The "detrimental" is regarded as an open foe by parents and chaperons; the "ineligible," on the other hand, is the friend of both, and stands, by some gift of nature, even at an early age, toward young ladies in *loco parentis*, and is himself a capital chaperon. "Let us go, mamma—it's only with Mr. Brown," the girls urge. "Only Mr. Brown" is a plea in extenuation of anything unconventional. "Nobody but Mr. Brown" makes a *partie-carree*, a hand at whist—fills the old corner everywhere.

In fact, a man who is known to be distinctly not a marrying man has his hay to make in a long spell of pleasant weather. He is confidential friend to a dozen sets of debutantes, who enter society as it were under his auspices; he criticises them, counsels them, aids them, does everything except interfere with their lovers. The moment a lover comes forward the ineligible man understands, if he is bright—or he is forced to understand if he is dull—that his claims must give way. He has, however, the privilege of taking the place of usher or groomsman at the weddings which follow; he dandles the babies on his knees if so inclined, and may have a few named after him; he enjoys a sort of hereditary friendship for the offspring of the marriages he himself promoted. It may seem for a long stretch of years that he has roses without thorns, the sparkle of wine without the dregs, all the comforts of life without any drawbacks. He has his little income, which he knows how to spend in such a way as to get the utmost out of it for himself; he has pleasant rooms in a pleasant quarter of the town, and takes his meals at clubs or goes out to dinner, breakfast and luncheon. Whereas his married friends endure the miseries of domestic annoyances—bills, wretched servants, sick wives, troublesome children—he has his quiet room, his luxurious meals, his ease and leisure in all the daily habits of his life. No skeletons lurk in his cupboard; he has nothing to fear, even if he has nothing to hope, and may calmly sit on shore and count the wrecks among the barks which put out to sea.

All this may be very pleasant while a man is tolerably young. Then follows the time when life becomes a sort of Barmecide feast for him. On every hand there is beauty, love and duty, but not for him. Hitherto he has had an idea—vague, yet still actual enough to throw a little roselight over his future—that when the right time came, and before it was too late, he, too, should marry. He remembers, with a bachelor's unspoiled vanity, all the half-triumphs of his youth, and makes an effort to win perhaps the daughter of one of his old friends. To her, however, and to all her friends, nothing can be so frankly prosaic, so flatly antique, as he. 'Tis as if December tried to enjoy the apple-blossoms of June.

It is a blank moment of disenchantment and disappointment when the "ineligible man" discovers that he is not nowadays ineligible because he has chosen a career without checks and encumbrances, but because he is too old, because the freshness and power of manhood have left him.

He who will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.

He has disregarded the poetry and romance of youth; he has been satisfied with the mere shell of existence, without reality of feeling or truth of passion. An uncompromising egotist, he has closed his heart to the appeals which actuate less selfish men; he has wanted no wife and children to work and plan for; he has waited until his power of amusing himself is past before he has aspirations for the calm comforts of the fireside. After playing at being ineligible all through the years when he had a chance of making what he wanted of his life, it is only fair that in his age he should suddenly find himself confronted with the idea of his actual ineligibility.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A Substitute for Silk Said to Have Been Discovered.

Great excitement has been caused in the Lyons market by a new discovery, which purports to give to flax all the qualities and appearances of silk. The discovery was made by a Paris chemist, but the greatest secrecy as to the process is kept; but as far as we can learn, it probably consists in covering flax or any other vegetable fibre with an envelope of silky matter, just as metals are covered by galvano-plasty with a coat of gold or silver. It is well known that silk is soluble, not only in powerful acids, but also in soda and chloride of zinc. In fact, M. Persoz submitted some very interesting experiments with chloride of zinc on silk to the Academy of Sciences several years ago. The silk dissolves in a few moments under the influence of heat, when the salt is in a concentrated solution. The silk comes out as a gummy mass, and finally completely dissolves. If the quantity of silk is large, the liquor becomes viscous and sirupy. M. Persoz further succeeded in separating silk from its dissolvent by the dialysor of Mr. Graham, thus obtaining a limpid, colorless liquid, which, on evaporation, gives a hard and brittle coating or varnish. Does the new invention consist in those qualities of soda and chloride of zinc? We cannot say at present, as the most absolute secrecy is maintained. Flax which is thus treated will not cost more than five francs per kilogramme for the lowest quality of silk, and even old silk rags can be used for this marvellous transformation. It will become, not as has been said, a succedaneum of pure silk, for flax does not offer those qualities of elasticity, fineness, etc., which belong to silk, but it can be used advantageously as a tram. We have seen some specimens of stuffs having a weft of the new material. It was elastic and polished and presented all the appearance of pure silk. A company with a capital of 6,000,000 francs is in course of formation for the manufacture of this new textile; 3,000,000 shares are reserved for the inventor. Decisive experiments are to be made at some of the largest dyeing establishments.

ANOTHER SPOUTING WELL.

Queer Freaks of the Elements.

As some workmen were boring for water on the premises of Mr. Bell, on the town line, near James street, Forest village, at a late hour on Monday night, when at a distance of eighty feet, the implement suddenly broke through the crust and fell about two feet, where it was stopped and drawn out. It was immediately followed by a rush of muddy water and gas, which spouted clear over the crane, a height of over thirty-two feet. The discharge came with very great force and spattered all over Mr. Bell's house, very completely spoiling its appearance, as well as the potato patch alongside. As the water was strongly impregnated with gas some fears were entertained lest it should catch fire and burn the premises, but, fortunately, nothing of the kind occurred. In the morning the extraordinary spectacle attracted large numbers of visitors, who looked on the rush of the water with considerable astonishment. So great was its strength at this time that an opinion was expressed that there was power enough in the well to drive all the machinery in town. Considerable chunks of stone thrown across the mouth danced about as if they were feathers, while small stones which came up the funnel were tossed up twenty or twenty-five feet. The extraordinary discharge continued all Tuesday, so that the field of wheat across the road, belonging to Mr. Powrie, was completely besprinkled with anything but a fresh shower. By Wednesday morning it had partially subsided, and it entirely stopped before night. The water where it had settled in pools had a decidedly oily scum over it, but little or no smell.

—"A Love Story—'They Have Parted and They Have Met Again'—by Miss Lillian Duer, lately on trial in Maryland for the murder of Ella Hearn,' is published by the Philadelphia Times."

—Mr. W. H. Smith, the so-called "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," said recently at a public meeting:—"I say advisedly that the men of the navy are equal to the men that have gone before them. I cannot give them greater praise. They are fitted to manage and direct the most powerful and complete arms that could be entrusted to them."

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THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 16, 1879.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

To revere the glorious memory of King William III., Prince of Orange, to celebrate the anniversary of his victory at the Boyne, in Ireland, and to keep in fresh remembrance the stirring incidents and associations of that memorable period from the Revolution in 1688, to the great closing scene on the first of July, 1690, has been for nearly two centuries the most auspicious undertaking and the one grand aim in the life of every loyal Orangeman. No doubt if the Immortal Prince, whose name they bear, and whose illustrious memory they hold in sacred reverence, could have lived, or could know the amount of enthusiasm the Orangemen of this country, at the present day, display in their veneration, their love, and the appreciation of his heroic struggle for christian liberty, he would feel that his efforts, which were so happily successful, and which so emphatically entitled him to the name of "Faith's Defender," had not been made in vain. To hear the drums beat, and the fifes play, and see the silken banners wave, on which are enshrined the names of "Enniskillen," "Aughrim," "Boyne," and "Derry"—names dear to every Orange heart—the long processions, and gorgeously attired horsemen in scarlet and gold, and all this army uniting in doing him honor, would, we think, be sufficient to bring a flush of pride to even that illustrious patriot's brow.

In Madoc, on Saturday last, the 188th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was celebrated by one of the largest assemblies of the kind that has ever been held in North Hastings, if indeed in the County. Preparations for the reception of the large crowd expected had been going on for some days previous, and on the morning of the 12th our village presented quite a gay and pleasing appearance. Four arches were erected in the village and also one at the entrance to the station grounds. The Madoc House, was almost surrounded by maple trees, and many other places were similarly decorated with evergreens, while along Durham street, the entire distance from Wright's corner to Brook's Store, evergreens were planted at short intervals forming a complete and inviting avenue.

The morning broke bright and cloudless, the heavy rain of the previous afternoon, which some wise prognosticators thought would certainly mar the celebration, tending only to lay the dust and cool the air, and it was doubly welcome on that account. From about eight o'clock visitors from the country began to throng into the village and before ten o'clock the streets were crowded with gaily dressed people of both sexes, Orangemen arrayed in the traditional sash and cloak of the Order, with their wives and daughters; Young Britons neatly attired in dark pants and white shirts, and accompanied by "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," all seeming to regard the day as the most eventful one in the year. The number of visitors in the village on this occasion is variously estimated at from three to four thousand, of whom fully one thousand took part in the procession. About ten o'clock the various lodges assembled at the Orange Hall, formed in procession and headed by the Madoc Brass Band marched to the station to meet the Brethren from Belleville, who were to arrive by special train. Some delay having occurred, it was nearly twelve before the train arrived, the patience of the Orangemen having in the meantime become exhausted, and who marched back to the village themselves. A few minutes later the train drew up, conveying about four hundred excursionists from Belleville and other points along the line. The Belleville lodges were accompanied by the really excellent band of the 15th battalion, whose fine playing was very favorably spoken of during the day. The procession then reformed and marched to the village, presenting a very neat and creditable appearance, and which consisted of the following lodges: "Maiden City" Lodge, 'Prentice Boys; "Hackett" Lodge, True Blues; "Bowell" and "Queen City" Lodges Orange Young Britons, of Belleville; "Pleasant Valley" Lodge, O. Y. B., Foxboro'; "John White" Lodge, Plainfield; "White" Lodge, Tweed; "Lorne" Lodge, Harold; "Gerow" Lodge, Moira; "Hearts of Oak" Lodge, Madoc, and a new lodge from Huntingdon, whose name we did not learn, beside some members of Stirling Lodge. Owing to the Orange Lodges having dispersed for dinner, and the lateness of the hour, the route of procession advertised was not followed, the Young Britons simply marching from the station to the lodge room, and there also breaking up for dinner. For the same reason we were unable to get the names and numbers of the Orange Lodges which took part in the celebration, between twelve and fifteen, from Rawdon, Huntingdon and Madoc, being present. After dinner the united lodges marched to Rollin's grove, the procession, in which were eighteen flags and banners, and accompanied by both brass bands, presenting an imposing appearance, the Young Britons especially, who were all dressed alike, being much admired. The 'Prentice Boys, True Blues and Young Britons, who took part in the procession, numbered about four hundred, and between five and six hundred Orangemen it is estimated, also took part. Among the prominent members of the order present were Mr. M. Bristol, County Master; District Masters A. Thompson, Elzivir and Madoc; S. Tummon, Huntingdon; D. McQuigge, Rawdon; J. F. Morrill, Tudor; also Thomas Emo, Esq. The sermon by Rev. J. McFarlane, and the speeches in the grove, a report of which will be found below, were very attentively listened to and well received. After marching again to the village the various lodges dispersed, those from Belleville being accompanied to the station by the Madoc Lodge, O. Y. B. and the Madoc brass band. We must not omit noticing the general good order which prevailed during the day and the absence of anything like the amount of drunkenness and fighting usual at large gatherings. During the day two noisy individuals were locked up by Constable Sills, but both were liberated the same night, when the effects of their too frequent indulgence had worn off. This is to be highly commended and cannot fail to reflect credit on the Order as well as on the village generally.

The following is the programme of proceedings in the grove, Archibald Thompson, Esq., District Master, presiding as chairman:

SERMON BY REV. J. M'FARLANE.

Rev. Mr. McFarlane took his text from Acts 21 chap. 28 verse:—"Men of Israel, help." The rev. gentleman stated that the sentiments which he had just read were uttered against the Apostle Paul by some Jews of Asia who hastily supposed he had profaned the temple. It was supposed that Paul's mission there was not one of a Christian character but quite the opposite. Those who were engaged in the celebration of the day claimed to be Christians of the present time. They should enter then upon their work of reformation in a Christian manner at all times, with the determination to enhance the character of the work. If he understood the principles which brought his many hearers together they were the principles of Protestant Christianity. With this understanding the question now arose as to the character of the work. If he was correct those who supported the Orange Order claimed to be "Defenders of the Faith" and as such it was their duty to base all their actions on the Sacred Book of God. William III., Prince of Orange, followed this course, and he never failed to counsel those who fought with him to do likewise. No Order could be successful that had not this Book for their guidance and all Orders claiming to advance Christianity should regard it their duty to search the Scriptures. This Book taught us our duty as no other book could teach it to us and as Christian workers they could not search it too frequently. It gave them, in the life of Christ, an example for all things, and a blessing in every page. Thus the great work you have before you is to teach men to understand the Scriptures and become Christ-like. He would say all the blessings they enjoyed were due to the forgiving grace of God, and they as a prominent body should work in accordance with His will. They should allow nothing to swerve them from this path, but should be able to say with the three Hebrew children, "be it known we will not serve the image, but only the true and living God." Their endeavor should be not to excite to strife and bloodshed, but, while being always ready to defend the Faith with their lives, should it be in danger, they should aim to unite all people in Christian fellowship. All had the power of working for the good of their cause. The heavy armour was not suited to the infant David, but he accomplished much with his stone and sling. All might not be able to help those in sorrow but they could weep with those who wept. All could not be bright and shining lights in the church, but all could contribute to its support and gladden some home. All might not be able to speak eloquently to the multitude, but they could speak of their principles to the few. They could all perform works that would be remembered with enthusiasm for many years, and all could respond to the call "Men of Israel help." They might be sure whatever light was in a man's soul it would show itself. When the storm blew coldly we buttoned up our coats for protection but when the warm sun shone we gladly unloosened the folds, so when enmity raged we prepared for defence but when the warmth of love was felt we opened our hearts to the truth. They must not for a moment allow pride to prevent them from doing what was their duty. It was not beneath the dignity of Christ to sit down by the woman at the well, neither was it beneath the Divine Spirit to speak to erring Saul of Tarsus, therefore they should not consider it beneath them to counsel anyone needing enlightment on the Christian principles they upheld. There was no heart so vile, no soul so full of darkness, but might be reached and enlightened by divine love, and those interested in the promotion of the Orange Order would do well to remember that this love was the great power for good. When then the call went out from their ranks "Men of Israel, help"—come with us and we will do thee good," the response would be, "We will go with you for we have heard God is with you."

The Benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Mr. Martin.

The Chairman then called upon Malcolm Bristol, County Master, to address those present.

Mr. Bristol came forward and said he had not been aware that he would be called on for a speech, therefore he was quite unprepared; he was, however, glad to see so many present and would congratulate them on their enjoyment.

The chairman then announced that speakers would be limited to ten minutes, and called on Mr. Jas. A. Orr, District Master O. Y.B., who said he did not purpose to take up their time in making a speech. The only thing he wished to do was to thank those who had made the day a success. As one of the promoters of the celebration he wished to congratulate those who had taken part in the procession on their order and sobriety. He thought he was correct when he stated that of all the celebrations that had taken place in North Hastings this had been the largest, most orderly and best. He was sure it was to the gratification of the Order that it could be said by everyone that the day was a grand success, and he was sure they would all go to their homes satisfied that this was the best day they had spent for a long time. He trusted the Brethren would continue on in the same course and go to their homes in a sober, respectable manner, thereby carrying out the Protestant principles they upheld and by this means show an example to the world. He returned his hearty thanks to the Brethren from a distance and hoped they might often be seen in this place. Where there were so many assembled there was pretty sure to be some grumbling; some might not have got their dinner just when they wanted it and other difficulties might have arisen. He wished to assure them, however, that the promoters of the celebration had done all they could do, under the circumstances, to interest them. He thanked them for their attention.

Mr. A F. Wood was the next speaker. He thought the ten minute limitation was a good idea for he had not come prepared with much to say. However, as they had called upon him he would endeavor to say a few words. In the first place he was glad to meet so many familiar faces from all parts of the county, and wished that such meetings occurred more frequently. He was one of those people who believed in religious and political liberty for it had made England the great nation she was to-day. He did not believe in the divine right of kings. Although we to-day had an exceptional good ruler on the British throne, it had not always been the case. He thought a king should be supported just so long as he was honest and just, but when he failed in these essentials his removal should be requested. Such was the case with king James. He was glad to see so many congregated here this afternoon, but he trusted they had not assembled to-day for mere show. Although there was a good deal of pleasure in this sort of thing, if their principles were not proper principles and if they were not prepared to defend their faith with their manhood, they might as well be bound together with a rope of sand. It was their duty to contend for an open Bible and for the freedom of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience. There was a time in the past when these privileges were denied to all, but it was a subject for much congratulation that those times had passed away and that that freedom for which our fathers bled and died, for which they contested as only those who are on the side of right could contest for a principle, was here at last, and it was not only the duty of the Orangemen to defend these principles but also the duty of every member of the Christian Church. He believed this was the feeling among those who celebrated the day, and if they stood by what he saw on their banners, "no surrender," which, if he understood aright, meant no surrender of free religious and political rights, their name would be remembered by those who followed after them.

Mr. O'Flynn, the Reeve, followed Mr. Wood. He said did he not intend to make a speech, for if he had been allowed a longer time, he had not the ability. He had been asked two days ago to speak to those who were now before him, but he had felt then as he felt now his inability to deliver a proper address. He would have liked to have been able to tell them, on this occasion, something concerning the origin of their Order, its history, &c., but not being perfectly conversant with the theme he might find himself in the same predicament as a colored preacher he once heard of. This preacher was, upon a certain occasion, interesting his hearers on the broad and the narrow way, and said that the broad way led to perdition and the narrow way led to destruction. There was silence in this colored congregation for a time, after the preacher had thus spoken, but finally a member arose in the centre of the church and said, "if dat am de case den dis niggar will take to de woods" (laughter). The speaker trusted he would fall into no such error as this. He wished, however, to congratulate his hearers on the very decided success of their celebration. They were a large and respectable gathering, in fact the largest and most orderly he had ever seen upon a similar occasion. Thus far they had conducted themselves like gentlemen and he trusted that in the future when celebrating this day they would behave in a similar manner. Disorderly conduct on such occasions had done a good deal to injure their cause in the past but he was glad to notice that their leaders were waking up to the realization that their principles were too commendable to require any assistance bordering on ruffianism. The sermon they had just heard was very clear on that point, and demonstrated that they should at all times be defenders and not aggressors. He was glad to notice so much intelligence on the faces of those present and thought it spoke volumes for the well-being of their Order. He charged them to conduct themselves as conscientious Christians under all circumstances, wished them every success and, in conclusion, thanked them for their attention.

Rev. Mr. Martin next responded to the Chairman's introduction. He said he was very happy to see so many pleasant faces around him. He had noticed with pleasure the good order that had prevailed thus far, and thought such a state of things must be a source of great satisfaction to the promoters of the day's celebration. Although William III., Prince of Orange, had been successful at the battle of the Boyne, he had not always come off victorious in his struggles. The speaker regarded the battles King William fought with his father-in-law, James, as minor events when compared with some of his other fights—with fights that he lost, but he would say this much for the immortal king that he had the faculty of turning his defeats into victories. No matter if he was defeated on the battle field the principles for which he contended generally came into adoption. The speaker was glad to see so much order exhibited in the procession. He was glad to say that he had not seen a single man the worse for liquor who wore the Orange colors. He concluded by warning those present against all ungentlemanly conduct, and by exhorting them to raise rather than lower the principles of their Order.

Mr. J. Francis was the last speaker. He said he did not intend to take up their attention for any length of time. He was pleased to notice the success of the celebration, and thought the promoters thereof merited a good deal of praise. He was inclined to say things that had perhaps better be left unsaid, but he would say this that we should be thankful for the privileges we do-day enjoyed. There were other places in Canada where such privileges were not so freely enjoyed, other places where the rights of their Order were subject to restrictions. He wished to speak on another subject, that of the Orange Incorporation Bill. Was it right for them to have that Bill or was it not? If it was, then as men who were determined to have their rights, they should rise up in their might and not rest until they obtained that which they had a right to possess. If, on the other hand, they had no right to this bill they should give it up like men. He, himself, thought they had a right to this measure, and hoped they would trust to no party, relax no effort until their rights were obtained. One thing that pleased him very much was the large number of Young Britons to be seen on the grounds. They had conducted themselves during the day in the most orderly manner, and he thought they were an example to the older Brethren. He was glad to know that their number was on the increase. The speaker then gave statistics concerning the number in all parts of the Dominion, and concluded by thanking them for their attention.

INCIDENTS.

As the train with the Belleville excursionists was about leaving, a man named Welsh was attacked with fits, and medical aid had to be procured. He was brought to after a considerable length of time. He had been drinking during the day, a fact which doubtless accounts for his sickness.

A man named Parsons and a woman named Murray got into an altercation in rear of Hudgins' Hotel, when the former was struck by the latter on the head with a large wooden maul, his ear being very badly cut, and the head bruised considerably. The combatants separated without further damage being done.

The excursion train was detained for nearly two hours at the station before starting for home, the delay being caused over a dispute about payment for an extra car put on by the Grand Trunk. The train arrived in Belleville about 10 o'clock.

"THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."—An enthusiastic shopkeeper on Durham St. was so impressed with the effect produced by the adorning of the street with evergreens, etc., that he affixed a large placard to a tree, on which was inscribed "Victoria *Avanue*," evidently preferring to sacrifice his orthography rather than allow the opportunity to pay such a deserved compliment to the scene to pass unnoticed.

The Concert in the evening was not very largely attended. A good programme was presented, however, and the thanks of the Committee are tendered to those who so kindly assisted on the occasion.

Last week we published a short communication signed "Anti-Filth," in which reference was made to a public nuisance in the rear of Mrs. Wright's premises. There was no desire on the part of the writer to do Mrs. Wright any injury, nor on ours in publishing it, but simply to draw the attention of the Village Council to what has proved a most intolerable nuisance to all who have had occasion to pass up and down St. Lawrence street west during this summer. Mrs. Wright seemed to think differently, however, and accordingly the familiar order (to us) "stop my paper and advertisement, or give the name of the writer," was given. Shortly after, the writer of the article informed us of his willingness to give the desired information, but in the meantime Mrs. Wright became impatient, withdrew her patronage and so the matter now stands. We can only repeat that so far as the writer, who is a gentleman of high standing in the community, or ourselves are concerned, there was not the slightest intention of injuring Mrs. Wright in any way, but of having a public eyesore removed as quickly as possible.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALE OF VALUABLE
Farm Property!

UNDER and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, which will be produced at the time of Sale, default in payment having been made, there will be sold by Public Auction, at the

COURT HOUSE,
IN THE CITY OF BELLEVILLE,
On Wednesday, the 23rd day of July,
A. D. 1879, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon,

All and singular Lot Number Three, in the First Concession of the Township of Elzevir, in the County of Hastings, containing Two Hundred Acres, more or less.

TERMS · · · EASY.

Further particulars and conditions of Sale made known at time of Sale and on application to

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
Vendor's Solicitors.
CHAS. WILKINS, Auctioneer.
Belleville, June 25th, 1879. 120-1

FIRST-CLASS
FARM FOR SALE.

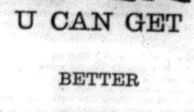
CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; buildings large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to

WAREHAM TULLER,
Owner, on the premises.
Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

LOST.

CAME to my premises, Lot 5, 9th Con. of Madoc, on 22nd day of June, a black Sow, with a short tail, and about 1 year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take her away.

JAMES MARRIN.
118-4t



U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

By-Law No.____

A By-law to authorize the granting of a Bonus to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company to the extent of $10,000.

Whereas the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company have built and completed a line of Railway from the point of junction with the Grand Junction Railway to the "Moore Mine," in the Township of Madoc;

And whereas the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon are desirous of assisting the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company by way of Bonus, to the extent of Ten Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of working said road, and of assisting in developing the northern part of the County of Hastings, and for other advantages to be derived from the construction and working of said Railway;

And whereas to carry the said recited object into effect, it is necessary to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned;

And whereas the amount of the whole of rateable property of the said municipality according to the last revised and equalized Assessment Rolls, is the sum of Four hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and two dollars, ($421,502);

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said municipality of the Township of Huntingdon is as follows, that is to say, for principal sum, *nothing*, and there is no principal money in arrear and there is no interest money in arrear;

And whereas it will require the sum of Six hundred dollars annually to be raised by special rate for paying the interest on said Ten thousand dollars during the currency of the debentures, and the further sum of Three hundred and two dollars and forty-three cents, ($302.43,) to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said sum of Ten thousand dollars, such sum being sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said Ten thousand dollars when payable, the debentures to be issued to extend over twenty years;

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon as follows:—

1st.—That this By-law shall come in force on the first day of November next.

2nd.—That the whole of the debentures hereinafter mentioned and authorized to be issued shall be made payable in twenty years at farthest, from the day on which this By-law shall take effect, as in the preceding clause mentioned. That immediately after this By-law comes into force the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon shall issue their debentures in sums not less than One hundred dollars each, and in such greater sums as the Reeve and Treasurer shall think best, in all for the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

3rd.—That the said debentures shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal in Belleville, at the time in Section Two above mentioned, and the said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and shall have interest Coupons attached, payable half-yearly at said Bank.

4th.—That the said debentures shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer of said Township of Huntingdon.

5th.—That there shall be levied and assessed upon all rateable property in the Township of Huntingdon an annual special rate of Two mills and one-seventh of a mill on the dollar, sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said debt and interest when payable at the end of twenty years, until the same are paid off, redeemed and discharged in full.

6th.—That the said debentures shall be taken and accepted by the said Company to whom they are to be given in payment of said aid, as hereinafter provided, at par value.

7th.—That the said debentures so to be created and issued shall be paid over to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company on the following conditions, that is to say:—When they shall have commenced the said working and traffic on the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway for passengers and produce, and otherwise to and from the northern part of the said Township of Huntingdon to the Grand Junction wharves at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, in Belleville, or to a shipping station of the said Company at said waters in Belleville.

8th.—That the said debentures so to be appropriated in aid of the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall be deposited with the Trustees to be appointed in the manner and as provided in the Act incorporating said Company.

9th.—That before the delivery over of the debentures to the said Railway Company by the Trustees, and before they shall be entitled to receive the same, or any part thereof, the said Railway Company shall enter into a Covenant with the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon: *Providing* that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, in addition to the present Railway Stations, shall provide a Flag Station, together with a Storehouse for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, sufficient for that purpose, and for the storage of goods and merchandise, at Mr. John B. Fox's farm, sufficient for that purpose, on that portion of the same heretofore conveyed by him to said Railway Company, and that the said Railway Company shall erect at each of the said other stations in the said Township a Storehouse sufficient for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, and to store the grain and the goods, wares and merchandise of the said Township, and that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall carry passengers and the grain and produce of the said Township and work the said road through the said Township of Huntingdon to and from the said Grand Junction Railway wharf or wharves of the said Company in Belleville, at the Bay of Quinte, for the term of Twenty years.

10th.—That the said Covenants shall be entered into by the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, contemporaneously with the handing over of the said debentures.

Be it further enacted that for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the qualified electors to the said By-law,

Friday, the 8th day of August next,

is hereby appointed for taking votes of the said electors thereon, and polls are hereby appointed to be held and opened at the hour of Nine o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, and remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

Be it further enacted that the following shall be the Returning Officers who shall take the votes at the following places and as mentioned below:

Division No. 1, Orange Hall, West Huntingdon; James Gay, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2, Town Hall; J. G. Foster, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3, Sargent's House; Elisha Sargent, Returning Officer.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon, after one month from the first publication in the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, the date of which first publication was the Second day of July, A. D. 1879, and that the votes of the electors of the said municipality will be taken thereon at the several and respective places therein appointed for polls to be held, at the hour of Nine o'clock of the forenoon of the said day, to remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

That the Clerk shall on the day after the election attend at the Town Hall, in the said Township of Huntingdon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and shall sum up the number of votes cast in favor of the By-law, and the number polled against it, and then and there declare the result of said election.

J. G. FOSTER,
Clerk, Township of Huntingdon.
Town Hall, Huntingdon, June 26th, 1879.

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,

AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

A CARD.

MR. R. S. HENDERSON avails himself of his first moments of convalescence to tender his most sincere and grateful thanks to Messrs. Taylor, Jas. Pine, and others whose names he does not know, who so kindly came to his assistance at the time of the accident that so nearly deprived him of life. Also to Mr. Maitland, of Bannockburn, for his unwearied attention to him and the ladies with him, during the night that he lay helpless at his house.

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us. Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address

PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
118-4t

NOTICE.

I HAVE been informed that my husband, Francis Newella, signed papers on the 17th inst., disposing of part of his property. Now I want to notify the public that any such agreements he might have signed for the last two years are no good, as part of his property is mortgaged, and the balance is settled on me by our marriage settlements. Any debts I justly owe will be paid, as I am going to put my property into the hands of some of the best business men of Madoc to see me righted and my creditors also.

MARY ANNE LLOYD NEWELLA.
Millbridge, June 30, 1879. 118

LOW PRICES
JUST ARRIVED,
A LARGE STOCK OF
DRIED APPLES,
Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.

Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.

A general assortment of choice
FAMILY GROCERIES,
and a large stock of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
Confectionery, &c., &c.
—ALSO,—
AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.

N. D. PETERS,
Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,
THE CELEBRATED
DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

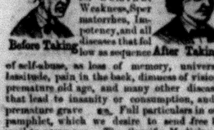
A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST
OF
FARMS FOR SALE!
IN THE
WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285,
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, July 17th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE
No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, July 21st, At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Left Over.

The report of a picnic at Maynooth, the Model School attendance for June, and some other matters have been crowded out of this week's issue.

Inspector's Report.

The Annual Report of the Public School Inspector for North Hastings, presented to the County Council at its last session, will be published in our next issue.

Removed to Millbridge.

Rev. T. B. Wilson, C. M. Minister, late of Keller's Bridge, has removed to Millbridge, and is now occupying the house and grounds in which Capt. Norman formerly resided.

School Examinations.

The examination of candidates for Third Class certificates began in Madoc and Belleville on Monday, and will continue until Thursday afternoon. In Madoc there are 48 candidates. A very general feeling of dissatisfaction seems to exist in regard to the paper on Arithmetic. In the opinion of examiners and examined, it is too hard. Our friend Dr. McLellan rides his hobby to death.

Cheese Market.

UTICA, N. Y., July 14.—Thirteen thousand eight hundred boxes of cheese were sold today, ranging from 5c to 6¼c, which last is the leading figure; average 5, 6c; 600 consigned.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., July 14.—There were sales of 12,400 boxes of factory cheese at 5¾c @ 6¼c; one lot at 6¼c; bulk at 6¼c. Sales of dairy, 665 boxes, at 5c @ 5¾c. The market advanced about ¼c.

WOODSTOCK, July 14.—Owing to the June cheese being mostly all sold in this section, the market on Saturday was somewhat dull. Four factories registered on the board 930 boxes, all of which were sold; average price, 5¾c.

The cable still stands at 33s. 6d.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

The warm weather and genial showers for the past few weeks have worked wonders. Crops of all kinds look well, and the yield of hay will be unprecedented.

The fine quality of the iron ore from the Coulson mine is creating great excitement amongst mining men. The vein runs into one of Mr. Flint's lots, and he (Mr. Flint) has sent off about 12 cwt. to Pennsylvania to have it thoroughly tested.

The machinery for the carding mill at York River has all arrived, and it will be running in the course of a few days.

Messrs. Zabell & Fletcher are building a new store; and both grist and saw mills are running steadily.

Things are brisk at L'Amable also; and Jarman's mills are kept busy; in fact, the saw mill ran for a considerable time day and night, for owing to the constant influx of settlers a great deal of lumber is required.

Mr. Spurr has built a handsome and commodious store here, and will move into it next week.

And, though last, not least, we are about to have a new Presbyterian church. It will be erected on Tait's hill, and, according to the plans and specifications, it will be an ornament to L'Amable, and a credit to the municipality.

On Dominion Day the members of the L'Amable and York River cricket clubs met at L'Amable and played all day. The bowling and fielding was good, and the members have greatly improved in their batting.

I am in the habit of looking over our municipal roll every year, and it gives one a very fair idea of the progress and improvement of the place. I find this year that there are about 100 Parliamentary voters, 53 new settlers, and an increase of 227 in the population. I need not go further into statistics of marriages, births, &c., as the above figures will sufficiently prove that we are prospering and prolific, and just precisely the class to settle up this "Great Lone Land."

SYLVANUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

MR. EDITOR,—On Tuesday last, the 8th inst., a picnic, or social gathering, was held here in the school house and adjoining grounds. It was the first of the kind ever held in this place. There were upwards of two hundred and fifty persons present from all parts of front and back townships. The weather was delightful, and the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all. There were all the usual amusements both inside and outside, including music, vocal and instrumental. The fare set on the board was good, including many of the delicacies of the season. The affair was chiefly got up by Mr. John Henderson, our much respected teacher, to whom there is much credit due for the earnest and able manner in which he carried the whole undertaking to a most successful issue, an event of no small consequence to a place like this. Hoping that it will not be the last of the kind I may have the pleasure of reporting to you, I remain,

Yours truly,
A. N.

Millbridge, July 11, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As the picnic season is on the tapis, I address a few facts of the first picnic ever held in the township of Limerick. The loyal people held a general picnic on Dominion Day, in connection with St. Ola Sabbath School. The day was all that could be desired, and the good ladies had all the good things that were necessary for a first-class dinner spread out at 12 o'clock, when men, women, and children all sat down to supply nature's required wants. I might say here that the ladies of Limerick deserve a great deal of credit for the manner in which the good things were got up for the occasion; in fact, it beat anything I ever saw in any of the older parts of the County. There were in all about three hundred present. The young people during the day enjoyed themselves with innocent games, such as croquet, &c., when about 5 o'clock cheers were given for our gracious Sovereign, the Queen; the day and all who honor it; and the ladies who provided the eatables in such a first-class manner, when all departed well satisfied with the day's proceedings.

SPECTATOR.

Limerick, July 3, 1879.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last week's issue Mr. Michael Wilson very properly, in my opinion, called attention to the running of trains on the railway on Sunday, the 6th inst. I regret with him this violation of the Sabbath day, if it was not a necessity. I heard the whistle and the noise of the trains, and have been since told it was an excursion train from Campbellford. Beyond this I know nothing of the facts. I think I may safely say for any of the J. P.'s in this section, that they are willing to do all in their power to prevent a breach of the law by the unnecessary running of trains on Sunday, or the improper selling of liquor, or any other breach of the Sabbath day; but will Mr. Wilson and others, who complain, take practical steps to assist to have this brought about. It is one thing to call attention to an evil—it is another to seek to remedy it. It is as much the duty of citizens to make complaints against individuals who break the law, as it is the duty of the magistrate to see the law properly applied. General complaints do not meet the case. Railway boards cannot be punished for the running of an engine on Sunday. It is the man who does it. I admit it is the duty of magistrates—but it is equally so of all citizens—and particularly "prominent members of churches" to preserve as far as possible the sanctity of the Sabbath, but it will not be accomplished by alone *pointing at* the evil. I am aware it is not a pleasant position to be pointed out as an informer, but if the evils complained of are to be stopped, some one must inform before breakers of the law can be brought to justice. I hope *all parties* interested will do all that is possible to maintain the quiet and peace of our Sabbaths.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, July 14, 1879.

SERIOUS FIRE AT THRASHER'S CORNERS.

One of the most destructive fires which has of late visited this part of the country occurred yesterday afternoon at the little hamlet in Thurlow, known as Thrasher's Corners, nine miles distant from this city. At about 1 o'clock, as we are informed, two travellers arrived at Arkels' Hotel, kept by P. Collins, and required dinner. A quick fire was started in a room where there had been no fire for some days, and the result was that the soot in the chimney ignited, the fire communicating from the chimney to the building, which in a few minutes was a mass of flame. So rapidly did the fire spread, fanned by a strong wind, that but little time was afforded for the removal of the contents of the hotel, but, aided by his guests, Mr. Collins succeeded in removing most of his effects. The outbuildings, including barn and drive house, soon caught, and in a few minutes were blazing furiously, and the flames spread to Palmer's Hotel, which, with all its contents, stables and drive house, was totally consumed. Mr. Joseph Thrasher's residence was also burned, only a part of the owner's property being removed; Mr. Cook's dwelling and blacksmith shop were also destroyed, with their contents, and the flames spread to the barn of Mr. Robertson, a quarter of a mile distant, which, with a quantity of hay, was also destroyed. A slight change in the direction of the wind alone saved the few remaining buildings in the hamlet, which now presents a desolate appearance, three-fourths of the buildings which it contained having been swept away. Mr. Robert Arkels, who owned the building in which the fire originated, loses about $2,000; insured in the Beaver and Toronto Mutual for $600. Mr. Collins, his tenant, suffers a loss estimated at $500; not insured. Mr. Joseph Thrasher was the principal sufferer. He owned Palmer's hotel and outbuildings, the house in which he resided, and Cook's blacksmith shop and dwelling. His loss can scarcely fall short of $6,000; no insurance. Mr. Palmer's loss was from $600 to $800; no insurance. Mr. Cook's loss $500, and Mr. Robertson's loss $500. No insurance in either case. In all thirteen buildings—including barns and outhouses were destroyed, besides a good deal of fencing, and the total loss will reach not less than $10,000.—*Intelligencer.*

THOSE INDIAN TEACHERS.

The Canadian Government has resolved to civilize the Indians and train them up in the way they should go. The red man is to be made a gentleman of culture—agriculture. Thirteen Canadian farmers are to go to the Northwest to teach the Indian idea how to make corn shoot. These grangers are to get $750 a year and "found." They are found in agricultural implements, and among the farming implements each receives a bowie knife, a revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. All scalping is barred out and will be declared foul. Probably the Canada ruralist will sit on the fence with a rifle across his knee, a revolver in one hand and a bowie in the other, shouting to the perspiring Indians in the corn fields, "Hoe faster, you red fiends, or I'll open out on you."

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A MAN KILLED ON THE GRAND JUNCTION.

A shocking accident occurred on the Grand Junction Railway on Monday morning by which a resident of this city was instantly killed. Between five and six o'clock a train carrying a working party left Belleville and had proceeded to the vicinity of Hayden's Corners, when a man was observed walking along the track towards the train. The whistle was blown and the bell rung; but the man on the track paid no attention, and despite the application of the brakes the engine struck him with great force, and as he fell upon the rails passed over him, severing his head from his body, cutting off a portion of one of his arms and otherwise frightfully mutilating the remains. The train was stopped, and proceeded on its way, after leaving some of the workmen to guard the body, whilst others proceeded to the city to procure the services of a Coroner.

It was not known to those on the train who deceased was, but it was afterwards learned that the victim of the accident was Christopher Kavanagh, a man about 55 years of age, who had resided for some years near the Grand Trunk, and who had been employed on the Grand Junction. Deceased leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter. An opinion is widely entertained that the unfortunate man died not from accident but from what was in fact suicide, as he could not have failed to see the train which he was meeting, as the line is straight in the vicinity of where he was killed, even supposing that he had not heard the signals. An inquest is being held.—*Intelligencer.*

FUNERAL OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Crown Prince of Sweden, acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of the Prince Imperial to-day. The weather was fine and cool. Crowds dressed in mourning, a large proportion being French, thronged the London railway stations early this morning. The funeral *cortege* commenced moving at eleven. The princely pall-bearers were in uniform. An immense wreath from Queen Victoria was carried on the coffin, which was invisible because of the mass of flowers. Prince Jerome Bonaparte and his sons followed the coffin. The procession was three-quarters of a mile long. A deputation of French Military students was present. In addition the following royal personages arrived to attend the funeral:—Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Wales, Prince Christian, and Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar: the Russian, German, and Danish Ambassadors were also present. A body of Paris workmen viewed the coffin before the funeral. It is estimated that various sympathizers brought boquets and wreaths sufficient to fill two vans to place on the grave. Christine Nillson Rouseaud volunteered her services in the choir at the church.

When the coffin was opened yesterday the features of the Prince were found to be much disfigured, but recognizable by the teeth. Uhlman, the Prince Imperial's valet, fainted twice at the sight of the remains.

It is stated that ex-Empress Eugenie did not visit the coffin until 3 o'clock this morning. She remained over it in an agony of grief until seven, when she fell asleep and was removed to her chamber.

The favorite horse of the Prince Imperial was led after the coffin. At the conclusion of the services in the church the members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies in attendance and deputations of workmen filed round the coffin, sprinkling it with holy water and immortelles.

A new kind of fly has made its appearance here and attacked a potato field belonging to Mr. Lyle, and is more destructive than the Colorado bug. It is of a light green color with black stripes on the back.—*Eganville Enterprise.*

On Thursday evening last, the Rev. H. Kenner, the newly appointed Methodist Minister, arrived in our village. The ladies of the congregation gave Mr. and Mrs. Kenner, and family a generous reception, by being in attendance with well filled baskets, which they spread out for their comfort, and by kindly sentiments thus seizing the very first opportunity to bid them welcome to the village.—*Hastings Star.*

DROWNED.—A serious accident occurred in Bryson a week ago last Sunday. Two boys of Mr. Andrew Neville, merchant, while out driving drove the horse into the river to drink. Unfortunately they got out too far, and were unable to back up. Suddenly they got into a deep hole, upsetting the buggy, and throwing the boys out. Their father hurried to the spot, but was unable to render any assistance, the boys, together with the horse and buggy, having disappeared. The boys were aged respectively seven and twelve.—*Eganville Enterprise.*

On Thursday last, a shooting match took place between teams of six men each, representing the Sidney Co. and the City Coy's of the 49th Battalion. Distances—400, 500, and 600 yards, five rounds per man at each range. The score is as follows:

BELLEVILLE.

Lieut. J. W. Johnson	44
Col. Sergt. J. Dawson	38
Sergt. J. Barber	24
Privt. J. Pittis	33
" W. Kerr	33
" W. Huntingdon	26
	198

SIDNEY.

Sergt. J. Hagerman	20
" J. Hogle	17
Privt. J. Bleecker	13
" L. Vandervoort	37
" W. Scott	54
" D. Coon	32
	173

The City Companies winning by 25 points. The losers entertained the winners at dinner at the Dafoe House in the evening.

BIRTH.

WILSON.—At Millbridge, on the 7th inst., the wife of Rev. T. B. Wilson, of a son.

DAVIDSON.—At Glanmire, the wife of Mr. John Davidson, of twin boys.

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.

ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.

Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

J. CLEAK,
COMMISSIONER IN B.R.,
LAND AGENT,
Conveyancer and Accountant.
YORK RIVER,
116-4t Hastings Road.

NOTICE!

ALL persons are hereby forbid trespassing or cutting hay in lot 17, Con 5, Elzivir, after the appearance of this notice, as for such offence I shall prosecute to the fullest extent of the law.

JOHN HAILSTONE.

Queensboro', June 18, '79. 116 4t.

TENDERS FOR STEEL RAILS.

TENDERS addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.
5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.
5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.

Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender, and all other information will be furnished on application at this office, or at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London, England.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th June, 1879.

117-3t

PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.

117-5t

PLANTS FOR SALE

The undersigned has a large variety of

CABBAGE,
TOMATOES,
CAULIFLOWERS,
AND
CELERY PLANTS,
FOR SALE.

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 80 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

C. G. WILSON,
DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
Fancy & Toilet Articles
Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

108-13w Renfrew, Ont.
ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence,

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stock. These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers.

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS

GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,
Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Edison's Extraordinary Inventions.

Platinum Burners Resolved On—Search for the Valuable Mineral in Canada.

Edison is again to the front with explanations of the electric light contrivances which he has been perfecting in his studio, near New York. He says:—"I have perfected a standard meter for measuring the electricity fed to the burners, the same as a gas meter. It is all right. Second, I have perfected a method of insulating and conveying the wires from the generating stations to the houses of the consumers. Third, I have perfected an electric generator. I am satisfied that it cannot be improved. Ninety-four per cent. of the horse-power used to run this generator is set free in the form of an electric current. The best machine thus far constructed only frees ninety per cent. To be sure this shows a difference of four per cent. in our favor; but our machine, unlike all other machines, delivers eighty-two per cent. of the total power in the wire outside of the machine. It has what is called twice the electro-motor force, or gas pressure, of any machine yet made, with the same resistance of wire and speed. That is why we get nearly double the power out of this generator over any known. I will illustrate more clearly what I mean. We will say there is a hundred feet of wire wound on my machine and eight hundred feet outside of it. We distribute eight horse-power in an electric current. Eight-ninths of this current reaches the wire outside of the generator and is used for light, and one-ninth is lost in the machine. The other machines may turn the same horse-power, within four or five per cent., into an electric current, but three of the eight horse-power is lost in the generator, and not more than five horse-power reaches the light in the form of electricity. I am supposing that both machines carry a hundred feet of wire inside and eight hundred feet outside. To obtain the result shown by my generator their machine could carry no more than two hundred feet outside. If there was a greater length of wire they could not transfer the horse-power. The consequence is that one-third of the horse-power is lost in the machine, and only two-thirds is used. The successful generator is the one that delivers the most current outside of the machine, and not the one that transforms the most horse-power into current.

Mr. Edison says it has cost him about $13,000 to perfect his generator. He has spent about $8,000 in experiments on his lamp. It cost about $3,000 to discover a new method of insulating his wires. The meter experiments ate up fully $9,000, and the dynamometer $3,000 more. He estimates the total cost of his experiments thus far at $45,000. He says that his patents in foreign countries are all right, and there are big inquiries from Australia.

Platinum burners for the lights have now been definitely settled on, and Mr. Edison is looking for an unlimited supply of the ore. He says he is satisfied that there is any quantity of the metal in the United States, and he can afford to spend $20,000 in finding it. The metal was first discovered in 1741 by Wood, an assayer of the Isle of Jamaica. The ore carries palladium, rhodium, iridium, osmium, ruthenium and iron. It is found in scales or flattened grains. Sometimes it appears in lumps alloyed with gold, silver, copper, iron and lead. It appears in alluvial districts in the debris of the earliest volcanic rocks, and permeates the black sand found in auriferous countries. The Chevalier says he has discovered a sure way of extracting the metal from this black sand. He declares that the ore will yet be found cropping to the surface in a ledge the same as other metals, and believes that it will soon be as cheap as silver.

Russia to-day produces over ten times as much platinum as the rest of the world. The principal mines are near Ekaterinburg, on the Asiatic slope of the Ural Mountains, 180 miles southeast of the city of Perm, on the river Isset. There are mines of copper and iron near by. The plaintum is usually found in small scales in veins that run through the mountains. The Demidoff cabinet, however, contains a nugget weighing twenty-one pounds. Russia produces about 3,500 cwt. of platinum annually. The metal is more valuable than gold. For years the supply exceeded the demand. Between 1826 and 1864 Russia used the metal in coinage to the extent of $2,500,000. The value of the coins was eleven and twenty-two roubles.

Borneo produces 500 pounds of the metal yearly, and Ceylon and Brazil are good for similar amounts. The ore is said to be plentiful in the Choco Valley, New Grenada, but the country is so unhealthy that neither whites nor negroes can live within 300 miles of the valley. Choco Valley is near the Atrato River. It was once visited by Humboldt, who brought back a nugget weighing nineteen pounds. This specimen is now in the Royal Cabinet in Berlin. The ore has also been discovered in Santo Domingo, California, British Columbia and Australia. It has been seen in the sands of the Rhine, in the French Alps, in the county Wicklow, Ireland; in Honduras, in Rutherford County, N. C., and at St. Francis Beance, Canada.

In addition to the searches which have been made in the States, the Chevalier sent Frank McLaughlin to the gold region of Canada, where he had heard that platinum had been found in black sand. Mr. McLaughlin left New York on May 26th, and returned a fortnight ago. He gives an interesting account of his search. Although the Chandiere Valley is about 60 miles from Quebec, the country is little known. It was with difficulty that he could learn the nearest route to the valley. British capitalists made a determined effort to control the gold mines, and had kept the world in ignorance of their richness. The native miners made a fight for their rights, and they were finally secured under the leadership of Col. Wm. Smart and Louis and John St. Onge. Mr. McLaughlin speaks in glowing terms of the richness of the gold fields. One of the St. Onge claims yields $4,000 a week. Two brothers Poulin, who went into the country not long ago as poor as church mice, are reported to be worth $100,000 a piece. A poor Catholic clergyman was in want of a little gold for his altar, and one of the brothers offered to give him enough to cover his church. Old prospectors claim to have discovered true fissure veins, and there is a universal cry for capital to develop the mines.

Mr. McLaughlin secured letters from Jules Fancher de St. Maurice of Quebec, and was recieved by the St. Onges and other French Canadian miners with open arms. He found many sluice boxes containing black sand, almost a sure indication of platinum. He visited mines on the Gildert River, a branch of the Chaudiere, and found black sand on the St. Onge claim. A shaft had been sunk seventy feet, and a rich bed of pay gravel was struck. A barrel of gravel carried a pail of black sand. This sand was loaded with gold. There were traces of platinum, but not enough to work up. Traces were also found on the upper River du Loup. On the lower River du Loup McLaughlin saw a ledge that cropped to the surface with a fair sprinkling of the ore. Col. Smart is to prospect for the metal in the branches of the Chandiere, and Mr. Edison shares the expense.

On his return to Montreal, Dr. Harrington, of the Geological Museum, showed Mr. McLaughlin a saucer filled with scales of platinum. They came from the Similkameen River, in British Columbia. A gentleman attached to the geological survey saw the Chinese miners throwing it away with their tailings by the bushel. They were so convinced that it was worthless that he had to pay them to save him a saucer full. As fast as Mr. Edison receives samples of the ore from his prospectors, Mr. McLaughlin will visit the claims and report upon their value.

BURNING OF THE SCOTIA.

A Big Blaze at Chicago—$5,000 Damage.

Our St. Catharines correspondent has already acquainted us of the fact that the propeller Scotia has been damaged by fire at Chicago on Sunday. The following additional particulars are from the Chicago papers of Monday:—Quite a disastrous fire occurred yesterday on board of the Canadian propeller Scotia, of the Merchants' Line, plying between Chicago and Montreal, and but for the fact that the fire engine responded in a very few moments after the alarm was given, the vessel would have been entirely destroyed. As it was, damage amounting to $4,000 or $5,000 resulted. The Scotia arrived in at six o'clock yesterday morning, with about 100 tons of soda-ash and block-tin, consigned to order by Jacques & Co., of Montreal, and proceeded up to the Empire bonded warehouse, at the foot of Jackson Street, to lie there until her freight was discharged. About 1.45 p.m. the second engineer saw smoke issuing from the skylight over the engine enclosure, and gave the alarm. The floor of the engine-room being saturated with oil, as is necessarily the case, and the wood-work being very dry, the flames, fanned by a good breeze, spread very rapidly, so that when the engine reached the scene the whole afterpart of the propeller was enveloped in a dense mass of smoke and flame. Other engines arrived on the ground, and in about fifteen minutes afterward the fire was practically extinguished.

The engine-room was pretty thoroughly burned out, part of the promenade-deck raft was destroyed, and the life-boats were considerably damaged. The fire did not get into the hold, but the water from the fire-engines did, and caused slight damage to the block-tin, but to what amount was not known yesterday, and will not be until a survey is made. The engine and boiler were not injured. Capt. J. H. Scott, who commands the vessel, was unable to give the real origin of the fire. It is supposed that the combustion of some waste which was in the engine-room was the cause of the fire, but that is not certainly known to be a fact. As there was no person connected with the boat in the engine-room at the time the fire broke out, the origin of it can only be conjectured. Capt. Scott thinks that it was marvelous that the vessel was saved at all, and compliments the firemen for their promptness. The Scotia is owned by James Norris, of St. Catharines, Ont., and was built by L. Shickluna, at that place, eight years ago, her valuation then being placed at $33,000. She will require a new deck aft, new stanchions and bulwarks. The repairs will probably be made here. The Scotia has been well kept up, and is the best vessel in the Merchants' Line. She tons 500, and is exclusively for freight.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

The Latest Indecency in Spiritual Imposture.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, June 28.—Society and those who have a faith in spiritual manifestations are all agog over a seance that was held in this city last Friday evening that puts everything else in its line completely in the shade. To be particular and give a full account of these wonderful proceedings, it must first be stated who the parties are:

It is a well-known fact that Col. Isaac Eaton, member of the Democratic National Committee, and formerly Land Commissioner of the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, is a Spiritualist; in fact it has now become a mania to him, and all his luck, good or bad, comes from the departed dead. Mrs. Eaton, his estimable wife, is also a strong believer, and they have made frequent visits to Memphis, Mo., to interview the famous Prof. Mott to try and further their researches. Col. Eaton is as firm in his belief of having received messages from the departed, and having seen and conversed with them, as he is sure that the sun rises and sets. In several of his numerous visits to Mott he has seen and conversed with his daughter Kate who died at the age of three weeks, and who has been a member "of the angel band" for thirty years. During his last visit she told him she was soon to be married, and that Benjamin Pierce, a son of ex-President Pierce, was to be her husband. She stated that the wedding would take place on the 20th of June in the spirit-land, and asked that he make the necessary arrangements for a wedding supper and she and her husband would visit them during the evening. The Colonel was only too glad to spare neither pains nor expense to further the wedding arrangements, and so a closet in the house was transformed into a cabinet for the accommodation of the medium. Professor Mott and wife of Memphis, Dr. Dooley of Kansas City, Col. H. D. McKay, the President of the Alliance Life Insurance Company, and Mrs. McKay, of this city, and the immediate members of Mr. Eaton's family were the guests at the wedding-supper. Professor Mott took his place in the cabinet; the table was spread, two covers being laid for the bride and groom, an elegant bouquet being placed beside their plates. After the guests were seated the medium announced that the bridal party had arrived. The guests one after another arose from the table and went to the cabinet, the lady and her husband there being presented to them. They both appeared very distinct and life-like, and both entered heartily in the general conversation. After this ceremony was over the bride and groom walked out of the cabinet. The bride wore a heavy white satin dress, with flowing veil and orange blossoms. The groom was attired in customary black, with a button-hole bouquet.

After receiving numerous congratulations the bridal party bade their friends good-by and departed, so to speak, for their celestial home, saying that they would call often.

This matter has been obtained from parties present, and is a verbatim account of the proceedings. All parties concerned move in the highest society circles, and hence the furore this wedding has caused.

OLD MAIDS AND OLD BACHELORS.

(From the Rural New Yorker.)

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of children, nurse sick people and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.

Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.

Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies, and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to anyone else.

Old maids are nice looking, and "young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners.

Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the gas-jet in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket handkerchiefs, take homeopathic pellets out of two bottles, alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for doctors; have a consultation; a mantle-piece full of black bottles; all the amiable married men who belong to the club to sit with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.

When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of pound-cake, a bottle of lemonade in a hand-basket, and lunches comfortable in the carriage. When an old bachelor travels he orders a dinner in courses at the station, and raves because he has not time to eat it before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" are over.

Old maids drink weak tea and it cures their headaches.

Old bachelors drink strong liquor which gives them headaches.

Old maids are modest; they think their youth is over and their beauty gone. If, after a while, some autumnal love is given them, they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

Old bachelors believe that all women are in love with them, and that they must carefully guard themselves from traps laid to inveigle them into matrimony. They also fondly cherish the belief that should they eventually become married men, the world expects them to exhibit great taste in women by their choice, and that the other fellows will laugh if their portion be not tender youth and beauty; also that when they marry, many women will expire of jealousy.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

A dreadful murder has been committed at Evington, a small village about four miles from Leicester. A man walking along an unfrequented lane found what he thought was a drunken woman lying in the ditch and passed on, but meeting another man they turned back to the spot. On raising the woman from the ditch, they found the head was nearly severed from the body. The police were speedily communicated with, and a minute investigation of the surroundings made. Blood and traces of a desperate struggle, commencing in the centre of the road and terminating in the ditch, were noticeable. There were indications that after the deed the body was pitched into the ditch. It was ascertained that the woman's name was Mary Ann Bromarch. An inquest was opened on her body, and a man named Briggs was apprehended at six o'clock in the evening by two railway porters at Great Wagston, who, seeing him loitering about, recognized him from a description which had been sent over of the man last seen with the woman. When they had told him what he was wanted for, Briggs replied, "You have got the right man."

A STRANGE DREAM.

(From the Hartford Times.)

The tragic death of Mrs. Rolland, at Niagara Falls, a few days ago—an occurrence which happened when that lady reached down, at the edge of one of the islands called the Three Sisters, to dip up a cup of water from the rapids and fell in and was carried over the cataract—was all seen in a dream, even to minute particulars, two nights before the accident happened, by a person in this city, a stranger to the unfortunate lady.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

George Eliot's last work has anything but a taking title, yet the book finds so much favor that two editions of the American reprint were soon exhausted. The title is, "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such." It is not considered by any means equal to "Adam Bede" or "Daniel Deronda." Family bereavement may in some measure have prevented Mrs. Lewis accomplishing all she desired in her latest novel. She recently lost her husband.

One of the best stories that have appeared of late is "Flitters, Fatters and the Counsellor," written anonymously by a lady. It is the story of three Irish waifs, the scene being laid in Dublin. The story is admirably told.

The famous Dr. Dollinger has an article on "The British Empire in India" in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. But the most remarkable paper of the issue is from Karl Blind on "Conspiracies in Russia." Karl enters largely into the subject of past conspiracies in Russia, and quotes these lines, said to have been written by Lord Beaconsfield when he was plain Benjamin Disraeli:

"Blessed be the hand that dares to wield
The regicidal steel that shall redeem
A nation's suffering with a tyrant's blood."

Karl forgets to say whether the language was Mr. Disraeli's own, or that he put it into the mouth of some one else. There seems to be a determination to place Lord Beaconsfield in anything but a favorable light before the British public.

The great Northwest, which for so long a time was held beneath the thraldom of a baneful influence, but now happily is free from the monopolist's sway, has of late years found many writers to describe its natural features and capabilities of production; but another has come forth, and with the title of "The Great Fur Land," Mr. H. M. Robinson enters upon the task of saying whatever is to be said of what he erroneously terms "The Hudson's Bay Territory." The Company in parting with the territory reserved certain tracts of country, but not enough to give scope to such a title to a work as "The Great Fur Land of the Hudson's Bay Country." The book is said to be carefully written, and is profusely illustrated. With a correct title we have no doubt the work would take well, as there is still a craving desire to hear everything about the Northwest.

"Markof," a Russian story, is the latest addition to the productions of Madame Greville, whose works have created such an interest. The style of "Henry Greville's" writing is taking, and it will continue to have large numbers of readers.

Dr. Arnold, headmaster of Rugby School, was a strict disciplinarian. He was always a favorite in spite of his harshness. Though of a forgiving nature a lie was invariably punished by immediate expulsion from the school.

It may not be generally known that "The Octoroon," a well known play by Dion Boucicault, was a failure at first. He rendered it acceptable by altering it so as to exclude the scene of a girl taking poison from her lover.

A discussion has arisen between M. Renan and M. Mezieres concerning the personal appearance of St. Paul. Renan describes him as a bald man of short statute, aquiline nose, meeting eyebrows, pale face, small head, piercing eyes, thick beard, prominent shoulders and bow-legs. He says he finds authority for this description in the "Acts of Thekla" and the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus.

Robert Buchanan, himself no indifferent versifier, seems to hold but a poor opinion of Sydney Dobell, the latest of our English poets. Like Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell's style has been dubbed spasmodic, but we fail to see that it should be considered such. Dobell has written some of the best poetry of the present day, and he may be justly regarded as the leading poet, not even excepting Tennyson, who has seen his best days.

It is not a little singular that the glorification of the American character should have been the task of an Englishman. Mr. Henry James, jr., who became disgusted with his native country and sought refuge in the United States, took to writing and has certainly proved himself an able fictionist in fact Mr. James stands at the head of American novelists, and confines himself strictly to American subjects. The best of his books is "The American," in which he contrasts the American with the European character, greatly to the advance of the former. Mr. James holds to the opinion that the American is decidedly in advance of the European in all respects, and he has deemed it his mission to show this by his published works, such as the one mentioned, "The Europeans," the "International Episode," and "Daisy Miller."

A poetic tale, written by Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, when he was scarcely out of his teens, and bearing the title of "The Lover's Tale," has just been published. When we say it was written in his early years, we mean three parts of it were, the fourth having followed long after, and which is given in his published works under the title of "The Golden Supper." The three preceding parts were printed for private circulation, and now the tale appears complete. To show how Tennyson wrote before he was twenty, take this charming extract:

Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love tale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion. Ye cannot shape
Fancy so fair as is this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years,
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease;
What marvel my Camilla told me all?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath,
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow-banked brooks
Are fashioned by the channel which they keep)
Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the color of her words.

A "History of the English People," by John Richard Green, M. A., is exciting attention. The work has reached the third volume, which is by far the most interesting, as it deals with the most important events in the natural life of the old land. It brings down the history from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the reign of Charles II., a period of eighty years. In that time Puritanism flourished and Cromwell was in his hey-day. It was then that England struggled under the baneful influence of despotic rule and subsided into a Commonwealth, which, too, had its fall, and with that consummation came the restoration, ending happily in the dawn of that era which made England what she is. Mr. Green's work is comprehensive and able; moreover it is honest in its expressions and leaves no doubt as to the true character of the work he has in hand. The volume closes with the dark period which witnessed the worst corruption that ever prevailed in England, when Essex killed himself in the Tower, and Russell and Sydney were led to the scaffold because of the opinions they held in behalf of liberty.

MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.

(From the New York Sun.)

The Rev. C. S. Coit, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church, on Belleville avenue, Newark, recently performed a very novel marriage ceremony in the main Newark office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Miss Margaret Wright of Albany, N. Y., who was on a visit to friends in Newark, requested him to marry her by telegraph to a gentleman in San Francisco. He told Miss Wright that such a marriage would not be legal. She then said that she was engaged to Dr. F. M. Shaw of Los Angeles, who had promised to come East for her. He had written, however, that owing to a rush of business he could not journey East at the time agreed upon. He urged her to join him in San Francisco, where they would be married. She replied that she wanted more than a mere promise to marry before she would take such a long journey. Dr. Shaw then proposed that they should be married by telegraph, with witnesses at the San Francisco and Newark offices, and she accepted the proposal.

The Rev. Mr. Coit, after much urging, consented to perform an informal marriage ceremony with the understanding that Miss Wright and Dr. Shaw should be married afterward by a clergyman in California.

At 9 o'clock one evening the operator in the Western Office at Market and Broad streets, Newark, was surprised by the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Coit and a fashionable party of ladies and gentlemen in the office. Miss Wright, who has dark chestnut hair, brown eyes, and an olive complexion, wore a dark silk dress, with white bonnet and lilies of the valley. She carried in her right hand a small bouquet of white flowers. She blushed a deep crimson and laughed nervously when the Rev. Mr. Coit said to the operator that she wished to be married by telegraph. By request of the Rev. Mr. Coit, the operator telegraphed to Dr. Shaw, who was waiting with his friends in the San Francisco office, the question:

"Are you ready?"

In a few minutes the answer was flashed back: "Yes, and have been for an hour."

The Rev. Mr. Coit then read the question, which the operator sent to Dr. Shaw: "Do you take Margaret Wright for your lawful wife, and promise to be faithful to her until separated by death?"

There was considerable delay at the San Francisco office, and while waiting for an answer the bride chatted pleasantly with her friends, one of whom said: "Wouldnt it be a joke, Maggie, if the Doctor said no?" The bride joined in the laughter that followed. Meantime Dr. Shaw telegraphed, "I do, and pledge her my love and protection." He also sent on the name of a friend, a Mr. Shere as his witness in San Francisco. Mr. Gibson of Newark was the witness for Miss Wright. A few days after the ceremony was performed the bride started for California to join her husband. She is 27 years old, intelligent and accomplished.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Rev. Mr. Grant has resigned his posision as pastor of the Baptist church at Durham.

A large area of land in Manitoba is to be surveyed and made ready for settlement next season.

The *Gazette* estimates by the vote at the late election that there are 36,000 residents in Muskoka and Parry Sound.

Mr. J. B. Osborne, Beamsville, writes:—"An open question among fruit growers is, 'What sort of an apple keeps longest?' The accompanying samples of Winter Pippin and Northern Spy furnish proof positive that these sorts can be kept in good condition till Dominion Day.'" The samples sent were in excellent condition, especially the Winter Pippin. This variety deserves to be better known than it is. One of the best authorities on apple nomenclature we have in the Province could not name it.

At a meeting of delegates from all the temperance organizations in Waterloo county, held in Galt last week, it was finally decided to submit the Scott Act to the electors.

Ballot box stuffing appears to have been a prominent feature of the Manitoulin election. At McDonald's Mills there are not over thirty-five legal votes, according to the Collingwood *Enterprise*, and yet there was rolled up a majority for Lyon of seventy-nine, or forty-two bad votes polled in order to elect the Grit candidate.

Mr. George Landreth, after a two years' residence in Australia, has returned to Galt.

A Winnipeg correspondent states that several Ontario farmers have recently been swindled by Manitoba land sharks, who pretended to hold lands on which they had no claim. All settlers in the Northwest should be careful only to deal with the proper officers in purchasing new lands.

Mrs. Duke, matron of the Orillia Idiot Asylum since its opening in 1876, has resigned the position and gone to reside in Windsor.

Mr. Molcolm Thompson has sold his farm of one hundred acres, good orchard and out buildings, for $4,390, being lot 20, 11th con., Bosanquet.

Guelph policemen have determined to arrest all tramps on sight.

Large piles of button wood have heen sawed this spring at Cottam, Essex county, for shipment to Virginia, there to be made into tobacco cases. The cheese factory at the same village began making cheese last week.

From Welland we learn that there have been no attachments issued for assignments made in the county since April.

Rev. Wm. McDonagh of Paris, left on Saturday for Kincardine, where he will be stationed for the next three years. Previous to leaving Paris, the ladies of the church entertained him at a farewell social, at which he was highly complimented. He was also made the recipient of a purse of money from a number of friends.

On Tuesday last as Mr. John Barry, a young man about 25 years of age, living on the 12th con. of Stephen, was drawing gravel to Hall's Corners, he was affected with sunstroke, and before assistance arrived he died from the effects.

THE ROYAL MURDERER.

King Thee Ban's Little Joke—The fun of the Burmese Water Festival—Sousing the Imprisoned Princess—a Monster.

[Mandalay correspondence of the Daily News.]

Instead of getting crowded in the beginning of the Burmese year, as had been expected, Thee Ban, being primed for something, resolved to have some fun out of the Burmese Water Festival. It is customary at this feast for young men and maidens to douse one another with water, a performance accomplished with much good humor and laughter and not a little immorality. Thee Ban dressed up his Let-thou-dan, his pages of honor in fancy costumes as lions and tigers and *bellows*, or monsters of all sorts, and, having furnished them with plentiful chatties of water, sent them off to souse the princesses in the palace prison. What might have been a joke, had the ladies been free, proved a most dismal business. At first they thought the end had come, but when it was discovered to be only a piece of coarse pleasantry there was a scene. Half of the younger women fainted away, and cowered shrieking in the corner, while the elder ones stormed and scolded as only Burmese women can scold. The King's little pastime, therefore, proved a failure, and he was thrown in a corresponding bad temper. The murder of a few children since then is said to be the result. Certain it is that two innocents not more than ten years old have been done to death, and possibly more may have shared their fate. Thee Ban has obliterated the one sign of human feeling he displayed in the February butchery. A little fellow, the son of the Tsabin Prince—the mad prince, as he was called—was brought before the King to shakho to him before being handed over to the executioners. The poor boy was half dead with fear, but when he raised his eyes to the throne and saw who was there, he clapped his hands with delight and cried, "Oh, that's Thee Ban; Thee Ban won't let them do me any harm." A murmur of pity went round the ring of courtiers, and Thee Ban said, after a little pause, "What has become of the pony I gave you once?" "Oh!" said the child sadly enough, "we are very poor now—we had to sell that." So the King motioned with his hand, and the boy was taken back to jail. Ten days ago, by order of Thee Ban, a blow from a club on the throat ended the poor thing's misery.

"EX-MONK" WIDDOWS.

A New Phase in the Agitator's Life.

Francis George Widdows, whose movements in Dundee Scotland, have been noticed in these columns from time to time of late, has, strange to say, become very popular with certain of the citizens of that town. The latest thing his admirers did for him was to present him with an address and two purses of sovereigns. The presentation took place in Kinnaird Hall, in presence of, it is said, about 1,800 persons. The following extract, taken from the address, shows the object of the presentation:—"It would be out of the scope of this address to enlarge on the circumstances which have led to this presentation, as I believe it would be displeasing to you to refer in particular terms to yourself. Suffice it to say that when the rights of public meeting and freedom of speech were imperilled in this town you readily placed yourself at the disposal of the community to preserve and maintain for us these invaluable privileges." The address was signed on behalf of the citizens' meeting by William McLeod Thorburn. The Chairman of the evening was Councillor Cowan, and among those on the platform were Rev. Messrs. Neil Taylor and Thomas Hill. In the report of the proceedings it was stated that the money presented to Widdows was collected "by the ladies."

HOW THE LADIES DRESSED AT ASCOT.

(From the London Truth.)

On Tuesday the Princess of Wales wore a black and white striped dress, the Duchess of Connaught was in pearl gray, the beautiful Countess Tarolyi wore a charming dress of delicate mauve color, and the youthful Lady Carrington introduced us to a simple but pretty half-mourning costume, with a hat of novel but picturesque shape. So much for the gods, or rather goddesses.

In the enclosure below the crowd was so great that it was difficult to move about, and impossible to see the racing. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Langtry were there, both looking charming. Mrs. Langtry's costume was in Oriental style—white and black, with gold embroidery. Both dresses were quiet in tone and harmony of color. I wish I could say the same of another lady, who was very conspicuous by the brilliant coloring of her dress. Spinach and eggs are of a quiet color in comparison.

—A Chicago man sends out circulars offering to sell fine white shirts for thirty cents each. We have always had faith that the day would come when even a poor man could afford to wear four shirts at once.

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—In 1749 Virginia preachers drew their salaries in tobacco.

—Sailors are never averse to getting married. It is always the maritime with them.

—Some philosopher says that nothing is impossible. This is untrue. It is impossible to sell a night editor a ticket for a moonlight excursion.

—An exchange says that allanthus blossoms cause catarrh and asthma, so persons who value their lives should diet on something else.

—Lord Beaconsfied is said to have taken a house at Clapham, a London suburb hitherto guileless of cornets and given up to evangelicalism and banking.

—Scientists say that the house-fly has 4,000 eyes. With so much eyesight to take care of, and some of it poor, it is no wonder the he occasionally leaves his specs round.

—Dr. Spencer, a dentist at Platte City, Mo., was shot and killed by a man whose wife he had kissed while she was in his operating chair, partly under the influence of chloroform.

—Mount Hood, Oregon, has lately been giving out volumes of smoke from a long extinct crater, where ordinarily a smell of sulphur and a slight warmth only indicate inward fire.

—"If you want tew get at the circumference of a man," says Josh Billings, "examine him amoung men; but if you want tew get at hiz aktual diameter, meazure him at his fireside."

—Mrs. Partington has been reading the health office's weekly report, and thinks "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

—Benevolent old gentleman:—For my part I am not against the use of stimulants in moderation but why get drunk? Sad Case: Why ge' drunk? Whasher good drinkin', not ge' drunk?—Judy.

—A curious order has recently been issued by the Governor-General of St. Petersburg. It requires every man, before entering the army, to procure a police certificate of good conduct.

—Norristown *Herald*:—"Dutch girls make the best wives. King William has been married fifty years and he is not as bald-headed as some Americans who have been wedded only that many months."

—English, French and Dutch Guiana unitedly opened a Universal Exposition on May 14, at Georgetown, English Guiana. The opening speeches were all in English excepting that of the French Consul. English Guiana has a population of 245,000, Dutch Guiana 70,000, and French Guiana 30,000.

—Act one, he meets her at the croquet ground;
Act two, to see her at the house he calls;
Act three, most regularly he comes around;
Act four, head over ears in love he falls;
Act five, his manly passion he declares,
And for an after piece, pa kicks him down the stairs.

—Worthy Magistrate: "What! a man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even hurl a plate at her head?" Prisoner: "But, your honor, do you know my wife?" Worthy Magistrate: "I have not that honor." Prisoner: "Then, just go slow."

—He looked into her beaming eyes as she stood in the pale moonlight, and as he gently squeezed her jeweled fingers he murmured from the secret chamber of his soul: "Ah! that fate, ducky dear, might make me your father's coachman."

—The vacation season for church fairs has begun. The rubicund strawberry has begun to belong to the pallid past, and the deacons at the seaside are looking down into the blue depths to catch an inquisitive sight of the little lone oyster who is to make a sensation in next winter's stew.

—Sashes are again coming into favor. They are worn in a variety of ways—draped loosely about the hips or tied closely about he waist, and are of all widths and lengths, the preference being for very wide ribbons, the present desire being to shorten the waist as much as possible.

—As July warmly cometh
The temperance men debate,
Doth the cooling, sparkling lager
Ever intoxicate?
Then as the sun grows hotter,
They do not stop to think
But slip behind the green baize door—
And slyly take a drink—
Provided somebody asks them!

—Dr. George M. Beard says some very plain words about "The Delusions of Clairvoyance." No member of the human race, man or woman, child or adult, in trance or out of trance, or in any phase of health or disease, ever possessed, even for one moment, the feeblest degree of clairvoyance or second-sight power.

—Victor Hugo asserts that the destiny of man is in the south, and that, therefore, France in company with Greece, Spain, Italy and England should go to Africa. "Take Africa?" he exclaims; "take it! From whom? From nobody! Take that land from God. God made earth for man. God offers Africa to Europe. Take it!"

—The French navy has adopted an apparatus for distilling salt water at sea. The steam passes two cones, where it is aerated by being condensed in an air current. It is then purified by circulation through animal charcoal, and pure water is the result. The French Academy of science awarded a prize of $6,000 to the inventor.

—Wholesale matrimony.—A Kentucky gentleman and his two sons married a widow and her two daughters. After a while the old man ran away with a daughter-in-law and one of the sons ran away with his mother-in-law. The remaining son then packed up and ran away with the remaining sister-in-law. They all ran away to avoid being in law.

—Marvin Banning, before dying at Hadlyme, Conn., told where $3,000 could be found hidden in a bag of butternuts, and that bonds to an equal amount were buried in a cellar. He was 74, and for many years had deprived himself of sufficient food and fire. His sole diet was raw salt pork and coarse bread, and he lived by himself. His property goes to a needy sister.

—Thos. Vaughn, of Middlesborough, England, ran through $2,500,000 in eight years, and all his effects were recently sold. The furnishing of the billiard room alone cost between $150,000 and $200,000; in the smoking room the spittoons cost $100 each; in some of the rooms the leather covers of the seats cost $90 a yard; a fireplace cost $10,000, and the owner's bedstead $7,500.

—The Dunkard Church forbids a man to marry a divorced woman. George Hoover, of Hagerstown, Ind., was a Dunkard, yet he married a woman who had been divorced. The church warned him beforehand, and expelled him afterward. The expulsion grieved him so much that he refused to eat, and starved himself to death, in spite of his wife's entreaties.

—A deputation of Common Councillors lately waited on the father of penny postage, Sir Rowland Hill, at Hampstead, four miles from London, to present him with the freedom of the city of London, Sir Rowland said that a letter was now carried at a lower rate from Egypt to San Francisco than in 1830 was charged for carrying it from London to Hampstead.

—A strange occurrence is reported from Wetzikon, Canton Zurich, in Switzerland. On June 7th, the Commune was invaded by an immense swarm of butterflies, two thirds of a mile wide, and so long that the procession took two hours to pass. They were principally of the kind known in Switzerland as *Distelfalter*, which feed on nettles and thistles. They flew from ten to thirty feet above the ground, and went off in a northwesterly direction.

—A clergyman, talking to some youngsters on the coming vacation and diverging into the necessity of kindness to animals, incidentally remarked: "Boys are often cruel to frogs and toads. I remember when a boy of wickedly filling up a toad with fire-crackers and then lighting the slow-match." He was horrified to see his remark received with the liveliest emotions of interest and delight, and utterly prostrated as he heard one urchin say to another: "By jingo, that's a new note. Won't we have fun blowing up the bull paddies down in the medder!"

—Last years conscripts of the German army, taken from all ranks and classes of the community, furnish interesting evidence of the spread of education in the German empire. The conscripts numbered 140,197, and it was found that of this whole body 130,930 had received elementary education, and that 6,288 had gone beyond the elementary stage into the higher branches. No country in the world but Germany, and no state of the American Union could made such a showing in the educational line.

—The official report on the sanitary condition of the Russian army of the Caucasus for 1878 shows that there were about 200,000 men in that army, and that there were altogether 350,000 cases of illness reported in military and private hospitals. This shows that each soldier of the army of the Caucasus was on the sick list about three times during the year. There were about 20,000 deaths, or 100 deaths to each 1,000 men. The principal disease was typhoid fever, which caused over 50,000 cases of prostration, and nearly 12,000 deaths.

—Mr. Gladstone still pursues theology. At the present moment he is writing an article for the Dissenters' organ, the *British Quarterly*, on the "Decay of Evangelicalism in the Church of England." It is said that it will be a kind of continuation of some articles he wrote about two years ago on the current of religious thought. It will be curious to see what relation Mr. Gladstone—ecclesiastically and theologically a son of the Oxford movement—will adopt toward the Low Churchism with which, during a great part of his life, he was out out sympathy.

—Mr. Tom. Taylor, editor of the London *Punch* and dramatist, has a house which is simply stuffed with pictures. There is hardly a square inch of wall uncovered. In one apartment, used as a summer-room for reading, working or painting, the walls are covered entirely with prints of Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings; and opening from this is a chamber dedicated to sculpture, where an owl perches familiarly on a bust of Minerva. Chivy, as this bird is called, is a great favorite in the family, and very friendly with his master, though shy with strangers.

—An English physician relates that on the 11th of February his wife, after mixing some corn meal for feeding the fowls, missed her wedding ring from her finger, and after a fruitless search gave it up for lost. On the 8th of April, while engaged eating an egg at breakfast she felt the eggspoon grate against something hard at the bottom of the egg below the yolk, and further investigation found the lost ring firmly fixed by membraneous adhesions to the bottom of the egg. The egg was of extra large size, and was laid the day before.

—A gentleman, wishing to obtain board for his wife and family in the country was directed to a neat looking farm house kept by an old farmer and his wife. A brief inspection satisfied him that the place would suit him. "But now as to the terms," he said. "Waal," drawled the farmer, "you have six children, you say?" "Yes, sir." The old man reflected for a few minutes, and then resumed: "Last year I took children at half price. Do you see them p'ar trees and berry bushes? Waal, this year I will charge full price for the young 'uns, and throw in yourself and your wife for nothin'."

—A correspondent, an analytical chemist, draws attention to an exceedingly dangerous use of arsenic. In a box of Kindergarten toys were some cardboard slips for making letters. One side of these slips was covered with bright green paper, which he analysed, and found that the green pigment consists of emerald or Scheele's green, which is well known to be a compound of arsenic and copper. The color is, moreover, readily removed by moistening with saliva, which is of the more importance as young children are in the habit of putting such things in their mouths.

—The first kindergarten in St. Louis was established in 1873. Now there are in the city over fifty public kindergartens, in which between four and five thousand children are to be found. The kindergarten is compulsory (and no charge for school material enforced) in so far that children under seven and a-half, if sent to a primary school, must spend half the school day in a kindergarten, unless they have previously been in one for two years. Already the kindergarten songs have, to a large extent, replaced the silly rigmaroles that the children used to sing when together. There are men who claim that the kindergarten will make a model city of St. Louis in the next generation.

—A Sunday-school teacher in this city has a boy in her class who has not failed in his penny contributions for more than a year, and when he was found empty-handed last Sabbath the teacher observed: "Why, Johnny, did you forget your penny to-day?" "No, ma'am," he humbly replied, "but father says the Wabash road will do this town more good than any fourteen Sunday-schools, and I'm going to chuck my coppers into that enterprise for the next few weeks." "Won't the heathen miss your pennies?" she queried. "I 'spose they will, but we're all got to come right down or this town is busted."—*Detroit Free Press*.

—One of the reducing expenses.—"I say, George; what makes you look so cheerful?" said one friend to another recently. "Why, didn't you hear, Bob, I'm going to be married next Wednesday?" "Well, I must confess, I see nothing in that to make you cheerful; I should think it would make you feel sad." Why, no, my dear fellow, it will be the happiest day of my life. You see, Matilda is a very expensive luxury. She wants to go to the opera every night, it's cream on the way, a pound of candy while there, and soda water on the way home—and I tell you it's a terrible drain on a fellow's pocket, so I'm going to put a stop to it. Come in and have a cigar."

—The queer and sensational preachers are not all on this side of the Atlantic, but even staid old Scotland has her share. Dr. Macrae, recently under trial for heresy, has his little oddities in this respect. He preached to a society of young men in Glasgow, taking for his text the exhortation of the Apostle Paul, "Quit you like men." He thus alternately divided his subject:—1. Quit you like men, and not like monkeys. 2. Quit you like men, and not like maniacs. 3. Quit you like men, and not like monsters. 4. Quit you like men, and not like muffs. Notwithstanding this odd arrangement, the sermon, which was a spirited one, gave great satisfaction.

—"I am opposed to coffee parlors," says Mr. Gladstone, "as I believe they are more deteriorating than beer shops. The stimulating properties of tea and coffee are greater and more injurious than those of malt liquors." The Buffalo *Express* anticipates the great question of the debating societies and the courts, "Do coffee and tea intoxicate?" They are certainly used to excess in a great many instances, as are the purely temperance drinks—if there are any. "I see 'em swelling wisibly afore my wery eyes," said Tony Weller of the tea-drinkers he looked upon one evening; and the words might be applied to a great many reformers whose excesses are on what is called the temperance side.

In a London paper we read: "Was ever such a reason of impecuniosity known? People of the highest rank are already flocking away from London to economize. Country house visiting is likely to be curtailed, while it is notorious that in more than one house remarkable for its hospitality, there has this year been none. Trade with the old-established firms is at a standstill. I went yesterday into a shop in the Strand paying $3,500 a year. The proprietor held out most dismal prospects, and said he had seen nothing like it for years. Moving on to Cornhill I entered another firm of forty years' standing. They told me a fact unparalleled in their experience. Not a single customer had entered their doors during the day, and these two houses were in the busiest thoroughfare in London."

—The death is announced of Major-Gen. the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Larcom, Bart., who formerly held the post of Under-Secretary for Ireland. So important is the post that Sir Robert Peel once declared in the House of Commons that Ireland was governed by "Larcom and the police." The Under-Secretary is a permanent officer, who always resides in the pleasant official residence in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, where also the Viceroy and the Chief Secretary have their abodes. He has a great voice in the Executive, being always on the spot and thoroughly posted. His emoluments are worth, altogether, some $15,000 a year, and he has a handsome pension, but the position is onerous and responsible.

—How shall society protect itself against the effusive woman with the pet reptile for a companion. The tame squirrel is harmless and perhaps picturesque, and the frizzled lapdog is an innocent whim, but what shall be done with the San Francisco lady who carries a collection of spiders about with her and pretends that they know and love her? With the Syracuse woman who is accompanied everywhere by a pet rat? With the Chicago spinster of blighted affections who wears a live milk snake as a bracelet, and permits the sweet thing to writhe off her arm when she is making calls? Or with the other lady, whom the papers mention, who "puts a gold harness on a Brazilian beetle and lets it crawl over her beautiful shoulders?" It seems as if a line ought to be drawn through the animal kingdom somewhere.

—London *Vanity Fair* is "quite tired of hearing that stale old French doctrine that all English women have large feet. It has been repeated until it has become as much an article of belief on the Continent as that all Englishmen are tall and thin and have red hair and teeth outside their mouths. But the truth is that it is not English women but Frenchwomen who have bad feet. They never walk, and they imprison themselves in the tighest and smallest chaussure human nature can bear. The Spaniards, who have the finest feet in Europe, laugh at and despise the French boot as a foolish barbarity, and point at their own type of chaussure, which is broad over the toes. And yet our elegantees sometimes make a point of getting their boots from Paris, when, if they knew, they would send for them to Madrid—or Montreal.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*:—"Russian mammas are on the lookout, and know how to discern a 'detrimental' from a Muscovite whose matrimonial intentions are sincere. A great many marriages seem to be made on the spur of the moment; for a Russian who thinks that the time has come for him to take a wife will put a torquise ring into his pocket on Whitsun Day and go into the Summer Park determined to bestow this trinket upon somebody before the day is over, but having no idea when he sets out as to who the fortunate recipient shall be. In Russia Easter engagements are said to bring money; those at Ascension health; those at Trinity a numerous progeny, and those at Whitsuntide peace in the domestic circle; wherefore cautious folks who hold by superstitions have an inclination for these last."

—Leprosy has made its appearance in several parts of the Spanish province of Alicante, and the authorities, alarmed by the number of cases and the mortality, have taken steps to establish a special hospital for lepers. In the province of Valencia 116 cases were reported last year, of which 71 proved fatal; and in this province there has existed for a long time a leper's hospital. Leprosy is known there under two names, the malady of Maures and the malady of St. Lazarus; and it manifests itself under two forms, the tubercular, or leprosy of the Greeks, and the vulgar, or the leprosy of the Jews. Cases of recovery are extremely rare. Full statistics respecting it are not to be procured, as its victims always resort to concealment. The notion that leprosy is to be found now only in Asia and Africa is erroneous; it is met with in various countries of Continental Europe.

—The case of a girl lying in a trance at the London Hospital is exciting the greatest sensation among medical men. Every medical authority in England has been called in to decide upon the cause of the strange phenomenon. The patient lies still and motionless upon the bed. Her eyes are closed, but when the lids are raised beneath the doctor's fingers the gaze is bright and intelligent, as though the mind were perfectly conscious of all that is passing around her, while the pulse beats strong and regular as a person in full health. The girl has been lying in this state for more than three weeks without food. The account of her seizure is singular enough. She had already been a patient for a few days at the hospital when the nurse was called in the middle of the night to her bedside by the most terrible shrieks and moanings. The girl was found writhing in agony, exclaiming that death was coming on and that she had but a few moments to live. Before the nurse could summon the doctor the patient had stretched herself stiff and senseless and had never recovered motion or consciousness since that moment.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

—Mr. Moody does not accept urgent invitations to return to New York, but will begin work at Cleveland in October.

—Waite, the converted circus clown, has raised in Portsmouth, N. H., a gospel tent capable of seating 2,000 people.

—Irish Presbyterians in General Assembly, by vote of 313 to 278, have refused to sanction the use of instrumental music in their churches.

—A Baptist newspaper printed in the German language has been started in Hamburg, and in less than three months it secured 4,000 subscribers.

—Lutherans of Central Illinois, in Synod assembled, have just told their ministers not to baptize a candidate under any circumstances by immersion.

—The success of the assembly in the Yosemite Valley has exceeded expectations. Ten denominations were represented and over twenty States and Territories.

—Dr. Newman spoke, in a recent sermon, of "the sad funeral procession" which followed Abel to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companion and whispered: "Not such a large procession, but very select. None but the first families."

—Stephen Greenlief, of Norway, Me., since 1866 has read the Bible through thirty-nine times. He read it through once in eighteen days, and says that each time it becomes more interesting to him. Mr. Greenlief used to be an infidel, but is now a Methodist.

—Wesleyan Methodists in England expect the coming annual returns will indicate a loss of 3,000 members. The Primitive Methodists also look for a loss, while that branch of the church known as the Methodist New Connectionists look for an excess over last year's strength.

—The Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) denies that the Church is getting Liberal. She has not changed or relaxed, he asserts, one iota of what her "Confession" says about the Scripture as the word of God. "Deuteronomy, so far as she is concerned, is safe."

—Pere Hyacinthe's church now has 600 subscribing adherents, which surpasses his early expectations, and among them is the Abbe Carrier, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and formerly almoner at Aix, who renounced his appointment to join Pere Hyacinthe in his work.

—Mr. Spurgeon's voice is distinctly heard on the outer limits of a crowd of 10,000 persons in the open air, and it is said of him by *The Daily News* of London, that he has the "indefinable power of saying what he wishes to say so as to make it both immediately intelligible and permanently impressive to all who hear him."

—A French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which were notes denouncing Protestants and declaring that slavery is not contrary to natural order, and that some laborers would be happier were they slaves instead of freedmen, has been expunged by the Municipality of Paris from the prize catalogue of the schools.

—In five years the Established Church of Scotland has gained 56,000 communicants in a population of 3,360,000. This increase of communicants is 12 per cent. against an increase in population of only 4 per cent. It is further said that some of the Edinburgh churches have more communicants than they have seats to offer them.

—The Rev. Wm. Leeke, who was buried recently in Derbyshire, England, was a soldier at Waterloo and carried the colors of his regiment, the 52nd Light Infantry, which has a place in history as the regiment that led the gallant charge on the Imperial Guard of France, which finally decided the fortunes of the day. He remained with his regiment in the Army of Occupation in Paris, followed it into the north of France, and was with it in New Brunswick. When thirty-one years of age he left it and was graduated at Cambridge. He then took holy orders; remained a curate about ten years and was appointed to a living, which he held until two years ago, when, owing to the infirmities of age, he resigned it. He was eighty-two years old when he died.

—The story is told of Leo III that one morning when Commander Sterbini was about to serve him with some salt, the cellar slipped from the tray and fell to the table. The Pope rose from his seat, looked at the ground to see if any salt had fallen there, and then said: "Only see, the salt is upset and had it fallen on the ground I believe I should not have gotten over to-day." Taking out a note-book he wrote in it a moment and then observed: "We shall see whether we do not have the loss of some beloved Cardinal to deplore before long." Nine days later Cardinal Asquini died, and the Pope called on Sterbini to read aloud the note he had made in the book, and then said to those around him: "Had the salt been scattered on the floor instead of upon the table, verily I believe I should be standing now before the judgment seat."

BEATING THE DEVIL ABOUT THE BUSH.

(St. Catharines Journal.)

The Hamilton *Times* in discussing the McMahon case attempts to beat the devil about the bush by claiming that McMahon, in 1877, when electioneering for Capt. Norris, was not in the employ of the Government, but was in the "office of Mr. Bodwell as a private clerk, and was paid by him for his services." This is about the most audacious statement yet made in McMahon's behalf. Mr. Bodwell did not pay McMahon's salary; it was paid by the Government. In every sense of the word McMahon was a Government employee prior to May, 1878. To admit that a "temporary employee" may be guilty of acts not permissible in a regularly appointed civil servant is to open the door to a new kind of Government bulldozing. A horde of "temporary employees" could be put on the public works and elsewhere, to terrorize and influence the men prior to an election. The people of Canada are not prepared to swallow any such pernicious doctrine, subversive as it is of every principle of honesty. Just fancy, McMahon, as a temporary employee, coercing, bulldozing and cajoling men on the Welland canal, and Bodwell, as the nominal superintendent, standing aloof! Yet that is the condition of things which would be perpetuated if the claims of our Hamilton confrere be admitted.

—A word to the wise is sufficient. A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mamma?"

A MODEST POET.

And the Young Editor Who Had His Little Joke.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at a sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out in a terrible chorus, "Come in!" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed to the youngest and newest man in the office and yelled, "That's him!" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript he knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed round the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir," said the poet; "a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend male or female, young man?" asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir," said the young man.

He said "sir" every time, and every time he said it all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who personated the governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the infant Tennyson; "a kind of idyl and ode, inscribed 'To My Lost Love.'"

"Love been lost very long, young man?" asked the journalist, very critically.

"Well, it's immaterial, that is," stammered the young man, "it's indefinite—it's ——"

"Ever advertized for it?" asked the reporter, who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more?" asked the principal interlocutor; "anything more, young man?"

"Yes, sir," was the hopeful response, "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagetown?"

"Dead, sir."

"Your own brother?"

"No, sir. I never had a real brother; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the *Hawkeye*, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for these others?" And he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn,t know. He had never published before; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them, he was sure—

"Oh, no," the editor broke in, "oh, no; no, sir; can't do that; we don't do business that way; if a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the Court House," he said, "and the Auditor's clerk will give you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple-minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper $18 for subscription and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man and the maddest man in America are living at Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, know-the-world, get-up-and-dust young journalist, who is already a rival of Horace Greeley in some of the verbal departments of journalism.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

CANADIAN BUSINESS EMBARRASSMENTS.

A significant fact in connection with the recent failures throughout the Dominion is that they are due in a large part to old debts. "Few of those who have of late been compelled to acknowledge insolvency," says the Montreal *Journal of Commerce*, "assign new losses as the cause. Many, on the contrary, admit that, while business has been dull, it has not been so bad as at some periods in time past, and, without the burden of old debts, would have proved measurably satisfactory. When general business was at its worst, if that point be assumed to have been reached prior to the present season, many houses escaped open failure by securing extensions, and many that were compelled to suspend were able to effect time settlements and resume. The obligations then contracted and the paper given are now from time to time maturing. Of this character are the old debts to which we refer."

STRANGE FISH IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The Ogdensburg *Journal* says: The Cygnet reports Chippewa Bay, at the present time, filled with shoals of strange fish which made their first appearance last year, all along the St. Lawrence river, and which were supposed to be shad. They have increased in size and appear to be coming down from Lake Ontario. They have been noticed at many points since the first of June, extending from the stone dock above Clayton to Brockville. The small steamers passing up and down the river, between this city and the lake, report seeing them in myriads. Seth Green, the great fish culturist, whose attention was called to these fishes last year, thought they were not genuine shad. They are certainly new visitors to the waters of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and are a splendid article of food. Mr. Green last year thought they accompanied the shad from the ocean. They are like the shad of the herring species, and their appearance in such large numbers is a matter of importance.

ENTERPRISE IN ZULULAND.

(Whitehall Review, June 19.)

A story comes to me from the Cape which would be amusing were it not ghastly. An officer who was despatched into the country to buy horses was unhappily drowned on his return whilst attempting to cross a swollen river. The farmers at once tried to find his body, which they succeeded in doing five days afterward. There was no such delay about presenting their "little bill," which amounted to £100, and was made up of some such items as the following:

To looking for body for five days, at £5	[illegible]
To finding the body	[illegible]
To carrying away the body	[illegible]
To watching the body	[illegible]
To drinks supplied to people looking for the body	[illegible]
To burying the body	[illegible]

As another instance of the base ingratitude of the Mother Country, I may add that the bill was not paid.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

The strength of the brigade at present is as follows: 50 fire-engine stations, 109 fire-escape stations, four floating stations, 56 telegraph lines, 104 miles of telegraph lines, three floating steam fire-engines, one iron barge to carry a land steam fire-engine, three large land steam fire-engines, 26 small land steam fire-engines, 12 seven-inch manual fire-engines, 60 six-inch manual fire-engines, 36 under six-inch manual fire-engines, 17 hose carts, 125 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, 420 firemen, including the chief officer, the superintendents and all ranks. The number of firemen employed on the several watches kept up throughout the metropolis is at present 91 by day and 166 by night, making a total of [illegible] in every 24 hours. The remaining men are available for general work at fires.

SPURGEON ON TALMAGE.

(From the London Christian Globe Report.)

Mr. Talmage's discourses lay hold of my inmost soul. The Lord is with this mighty man of valor. So may he ever be till the campaign closes with victory. I am indeed glad of his voice. It cheers me intensely. He loves the Gospel and believes in something, which some preachers hardly do. There are those about who use the old labels, but the articles are not the same. May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by this man. I am astonished when God blesses me, but somehow I should not be much surprised if he blessed this man.

—The Earl of Beaconsfield recently said in the House of Lords:—"I am perfectly free to admit that there is a difference between the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath, and I cannot agree with those who would extend to the observances of the Christian Sunday the rules and regulations of the Jewish Sabbath. If there be any who desire to do it they will utterly fail to accomplish that purpose."

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 121. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely waiting here for you."—*Old Song*

CHAPTER XVIII.

"These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder."
—ROMEO AND JULIET.

"That is the way with you men; you don't understand us—you cannot."
—COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Whether it is because of Marcia's demeanor towards Mr. Buscarlet or the unusual excellence of the weather no one can tell, but tonight Mr. Amherst is in one of his choicest moods.

Each of his remarks outdoes the last in brilliancy of conception, whilst all tend in one direction and show a laudable desire to touch on open wounds. Even the presence of his chosen intimate, the lawyer, who remains to dinner and an uncomfortable evening afterwards, has not power to stop him, though Mr. Buscarlet does all in his knowledge to conciliate him, and fags on wearily through his gossiping conversation with an ardor and such an amount of staying power as raises admiration even in the breast of Marcia.

All in vain. The little black dog has settled down on the old gentleman's shoulders with a vengeance and a determination to see it out with the guests not to be shaken.

Poor Mr. Potts is the victim of the hour. Though why, because he is enraged with Marcia, Mr. Amherst should expend his violence upon the wretched Plantagenet is a matter for speculation. He leaves no stone unturned to bring down condemnation on the head of this poor youth and destroy his peace of mind; but fortunately Plantagenet has learned the happy knack of "ducking" mentally and so letting all hostile missiles fly harmless over his rosy head.

After dinner Mr. Darley good-naturedly suggests a game of bezique with his host, but is snubbed, to the great grief of those assembled in the drawing-room. Thereupon Darley, with an air of relief, takes up a book and retires within himself, leaving Mr. Buscarlet to come once more to the front.

"You have heard, of course, about the Wyburns?" he says, addressing Mr. Amherst. "They are very much cut up about that second boy. He has turned out such a failure! He missed his examination again last week."

"I see no cause for wonder. What does Wyburn expect? At sixty-five he weds a silly chit of nineteen without an earthly idea in her head, and then dreams of giving a genius to the world! When," says Mr. Amherst, turning his gaze freely upon the devoted Potts, "men marry late in life they always beget fools."

"That's me," says Mr. Potts, addressing Molly in an undertone, utterly unabashed. "My father married at sixty and my mother at twenty-five. In me you behold the fatal result."

"Well, well," goes on Mr. Buscarlet, hastily, with a view of checking the storm. "I think in this case it was more idleness than want of brain."

"My dear Buscarlet, did you ever hear of a dunce whose mother did not go about impressing upon people how idle the dear boy was? Idle! Poor! lack of intellect!"

"At all events, the Wyburns are to be pitied. The eldest son's marriage with one so much beneath him was also a sad blow."

"Was it? Others endure like blows and make no complaint. It is quite the common and regular thing for the child you have nurtured to grow up and embitter your life in every possible way by marrying against your wishes or otherwise bringing down disgrace upon your head. I have been specially blessed in my children and grandchildren."

"Just so, no doubt—no doubt," says Mr. Buscarlet, nervously. There is a meaning sneer about the old man's lips.

"Specially blessed," he repeats. "I had reason to be proud of them. Each child as he or she married gave me fresh cause for joy. Marcia's mother was an Italian dancer."

"She was an actress," Marcia interposes, calmly, not a line of displeasure, not the faintest trace of anger, discernible in her pale face. "I do not recollect having ever heard she danced."

"Probably she suppressed that fact. It hardly adds to one's respectability. Philip's father was a spendthrift. His son develops day by day a very dutiful desire to follow in his footsteps."

"Perhaps I might do worse," Shadwell replies, with a little aggravating laugh. "At all events he was beloved."

"So he was—while his money lasted. Eleanor's father——"

With a sudden, irrepressible start, Molly rises to her feet and, with a rather white face, turns to her grandfather.

"I will thank you, grandpapa, to say nothing against my father," she says, in tones so low, yet so full of dignity and indignation, that the old man actually pauses.

"High tragedy," says he, with a sneer. "Why, you are all wrongly assorted. The actress should have been your mother, Eleanor."

Yet it is noticeable that he makes no further attempt to slight the memory of the dead Massereene.

"I shan't be able to stand much more of this," says Mr. Potts, presently, coming behind the lounge on which sit Lady Stafford and Molly. "I shall infallibly blow out at that obnoxious old person, or else do something equally reprehensible."

"He is a perfect bear," says Cecil, angrily.

"He is a wicked old man," says Molly, still trembling with indignation.

"He is a jolly old snook," says Mr. Potts. But as neither of his listeners know what he means, they do not respond.

"Let us do something," says Plantagenet, briskly.

"But what? Will you sing for us, Molly? Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

"It would take a good deal of music to soothe our *bete noir*," says Potts. "Besides—I confess it—music is not what Artemus Ward would call my forte. I don't understand it. I am like the man who said he only knew two tunes in the world, one was God save the Queen, and the other—wasn't. No, let us do something active—something unusual—something wicked."

"If you can suggest anything likely to answer to your description, you will make me your friend for life," says Cecil, with solemnity. "I feel bad."

"Did you ever see a devil?" asks Mr. Potts, in a sepulchral tone.

"A what?" exclaim Cecil and Molly, in a breath.

"A devil," repeats he, unmoved. "I don't mean our own particular old gentleman, who has been behaving so sweetly to-night, but a regular bona fide one."

"Are you a spiritualist?" Cecil asks, with awe.

"Nothing half so paltry. There is no deception about my performance. It is simplicity itself. There is no rapping, but a great deal of powder. Have you never seen one?"

"A devil? Never."

"Should you like to?"

"Shouldn't I?" says Cecil, with enthusiasm.

"Then you shall." Much gratified. "It won't be much, you know, but it has a pretty effect, and anything will be less deadly than sitting here listening to the honeyed speeches of our host. I will go and prepare my work, and call you when it is read."

In twenty minutes he returns and beckons them to come; and, rising, both girls quit the drawing-room.

With much glee Mr. Potts conducts them across the hall into the library, where they find all the chairs and the centre-table pushed into a corner, as though to make room for one soup-plate which occupies the middle of the floor.

On this plate stands a miniature hill, broad at the base and tapering at the summit, composed of blended powder and water, which Mr. Potts has been carefully heating in an oven during his absence until according to his lights it has reached a proper dryness.

"Good gracious! what is it?" asks Molly.

"Powder!" says Potts.

"I hope it won't go off and blow us all to bits," says Cecil, anxiously.

"It will go off, certainly; but it won't do any damage," replies their showman, with confidence; "and really it is very pretty while burning. I used to make 'em by hundreds when I was a boy, and nothing ever happened except once, when I blew the ear off my father's coachman."

This is not reassuring. Molly gets a little closer to Cecil, and Cecil gets a little nearer to Molly. They both sensibly increase the distance between them and the devil.

"Now I am going to put out the lamp," says Plantagenet, suiting the action to the word and suddenly placing them in darkness. "It don't look anything if there is light to overpower its own brilliancy."

Striking a match, he applies it to the little black mountain, and in a second it turns into a burning one. The sparks fly rapidly upwards. It seems to be pouring its fire in little liquid streams all down its sides.

Cecil and Molly are in raptures.

"It is Vesuvius," says the former.

"It is Mount Etna," says the latter, "except much better, because they don't seem to have any volcanoes nowadays. Mr. Potts, you deserve a prize medal for giving us such a treat."

"Plantagenet, my dear, I didn't believe it was in you," says Cecil. "Permit me to compliment you on your unprecedented success."

Presently, however, they slightly alter their sentiments. Every school-boy knows how overpowering is the smell of burnt powder.

"What an intolerable smell!" says Molly, when the little mound is half burned down, putting her dainty handkerchief up to her nose. "Oh! what is it? Gunpowder? Brimstone? Sulphur?"

"And extremely appropriate, too, dear," says Cecil, who has also got her nose buried in her cambric; "entirely carries out the character of the entertainment. You surely didn't expect to be regaled with incense or attar of roses? By the bye, Plantagenet, is there going to be much more of it—the smell, I mean?"

"Not much," replies he. "And, after all, what is it? If you went out shooting every day you wouldn't think nothing of it. For my part I almost like the smell. It is wholesome, and—er—— Oh, by Jove!"

There is a loud report—a crash—two terrified screams—and then utter darkness. The base of the hill, being too dry, has treacherously gone off without warning; hence the explosion.

"You aren't hurt, are you?" asks Mr. Potts, a minute later, in a terrified whisper, being unable to see whether his companions are dead or alive.

"Not much," replies Cecil, in a trembling tone, "but, oh! what has happened? Molly, speak."

"I am quite safe," says Molly, "but horribly frightened. Mr. Potts are you allright?"

"I am." He is ignorant of the fact that one of his cheeks is as black as any nigger's, and that both his hands resemble it. "I really thought it was all up when I heard your scream. It was that wretched powder that got too dry at the end. However, it doesn't matter."

"Have you both your ears, Molly?" asks Cecil, with a laugh; but a sudden commotion in the hall outside, and the rapid advance of footsteps in their direction, check her merriment.

"I hear Mr. Amherst's voice, says Mr. Potts, tragically. "If he finds us here we are ruined."

"Let us get behind the curtains at the other end of the room," whispers Cecil, hurriedly; "they may not find us there—and—throw the plate out of the window."

No sooner said than done; Plantagenet with a quick movement precipitates the soup-plate—or rather what remains of it—into the court-yard beneath, where it falls with a horrible clatter, and hastily follows his two companions into their uncertain hiding-place.

It stands in a remote corner, rather hidden by a bookcase, and consists of a broad wooden pedestal, hung round with curtains, that once supported a choice statue. The statue having been promoted some time since, the three conspirators now take its place, and find themselves completely concealed by its falling draperies.

The recess, having been originally intended for one, can with difficulty conceal two, so I leave it to your imagination to consider how badly three fare for room inside it.

Mr. Potts, finding himself in the middle, begins to wish he had been born without arms, as he now knows not how to dispose of them. He stirs the right one, and Cecil instantly declares in an agonized whisper that she is falling off the pedestal. He moves the left, and Molly murmurs frantically in another instant she will be through the curtains at her side. Driven to distraction, poor Potts, with many apologies, solves the difficulty by placing an arm round each complainant, and so supports them on their treacherous footing.

They have scarcely brought themselves into a retainable position, when the door opens and Mr. Amherst enters the room, followed by Sir Penthony Stafford and Luttrell.

With one candlestick only are they armed, which Sir Penthony holds, having naturally expected to find the library lighted.

"What is the meaning of this smell?" exclaims Mr. Amherst, in an awful voice, that makes our three friends shiver in their shoes. "Has any one been trying to blow up the house? I insist on learning the meaning of this disgraceful affair."

"There doesn't seem to be anything," says Tedcastle, "except gunpowder, or rather the unpleasant remains of it. The burglar has evidently flown."

"If you intend turning the matter into a joke," retorts Mr. Amherst, "you had better leave the room."

"Nothing shall induce me to quit the post of danger," replies Luttrell, unruffled.

Meantime, Sir Penthony, who is of a more suspicious nature, is making a more elaborate search. Slowly, methodically he commences a tour round the room, until presently he comes to a stand-still before the curtains that conceal the trembling trio.

Mr. Amherst, in the middle of the floor, is busily engaged examining the chips of china that remain after their *fiasco*—and that ought to tell the tale of a soup-plate.

Tedcastle comes to Sir Penthony's side.

Together they withdraw the curtains; together they view what rests behind them.

Grand tableau!

Mr. Potts, with half his face blackened beyond recognition, glares out at them with the courage of despair. On one side of him is Lady Stafford, on the other Miss Massereene; from behind each of their waists protrudes a huge and sooty hand. That hand belongs to Potts.

Three pairs of eyes gleam at the discoverers, silently, entreatingly, yet with what different expressions! Molly is frightened, but evidently braced for action; Mr. Potts is defiant; Lady Stafford is absolutely convulsed with laughter. Already filled with a keen sense of the comicality of the situation, it only wanted her husband's face of indignant surprise to utterly unsettle her. Therefore it is that the one embarrassment she suffers from is a difficulty in refraining from an outburst of merriment.

There is a dead silence. Only the grating of Mr. Amherst's bits of china mars the stillness. Plantagenet, staring at his judges, defies them, without a word, to betray their retreat. The judges—although angry—stare back at him, and acknowledge their inability to play the sneak. Sir Penthony drops the curtain—and the candle. Instantly darkness covers them. Luttrell scrapes a heavy chair along the waxed borders of the floor; there is some faint confusion, a rustle of petticoats, a few more footsteps than ought to be in the room, an uncivil remark from old Amherst about some people's fingers being all thumbs, and then once more silence.

When, after a pause, Sir Penthony relights his candle, the search is at an end.

Now that they are well out of the library, though still in the gloomy little ante-room that leads to it, Molly and Cecil pause to recover breath. For a few moments they keep an unbroken quiet. Lady Stafford is the first to speak—as might be expected.

"I am bitterly disappointed," she says, in a tone of intense disgust. "It is a downright swindle. In spite of a belief that has lasted for years, that nose of his is a failure. I think nothing of it. With all its length and all its sharpness, it never found us out!"

"Let us be thankful for that same," returns Molly, devoutly.

By this time they have reached the outer hall, where the lamps are shining vigorously. They now shine down with unkind brilliancy on Mr. Potts's disfigured countenance. A heavy veil of black spreads from his nose to his left ear, rather spoiling the effect of his unique ugliness.

It is impossible to resist; Lady Stafford instantly breaks down, and gives way to the laughter that has been oppressing her for the last half-hour, Molly chimes in, and together they laugh with such hearty delight that Mr. Potts burns to know the cause of their mirth, that he may join in.

He grins, however, in sympathy, whilst waiting impatiently an explanation. His utter ignorance of the real reason only enhances the absurdity of his appearance and prolongs the delight of his companions.

When two minutes have elapsed, and still neither of them offers any information, he grows grave, and whispers, rather to himself than them the one word, "Hysterics!"

"You are right," cries Cecil; "I was never nearer hysterics in my life. Oh, Plantagenet! your face is as black as—as——"

"Your hat!" supplies Molly, as well as she can speak. "And your hands—you look demoniacal. Do run away and wash yourself and—— I hear somebody coming."

Whereupon Potts scampers up-stairs, while the other two gain the drawing-room just as Mr. Amherst appears in the hall.

Seeing them, half an hour later, seated in all quietude and sobriety, discussing the war and the last new marvel in bonnets, who would have supposed them guilty of their impromptu game of hide and seek?

Tedcastle and Sir Penthony, indeed, look much more like the real culprits, being justly annoyed, and consequently rather cloudy about the brows. Yet, with a sense of dignified pride, the two gentlemen abstain from giving voice to their disapprobation, and make no comment on the event of the evening.

Mr. Potts is serenity itself, and is apparently ignorant of having given offence to any one. His face has regained its pristine fairness, and is scrupulously clean; so is his conscience. He looks incapable of harm.

Bed-hour arrives, and Tedcastle retires to his pipe without betraying his inmost feelings. Sir Penthony is determined to follow his lead; Cecil is equally determined he shall not. To have it out with him without further loss of time is her fixed intention, and with that design she says, a little imperiously:

"Sir Penthony, get me my candle."

She has lingered, before saying this, until almost all the others have disappeared. The last of the men is vanishing round the corner that leads to the smoking-room; the last of the women has gone beyond sight of the staircase in search of her bedroom fire. Cecil and her husband stand alone in the vast hall.

"I fear you are annoyed about something," she says, in a maddening tone of commiseration, regarding him keenly, while he gravely lights her candle.

"Why should you suppose so?"

"Because of your gravity and unusual silence."

"I was never a great talker, and I do not think I am in the habit of laughing more than other people."

"But you have not laughed at all—all this evening, at least"—with a smile—"not since you discovered us in durance vile."

"Did you find the situation so unpleasant? I fancied it rather amused you—so much so that you even appeared to forget the dignity that, as a married woman, ought to belong to you."

"Well, but"—provokingly—"you forget how very little married I am."

"At all events you are my wife"—rather angrily; "I must beg you to remember that. And for the future I shall ask you to refrain from such amusements as call for concealment and necessitate the support of a young man's arm."

"I really do not see by what right you interfere with either me or my amusements," says Cecil, hotly, after a decided pause. Never has he addressed her with so much sternness. She raises her eyes to his and colors richly all through her creamy skin. "Recollect our bargain."

"I do. I recollect also that you have my name."

"And you have my money. That makes us quits."

"I do not see how you intend carrying out that argument. The money was quite as much mine as yours."

"But you could not have had it without me."

"Nor you without me."

"Which is to be regretted. At least I should have had a clear half, which I haven't; so you have the best of it. And—I will not be followed about, and pried after, and made generally uncomfortable by any one."

"Who is prying after you?"

"You are."

"What do you mean, Cecil?" Haughtily.

"Just what I say. And, as I never so far forget myself as to call you by your Christian name without its prefix, I think you might have the courtesy to address me as Lady Stafford."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"I do. Have you anything more to say?"

"Yes, more than——"

"Then pray defer it until to-morrow, as"—with a barefaced attempt at a yawn—"I really cannot sit up any longer. Good-night, Sir Penthony."

Sir Penthony puts the end of his long moustache into his mouth—a sure sign of irritation—and declines to answer.

"Good-night," repeats her ladyship, blandly, going up the staircase, with a suspicion of a smile at the corners of her lips, and feeling no surprise that her polite little adieu receives no reply.

When she has reached the centre of the broad staircase she pauses, and, leaning her white arms upon the banisters, looks down upon her husband, standing irresolute and angry in the hall beneath.

"Sir Penthony," murmurs she; "Sir——" Here she hesitates for so long a time that when at last the Penthony does come it sounds more familiar and almost unconnected with the preceding word.

Stafford turns, and glances quickly up at her. She is dressed in some soft-flowing gown of black, caught here and there with heavy bows and bands of cream-color, that contrast admirably with her fair, soft skin, her laughing eyes, and her pouting, rosy lips. In her hair which she wears low on her neck is a black comb studded with pearls; there are a few pearls round her neck, a few more in her small ears; she wears no bracelets, only two narrow bands of black velvet caught with pearls, that make her arms seem even rounder and whiter than they are.

"Good-night," she says, for the third time, nodding at him in a slow, sweet fashion that has some grace or charm about it all its own, and makes her at the instant ten times lovelier than she was before.

Stafford, coming forward until he stands right under her, gazes up at her entranced like some modern Romeo. Indeed, there is something almost theatrical about them as they linger, each waiting for the other to speak—he fond and impassioned, yet half angry too, she calm and smiling, yet mutinous.

For a full minute they thus hesitate, looking into each other's eyes; then the anger fades from Stafford's face, and he whispers, eagerly, tenderly:

"Good-night, my——"

"Friend," murmurs back her ladyship, decisively, leaning yet a little farther over the banisters.

Then she kisses her hand to him and drops at his feet the rose that has lain on her bosom all the evening, and, with a last backward glance and smile, flits away from him up the darkened staircase and vanishes.

"I shall positively lose my heart to her if I don't take care," thinks the young man, ruefully, and very foolishly, considering how long ago it is since that misfortune has befallen him. But we are ever slow to acknowledge our own defeats. His eyes are fixed upon the flower at his feet.

"No, I do not want her flower," he says, with a slight frown, pushing it away from him disdainfully. "It was a mere chance my getting it. Any other fellow in my place at the moment would have been quite as favored—nay, beyond doubt more so. I will not stoop for it."

With his dignity thus forced to the front, he walks the entire length of the hall, his arms folded determinedly behind him, until he reaches a door at the upper end.

Here he pauses and glances back almost guiltily. Yes, it is still there, the poor, pretty yellow blossom that has been so close to her, now sending forth its neglected perfume to an ungrateful world.

It is cruel to leave it there alone all night, to be trodden on, perhaps, in the morning by an unappreciative John or Thomas, or, worse still, to be worn by an appreciative James. Desecration!

"'Who hesitates is lost,'" quotes Stafford, aloud, with an angry laugh at his own folly, and, walking deliberately back again, picks up the flower and presses it to his lips.

"I thought that little speech applied only to us poor women," says a soft voice above him, as, to his everlasting chagrin, Cecil's mischievous, lovable face peers down at him from the gallery overhead. "Have another flower, Sir Penthony? You seem fond of them."

She throws a twin blossom to the one he holds on to his shoulder as she speaks with very accurate aim.

"It was yours," stammers Sir Penthony, utterly taken aback.

"So it was"—with an accent of affected surprise—"which makes your behavior all the more astonishing. Well, do not stand there kissing it all night, or you will catch cold, and then—what should I do?"

"What?"

"Die of grief, most probably." With a little mocking laugh.

"Very probably. Yet you should pity me, too, in that I have fallen so low as to have nothing better given me to kiss. I am wasting my sweetness on——"

"Is it sweetness?" asks she, wickedly.

At this they both laugh—a low, soft laugh, born of the hour and a fear of interruption, and perhaps a dread of being so discovered that adds a certain zest to their meeting. Then he says, still laughing, in answer to her words, "Try."

"No, thank you." With a little *moue*. "Curiosity is not a besetting sin, although I could not resist seeing how you would treat my parting gift a moment ago. Ah!"—with a little suppressed laugh of the very fullest enjoyment—"you cannot think what an interesting picture you made—almost tragic. First you stalked away from my unoffending rose with all the dignity of a thousand Spaniards; and then, when you had gone sufficiently far to make your return effective, you relented, and, seizing upon the flower as though it were—let us say, for convenience sake—myself, devoured it with kisses. I assure you it was better than a play. Well"—with a sigh—"I won't detain you any longer. I'm off to my slumbers."

"Don't you go yet, Cecil. Wait one moment. I—have something to say to you."

"No doubt. A short time since you said the same thing. Were I to stay now you might, perhaps, finish that scolding; instinct told me it was hanging over me; and—I hate being taken to the task."

"I will not. I swear I will never again attempt to scold you about anything, experience having taught me the futility of such a course. Cecil, stay."

"Lady Stafford, if you please, Sir Penthony." With a tormenting smile.

"Lady Stafford—then, anything, if you will only stay."

"I can't stay, then. Where should I be without my beauty sleep? The bare idea fills me with horror. Why, I should lose my empire. Sweet as parting is, I protest I, for one would not lengthen it until to-morrow. Till then—farewell. And—Sir Penthony—be sure you dream of me. I like being dreamed of by my——"

"By whom?"

"My slaves," returns this coquette of all coquettes, with a last lingering glance and smile. After which she finally disappears.

"There is no use disguising the fact any longer—I have lost my heart," groans Sir Penthony, in despair, and straightway carries off both himself and his cherished flowers to the shelter of his own room.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I'll tell thee a part
Of the thoughts that start
To being when thou art nigh."
—SHELLEY.

The next day is Sunday, and a very muggy, disagreeable one it proves. There is an indecision about it truly irritating. A few drops of rain here and there, a threatening of storm, but nothing positive. Finally, at eleven o'clock, just as they have given up all hope of seeing any improvement, it clears up in a degree—against its will—and allows two or three depressed and tearful sunbeams to straggle forth, rather with a view to dishearten the world than to brighten it.

Sunday at Herst is much the same as any other day. There are no rules, no restrictions. In the library may be found volumes of sermons waiting for those who may wish for them. The covers of those sermons are as clean and fresh to-day as when they were placed on their shelves, now many years ago, showing how amiably they have waited. You may play billiards if you like; you need not go to church if you don't like. Yet somehow when at Herst people always do go—perhaps because they needn't or perhaps because there is such a dearth of amusements.

Molly, who as yet has escaped all explanation with Tedcastle, coming down-stairs, dressed for church, and looking unusually lovely, finds almost all the others assembled before her in the hall, ready to start.

Laying her prayer-books upon a table, while with one hand she gathers up the tail of her long gown, she turns to say a word or two to Lady Sady Stafford.

At this moment both Luttrell and Shadwell move towards the books. Shadwell, reaching them first, lays his hand upon them.

"You will carry them for me?" says Molly, with a bright smile to him; and Luttrell, with a slight contraction of the brow, falls back again, and takes his place beside Lady Stafford.

As the church lies at the end of a pleasant pathway through the woods, they elect to walk it, and so in twos and threes they make their way under the still beautiful trees.

"It is cold, is it not?" Molly says to Mrs. Darley once, when they come to an open part of the wood, where they can travel in a body. "Wonderfully so for September."

"Is it? I never mind the cold, or—or anything," rejoins Mrs. Darley, affectedly, talking for the benefit of the devoted Mottie, who walks beside her laden with golden grain in the shape of prayer-books and hymnals of all sorts and sizes, "if I have one with me that suits me; that is, a sympathetic person."

"A lover, you mean?" asks uncompromising Molly. "Well, I don't know; I think that is about the time, of all others, when I should object to feeling cold. One's nose has such an unpleasant habit of getting beyond one's control in the way of redness; and to feel that one's cheeks are pinched and one's lips blue is maddening. At such times I like my own society best."

"And at other times, too," says Philip, disagreeably; "this morning, for instance." He and Molly have been having a passage of arms, and he has come off second best.

"I won't contradict you," says Molly, calmly; "it would be rude, and considering how near we are to church, unchristian."

"A pity you cannot recollect your Christianity on other occasions," says he, sneeringly.

"You speak with *feeling*. How have I failed towards you in a christian charity?"

"Is it charitable, is it kind, to scorn a fellow-creature as you do, only because he loves you?" Philip says, in a low tone.

Miss Massereene is first honestly surprised, then angry. That Philip has made love to her now and again when opportunity occurred, is a fact she does not seek to deny; but it has been hitherto in the careless, half-earnest manner young men of the present day affect when in the society of a pretty woman, and has caused her no annoyance.

That he should now, without a word of warning (beyond the slight sparring-match during their walk, and which is one of a series), break forth with so much vehemence and apparent sense of injury, not only alarms but displeases her; whilst some faint idea of treachery on her own part towards her betrothed in listening to such words fills her with distress.

There is a depth, an earnestness about Philip not to be mistaken. His sombre face has paled, his eyes do not meet hers, his thin nostrils are dilated, as though breathing were a matter of difficulty; all prove him genuinely disturbed.

To a man of his jealous, passionate nature to love is a calamity. No return, how perfect, can quite compensate him for all the pains and fears his passion must afford. Already Philip's torture has begun, already the pang of unrequited love have seized upon him.

"I wish you would not speak to me like—as—in such a tone," Molly says, pettishly and uneasily. "Latterly I hate going anywhere else with you, you are so ill-tempered; and now to-day—— Why cannot you be pleasant and friendly, as you used to be when first I came to Herst?"

"Ay, why indeed?" returns he, bitterly.

At this inauspicious moment a small rough terrier of Luttrell's rushes across their path almost under their feet, bent on some mad chase after a mocking squirrel; and Philip, maddened just then by doubts and the coldness of her he loves, with the stick he carries strikes him a quick and sudden blow; not heavy, perhaps, but so unexpected as to draw from the pretty brute a sharp cry of pain.

Hearing a sound of distress from his favorite, Luttrell turns, and, seeing him shrinking away from Molly's side, casts upon her a glance full of the liveliest reproach, that reduces her very nearly to the verge of tears. To be so misunderstood, and all through this tiresome Philip, it is too bad! As, under the circumstances, she cannot well indulge her grief, she does the next best thing, and gives way to temper.

"Don't do that again," she says, with eyes that flash a little through their forbidden tears.

"Why?" Surprised in his turn at her vehemence. "It isn't your dog; it's Luttrell's."

"No matter whose dog it is; don't do it again. I detest seeing a poor brute hurt, and for no cause, but merely as a means to try and rid yourself of some of your ill-temper."

"There is more ill-temper going than mine. I beg your pardon, however. I had no idea you were a member of the Humane Society. You should study the bearing-rein question, and vivisection, and—that." With a sullen laugh.

"Nothing annoys me so much as wanton cruelty to dumb animals."

"There are other—perhaps mistakenly termed—superior animals on whom even you can inflict torture," he says, with a sneer. "All your tenderness must be reserved for the lower creation. You talk of brutality; what is there in all the earth so cruel as a woman? A lover's pain is her joy."

"You are getting out of your depth—I cannot follow you," says Molly, coldly. "Why should you and I discuss such a subject as lovers? What have we in common with them? And it is a pity, Philip, you should allow your anger to get so much the better of you. When you look savage, as you do now, you remind me of no one so much as grandpapa. And do recollect what an odious old man he makes."

This finishes the conversation. He vouchsafes her no reply. To be considered like Mr. Amherst, no matter in how far-off a degree, is a bitter insult. In silence they continue their walk, in silence reach the church and enter it.

It is a gloomy, antiquated building, primitive in size, and form, and service. The rector is well-meaning, but decidedly low. The curate is unmeaning, and abominably slow. The clerk does a great part of the duty.

He is an old man, and regarded rather in the light of an institution in this part of the county. Being stone deaf, he puts in the responses anyhow, always in the wrong place, and never finds out his mistake until he sees the clergyman's lips set firm, and on his face a look of patient expectation, when he coughs apologetically and says them all over again.

There is an "Amen" in the middle of every prayer, and then one at the end. This gives him double trouble, and makes him draw his salary with a clear conscience. It also creates a lively time for the school children, who once at least on every Sunday give way to a loud burst of merriment, and are only restored to a sense of duty by a severe blow administered by the sandy-haired teacher.

It is a good old-fashioned church, too, where the sides of the pews are so high that one can with difficulty look over them, and where the affluent man can have a real fire-place all to himself, with a real poker and tongs and shovel to incite it to a blaze every now and again.

Here, too, without rebuke the neighbors can seize the opportunity of conversing with each other across the pews, by standing on tiptoe, when occasion offers during the service, as, for instance, when the poorbox is going round. And it is a poor-box, and no mistake—flat, broad, and undeniable pewter, at which the dainty bags of a city chapel would have blushed with shame.

When the clergyman goes into the pulpit every one instantly blows his or her nose and coughs his or her loudest before the text is given out, under a mistaken impression that they can get it all over at once, and not have to do it at intervals farther on. This is a compliment to the clergyman, expressing their intention of hearing him undisturbed to the end, and, I suppose, is received as such.

It is an attentive congregation—dangerously so, for what man but blunders in his sermon now and then? And who likes being twitted on weekdays for opinions expressed on Sundays, more especially if he has not altogether acted up to them? It is a suspicious congregation too (though perhaps not singularly so, for I have perceived others do the same), because whenever their priest names a chapter and verse for any text he may choose to insert in his discourse, instantly and with avidity each and all turn over the leaves of their Bibles, to see if it be really in the identical spot mentioned, or whether their pastor has been lying. This action may not be altogether suspicion; it may be also thought of as a safety-valve for the *ennui*, the rector never letting them off until they have had sixty good minutes of his valuable doctrine.

All the Herst party conduct themselves with due discretion save Mr. Potts, who, being overcome by the novelty of the situation and the length of the sermon, falls fast asleep, and presently, at some denunciatory passage, pronounced in a rather distinct tone by the rector, rousing himself with a precipitate jerk, sends all the fire-irons with a fine clatter to the ground, he having been most unhappily placed nearest the grate.

"The ruling passion strong in death," says Luttrell, with a despairing glance at the culprit; whereupon Molly nearly laughs outright, while the school-children do so quite.

Beyond this small *contre-temps*, however, nothing of note occurs; and, service being over, they all file decorously out of the church into the picturesque porch outside, where they stand for a few minutes interchanging greetings with such of the county families as come within their knowledge.

With a few others, too, who scarcely come within that aristocratic pale, notably Mrs. Buscarlet. She is a tremendously stout, distressingly healthy woman, quite capable of putting her husband in a corner of her capacious pocket, which, by the bye, she insists on wearing outside her gown, in a fashion beloved of our great-grandmothers, and which, in a modified form, last year was much affected by our own generation.

This alarming personage greets Marcia with the utmost *bonhommie*, being apparently blind to the coldness of her reception. She greets Lady Stafford also, who is likewise at freezing-point, and then gets introduced to Molly. Mrs. Darley, who even to the uninitiated Mrs. Buscarlet appears a person unworthy of notice, she lets go free, for which favor Mrs. Darley is devoutly grateful.

Little Buscarlet himself, who has a weakness for birth, in that he lacks it, comes rambling up to them at this juncture, and tells them, with many a smirk, he hopes to have the pleasure of lunching with them at Herst, Mr. Amherst having sent him a special invitation, as he has something particular to say to him; whereupon Molly, who is nearest to him, laughs, and tells him she had no idea such luck was in store for her.

"You are the greatest hypocrite I ever met in my life," Sir Penthony says in her ear, when Buscarlet, smiling, bowing, radiant, has moved on.

"I am not, indeed; you altogether mistake me," Molly answers. "If you only knew how his anxiety to please, and Marcia's determination not to be pleased, amuse me, you would understand how thoroughly I enjoy his visits."

"I ask your pardon. I had no idea we had a student of human nature among us. Don't study me, Miss Massereene, or it will unfit you for further exertions; I am a living mass of errors."

"Alas that I cannot contradict you!" says Cecil, with a woeful sigh, who is standing near them.

Mr. Amherst, who never by any chance darkens the door of a church, receives them in the drawing-room on their return. He is in an amiable mood and pleased to be gracious. Seizing upon Mr. Buscarlet, he carries him off with him to his private den, so that for the time being there is an end of them.

"For all small mercies," begins Mr. Potts, solemnly, when the door has closed on them; but he is interrupted by Lady Stafford.

"Small, indeed," grumbles she. "What do you mean? I shan't be able to eat my lunch if that odious little man remains, with his, 'Yes, Lady Stafford;' 'No, Lady Stafford;' 'I quite agree with your ladyship;' and so on. Oh that I could drop my title!"—this with a glance at Sir Penthony—"at all events while he is present." This with another and more gracious glance at Stafford. "Positively I feel my appetite is going already, and that is a pity, as it was an uncommonly good one."

"Cheer up, dear," says Molly; "and remember there will be dinner later on. Poor Mr. Buscarlet! There must be something wrong with me, because I cannot bring myself to think so disparagingly of him as you all do."

"I am sorry for you. Not to know Mr. Buscarlet's little peculiarities of behavior argues yourself unknown," Marcia says, with a good deal of intention. "And I presume they cannot have struck you, or you would scarcely be so tolerant."

"He certainly sneezes very incessantly and very objectionably," Molly says, thoughtfully. "I hate a man who sneezes publicly. And his sneeze is so unpleasant—so exactly like that of a cat. A little wriggle of the entire body, and then a little soft—splash!"

"My dear Molly!" expostulates Lady Stafford.

"But is it not?" protests she. "Is it not an accurate description?"

"Yes, its accuracy is its fault; I almost thought the man was in the room."

"And then there is Mrs. Buscarlet; I never saw any one like Mrs. Buscarlet," Maud Darley says, plaintively; "did you? There is so much of her, and it is all so nasty. And, oh! her voice! it is like wind whistling through a key-hole."

"Poor woman," says Luttrell, regretfully, "I think I could have forgiven her, had she not worn that very verdant gown."

"My dear fellow, I thought the contrast between it and her cheeks the most perfect thing I ever saw. It is evident you have not got the eye of an artist," Sir Penthony says, rather unfeelingly.

"I never saw any one so distressingly healthy," says Maud, still plaintively. "Fat people are my aversion. I don't mind a comfortable-looking body, but she is much too stout."

"Let us alter that last remark and say she has had too much stout, and perhaps we shall define her," remarks Tedcastle. "I hate a woman who shows her food."

"The way she traduced those Sedleys rather amused me," Molly says, laughing. "I certainly thought her opinion of her neighbors very pronounced."

"She shouldn't have any opinion," says Lady Stafford, with decision. "You, my dear Molly, take an entirely wrong view of it. Such people as the Buscarlets, sprung from nobody knows where or cares to know, should be kept in their proper place, and be sat upon the very instant they develop a desire to progress."

"How can you be so illiberal?" exclaims Molly, aghast at so much misplaced vehemence. "Why should they not rise with the rest of the world?"

"Eleanor has quite a *penchant* for the Buscarlets," says Marcia, with a sneer; "she has quite adopted them, and either will not, or perhaps does not, see their enormities."

Nobody cares to notice this impertinence, and Mr. Potts says, gravely:

"Lady Stafford has never forgiven Mrs. Buscarlet because once, at a ball here, she told her she was looking very *distangy*. Is that not true?"

Cecil laughs.

"Why should not every one have an opinion?" Molly persists. "I agree with the old song that 'Britons never shall be slaves;' therefore why should they not assert themselves? In a hundred years hence they will have all the manners and airs of us others."

"Then they should be locked up during the intermediate stage," says Cecil, with an uncompromising nod of her blonde head. "I call them insufferable; and if Mr. Buscarlet, when he comes in again, makes himself agreeable to me—me!—I shall insult him—that's all! No use arguing with me, Molly—I shall indeed." She softens this awful threat by a merry, sweet-tempered little laugh.

"Let us forget the little lawyer and talk of something we all enjoy—to-day's sermon, for instance. You admired it, Potts, didn't you? I never saw any one so attentive in my life," says Sir Penthony.

Potts tries to look as if he had never succumbed during service to Nature's sweet restorer; and Molly says, apologetically:

"How could he help it? The sermon was so long."

"Yes, wasn't it?" agrees Plantagenet, eagerly. "The longest I ever heard. That man deserves to be suppressed or excommunicated; and the parishioners ought to send him a round robin to that effect. Odd, too, how much at sea one feels with a strange prayer-book. One looks for one's prayer at the top of the page, where it always used to be in one's own particular edition, and, lo! one finds it at the bottom. Whatever you may do for the future, Lady Stafford, don't lend me your prayer-book. But for the incessant trouble it caused me, between losing my place and finding it again, I don't believe I should have dropped into that gentle doze."

"Had you ever a prayer-book of your own?" asks Cecil, unkindly. "Because if so it is a pity you don't air it now and again. I have known you a great many years—more than I care to count—and never, never have seen you with the vestige of one. I shall send you a pocket edition as a Christmas-box."

"Thanks awfully. I shall value it for the giver's sake. And I promise you that when next we meet—such care shall it receive—even you will be unable to discover a scratch on it."

"Plantagenet, you are a bad boy," says Cecil.

"I thought the choir rather good," Molly is saying; "but why must a man read the service in a long, slow, tearful tone? Surely, there is no good to be gained by it; and to find oneself at 'Amen' when he is only in the middle of the prayer has something intolerably irritating about it. I could have shaken that curate."

"Why didn't you?" says Sir Penthony. "I would have backed you up with the greatest pleasure. The person I liked best was the lint-white looks who said 'Yamen' so persistently in the wrong place all through; I grew quite interested at last, and knew the exact spot where it was likely to come in. I must say I admire consistency."

"How hard it is to keep one's attention fixed," Molly says, meditatively, "and to preserve a properly dismal expression of countenance! To look solemn always means to look severe, as far as I can judge. And did you ever notice when a rather lively and secular set of bars occurs in the voluntary, how people cheer up and rouse themselves, and give way to a little sigh or two? I hope it isn't a sign of relief. We feel it's wicked, but we always do it."

"Still studying poor human nature," exclaims Sir Penthony. "Miss Massereene, I begin to think you a terrible person, and to tremble when I meet your gaze."

"Well, at all events no one can accuse them of being High Church," says Mrs. Darley, alluding to her pastors and masters for the time being. "The service was wretchedly conducted; hardly any music, and not a flower to speak of."

"My dear! High Church! How could you expect it? Only fancy that curate intoning!" says Cecil, with a laugh.

"I couldn't," declares Sir Penthony; "so much exertion would kill me."

"That's why he isn't High Church," says Potts of the curate, speaking with a rather sweeping air of criticism. "He ain't musical; he can't intone. Take my word for it, half the clergy are Anglicans merely because they think they have voices, and feel what a loss the world will sustain if it don't hear them."

"Oh, what a malicious remark!" says Molly, much disgusted.

Here the scene is further enlivened by the reappearance of Mr. Amherst and the lawyer, which effectually ends the conversation, and turns their thoughts towards the dining-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The cabman's hour has come. An Italian engineer has invented a register by which the distance traversed by the cab is accurately estimated. He makes the cab wheel itself record on the dial the number of its revolutions.

—The Mayor of Manchester has notified that, "on account of the apprehension of canine madness," all dogs within the city are to be confined from the 1st of July to the 1st of October.

TERRIBLE FATE OF A MISSING SHIP.

(Victoria Colonist.)

It will be remembered by many in this community that several years ago the ship *Alaska* left Burrard Inlet for China with a cargo of lumber. She arrived at her destination in safety, and was announced to have sailed again for this port to receive a second cargo. Time rolled on, and at the expiration of the usual number of days allowed for the passage from China the good ship *Alaska* was announced as "due." She failed, however, to put in an appearance; but this was not considered extraordinary, as voyages from China vary in duration as much as voyages to or from any other place. But the days she was overdue gradually crept into weeks, and the weeks into months, and after she had been reported "missing" for a long time the conclusion arrived at was that she had doubtless foundered or had become the victim of foul play. Years passed by and no word came of the rescue of any one who had been on board the ill-fated ship, and at last the faint glimmer of hope which had sustained the hearts of the friends and officers and crew died out. The wife of the supercargo of the vessel, who had been "watching and waiting" for many years, succumbed to the effects of the terrible suspense and was quickly followed by her only child. The fact that during the time which would be necessary for the *Alaska* to make the passage to this port there had been no heavy winds or storms was the main reason for the suspicions of foul play; and amongst those who entertained them was a gentleman who happened to meet a drunken sailor in a saloon in Japan. The old adage *in vino veritas* was again verified (as will be quickly seen), for the sailor quickly began to give a disjointed narrative of mutiny and bloodshed. The gentleman kept the narrative in his memory, and, following up his determination to unravel the mystery surrounding the fate of the ship, encompassed the arrest of several sailors who had been incriminated by their drunken companion. One of these sailors admitted that he had belonged to the crew of the Alaska, and made a full confession of the circumstances concerning her loss. He stated that when but a few days out from Hong Kong, sailing under a light breeze off the coast of Japan, the crew mutinied, and without a moment's warning threw overboard the second mate, who was the only officer on deck at the time. Hearing a commotion the captain and first officer rushed up, and were immediately murdered and given to the sea. The supercargo, Mr. Thorndike, brother of the owner of the ship, who had $5,000 in coin on board, shared the same fate as the other officers, and the crew, having secured the money and everything else of value that could be readily moved, set fire to the vessel, and taking to the boats pulled for the coast of Japan. Having landed in safety they divided the spoils, cherishing the hope that every trace of their foul deed had been obliterated. But Time, the certain avenger of crime, has proved that their hope was fallacious, as, following closely on the confession above referred to, the arrest of all but two of the criminals was effected, and they will in all probability quickly be called on to pay the penalty demanded by justice.

ETIQUETTE RUN MAD.

Some of the Absurdities of Society.

The Hartford *Journal* remarks: An anecdote is told of a prettily dressed little girl who fell the other day on a muddy street-crossing, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning off her clothes he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No, thir," answered the little damsel, "if you please we ain't been introduced." The little girl doubtless reflected the sentiments that she had heard expressed at home. We think many people are too punctilious in their notions about the impropriety of recognizing one to whom they have not been introduced. Persons will for a long time live as neighbors, look at each other's faces when they meet, and yet never exchange a salutation, because they have not been introduced! And so they will go to the same church, attend the social religious meetings, and look expectantly at each other, but never exchange a word of recognition, because by chance they have not been introduced! Says Mrs. A., "I met Mrs. B. to-day and she looked as though she would like to have spoken to me, and, I should have been glad if she had, but I didn't want to speak first, because I have never been introduced to her." A short time ago we witnessed the introduction of two ladies at a social gathering. The greeting between them was very cordial. Says Mrs. F., "I have been dying to speak to you for a long time, but I didn't dare to because we hadn't been introduced." Said Mrs. E., "That's just the way I have felt, and have wondered if we ever should get introduced." Now, if both these ladies desired an acquaintance, and their manners toward each other fully showed it, why should they have allowed months of what would have proved a pleasant acquaintance and friendship to pass away, simply because no third person happened to give them an introduction to each other? And so between a lady and gentleman, where their social position is equal, there may be the same amount of over-punctiliousness. We would by no means have that social etiquette repealed which establishes the rule that an introduction shall take place before an acquaintance is formed; but one's own good sense and judgment should tell them where an exception to the rule may be safely made. Even in case of an introduction, it is not in accordance with etiquette unless both parties have been consulted and signified their pleasure. Then if two, by each other's manner, are satisfied that an acquaintance would be mutually desirable, why should they wait week after week for the opportunity to occur for a third party to introduce them? Why should they not introduce themselves?

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Must Have His Finger Pulled off or be Burned to Death.

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* tells of an incident in a saw mill in that village. A man had his arm sawn off with a circular saw, and while extricating himself from the position in which the accident had left him the carriers became choked. These carriers are attached to an endless chain, which revolves over pulleys, one of which is in the mill and the other in the furnace a considerable distance from the mill. The carriers convey all refuse, bark, buttings, and bits back to the furnace, where they are burned. These carriers became jammed, and David Allison went to clear them. He was picking the pieces out of the carriers, when by some means he got the top of one of his fingers in a link of the chain and could not withdraw it. The chain, with relentless energy, continued to travel on towards the furnace, and Mr. Allison had to follow, struggling in vain to free himself. At length the furnace was reached, and Mr. Allison saw at a glance that unless he could liberate himself from the chain he would be drawn into the furnace and tumbled into the flames. There was no time for reflection. He drew his left arm around a large post which formed part of the platform, and there held on until the end joint of his finger gave away and was pulled off his hand. It was a moment of supreme agony. But in time the bone broke, the sinews snapped, the end of the finger went away, and Mr. Allison was liberated.

POISONOUS ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.—The coloring and other matters employed in making artificial flowers are known sometimes to give rise to unpleasant symptoms. Those who merely amuse themselves with this art do not often suffer, as they are not engaged in it for many hours at a time. Poor girls, however, who endeavor to make a living in this way, occasionally suffer quite severely. Various substances have been employed, and some time ago a physician in Germany observed the cases of two women who were attacked by very severe stomatitis, running on to ulceration, through the picric acid contained in one of these coloring substances or powders. In twisting the stems of their flowers, they were in the habit of constantly moistening their fingers with the saliva and in this way, no doubt, carried some of the poison to the mouth. This is a warning to those who are engaged in this kind of work, that the coloring powders employed may prove poisonous, unless proper care be exercised.

RESTORED BY PRAYER.

Two Remarkable Cures—Extraordinary Narratives from the States.

ALBANY, July 9.—A singular case of belief in the power of spiritual faith to cure physical ailments has come to notice in Saratoga county. It happened in West Galway, a small hamlet of 300 population, in the extreme western part of the county. The inhabitants are principally farming people, exceedingly simple, and far removed from any city. The region is mountainous and sterile. Four years ago, Adele Shattuck, a young woman 18 years old, became paralyzed from the effects of a violent nervous attack caused by hearing of the sudden and accidental death of a brother to whom she was greatly attached. She went into convulsions, was in a comatose condition for several days, and when her mind recovered its normal condition she could neither talk nor use her limbs. For four years this condition was unchanged. In that time her body gradually wasted, until the skin was drawn tightly over the bones, and the flesh assumed a milky or cream color. Miss Shattuck was a devout member of the Methodist church. She has since her prostration persisted in believing that she would be restored to health, and she expressed her faith in the efficacy of prayer to bring about her recovery.

Three weeks ago, having been totally helpless for four years, and being regarded as incurable, the young woman one day walked down stairs, and informed her wonder-stricken parents, by signs, that she had been cured in answer to prayer. Since then her limbs have gradually become strong and pliant. Last week, at her request, the clergy and members of the three churches in West Galway met at her father's, and held a meeting for the especial purpose of praying for spiritual power to enact a further cure in this young person's case, and restore to her the power of speech. Miss Shattuck soon began singing and talking.

The case is vouched for as a fact by the village folk.

[From the Pittsburg Commercial.]

Rev. W. H. Swartz, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who graduated in the class of '77, Alleghany College, preached at the State street Church, Meadville, night before last, when he said it was not his intention to preach a sermon, but to give testimony, and he related a wonderful story of the efficacy of prayer in restoring him to health, which in brief is as follows: After his graduation he received an appointment from the Erie Conference to preach at Ridgeway, Pa. After a few months' labor he was stricken with disease and was compelled to resign his charge. After being compelled to leave his work at Ridgeway, he went to his father's home, near Beaver Falls, where he grew rapidly worse, but through the aid of eminent physicians he was partially cured several times, but relapsed into a worse condition each time. Two visits were made to Clifton Springs, but finally medicine failed to have any effect upon his system, and a gradual but sure decline was taking place. He had become so bad that he could not read or converse, when a letter was received from his brother, Clark Swartz, who is now in Boston, stating that Rev. Dr. Cullis of that city had performed many wonderful cures by prayer if it was the Lord's will that the patient should be cured. Accordingly a letter was written and delivered to Dr. Cullis by the brother. Upon receiving the letter he knelt in prayer, and upon arising said: "Tell your brother he will be well." The word reached the invalid on the 7th day of April, when he also knelt in fervent prayer. On the 8th he was much better, and on the 9th arose from his bed in perfect health, both physically and mentally, and has been so ever since, able to work on his father's farm during the week and to preach every Sunday. After delivering the above testimony, demonstrating that miracles are performed in this age, Rev. Mr. Swartz made an earnest plea, telling the lessons to be learned from his experience, and impressing the audience with the power of faith and the efficacy of prayer.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE PULSE.

Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beatings are much more regular and uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new-born infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 to the minute; in the second year, from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, from 80 to 90; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from 75 to 85; from the the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from 70 to 75. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below 50, and there have been many instances of pulse habitually reaching 100, or not exceeding 40, without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, which in women is from 10 to 14 beats to the minute more rapid than in men of the same age. Muscular exertion, even position, materially affects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men of 27 is, when standing, 81; when sitting 71; when lying, 66 per minute; in women of the same age in the same position, 91, 84 and 79. In sleep the pulse is in general considerably slower than during wakefulness. In certain diseases—acute dropsy of the brain, for example—there may be 150, even 200 beats; in other kinds of disease, such as apoplexy and some organic affections of the heart, there may be no more than 20 to 30 to the minute. Thus, one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioners.

IMPRISONED IN A CAR.

A Tramp's Terrible Predicament.

Upon the arrival of a C. S. R. freight train from the West at yard here one evening last week, a passing wayfarer heard a scraping noise as of wood being gnawed by rats, and upon glancing in the direction of the sound observed chips falling from a bonded car. Further investigation revealed the presence of a man upon the interior of the car busily engaged in cutting through the siding with a common pocket knife. On enquiry, the man stated that he had entered the car at Toledo with the intention of stealing a ride, and his feelings may be imagined when within a short time he heard the car locked and the bonded seal placed upon it. He had been an unwilling prisoner for two days and a night, and having nothing eatable was about famished. Some kind-hearted brakeman procured a generous supply of bread and meat, which, with several pieces of ice, was passed into the prisoner, who continued his involuntary journey, vowing that he would never—well, hardly ever—attempt to beat his way on a railway again in such a manner.—*St. Thomas Times.*

FRENCH WOMEN AND ENGLISH WOMEN.—Mr. Labouchere takes his turn in contrasting French women with their English sisters. He says: "The former are, as a rule, more pleasant than women of other nations. This is because they were born with a natural disposition to please any one with whom they come in contact, and this natural disposition has been carefully cultivated. Now, an English woman is entirely without this gift. In general society she shows too much her likes and dislikes. To the good or bad opinion of persons indifferent to her she is herself utterly indifferent. This she dubs 'no affectation,' 'sincerity' and other flattering appellations. 'I cannot,' she says, 'pretend to care for a person for whom I do not care;' and when she utters this sentiment she looks round with a self-satisfied air, as though it were worthy of the highest commendation. My good lady, I really do not want you to adore me. I do not even ask you to take the trouble to think whether you like me or not. When I meet you, probably I do not aspire to meet you again. But for the few minutes or hours that we are together, you ought to convey to me the impression that you are pleasant and that you think me so, and this without any *arriere pensee*, or any calculation whether you will gain by doing so or not. In the art of generally pleasing your French sister excels you, and therefore it is that for all the purposes of society a Frenchwoman is greatly your superior."

—Mr. Sydney B. J. Skertchly, of the British Geological Society, has been contributing a series of interesting articles to the *English Mechanic* on the topic of the antiquity of man. His closing essay he sums up as follows: "The question whether man was or was not in existence during the great cycle of the glacial period is settled in the affirmative. The evidence is so clear, and has been obtained in such widely separated areas, that it would be astonishing it is not universally accepted did we not know that such has been the history of all scientific discovery. In the year 1833 the evidence of man's contemporaneity with extinct mammals was as complete as it is to-day, but for thirty years it was disregarded. Can we wonder, then, that the belief in the inter-glacial age of man makes but slow progress?"

—Several persons who endeavored to hear Talmage a short time ago were seriously injured in the crush. There is a moral in this.

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A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

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AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. P. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

J. CLEAK,
COMMISSIONER IN B.R.,
LAND AGENT,
Conveyancer and Accountant.
YORK RIVER,
116-4t Hastings Road.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,
AT
JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 23, 1879.

A CABLE special says:—"The well-known gun factory of William Armstrong & Co., at Elswick, Newcastle-on Tyne, has, it is stated, handed over to the authorities a number of their heaviest breech-loading guns, which have been manufactured specially for the defences of Canada."

SIR LEONARD TILLEY'S mission to England appears to have been successful beyond even the most sanguine expectations of his friends. A cable despatch last week announced that a new four per cent loan of £3,000,000 had been all taken at over 95. This is four per cent. higher than any previous loan.

THE Canadian Rifle Team at Wimbledon are making a very creditable record this year. A match between sixteen Liverpool and sixteen Canadian Volunteers, for a silver cup, was won by the latter, and Col. Gibson, of Hamilton, won the Prince of Wales' Prize, £100 and badge, with a score of 94. The shooting has been unusually good.

AN ocean steamship, the "State of Virginia," owned by the State Steamship Co., of Glasgow, ran ashore in a fog off Sable Island, on Saturday, 12th inst., and was completely wrecked, nine lives being lost. She left New York on the 10th inst., with fifty-four passengers. After running aground an attempt was made to land the passengers on the island, but one of the boats capsized in the surf, nine of the occupants, all women and children, being drowned. The rest remained on the ship until Monday morning when all were safely landed.

EDWARD HANLAN, the hero of thirty aquatic victories, and who has successfully wrested the championships of Canada, of the United States, and finally of England, from their best scullers, returned to his native city last week and received a magnificent ovation such as no man has yet been honored with at the hands of the Toronto public. The steamer which carried him across from Niagara was met by a fleet of steamers, yachts and small crafts of every description, while the wharves, and streets through which he was expected to pass, were densely crowded with people eager to catch a sight of the distinguished Canadian. It is estimated that fully 50,000 people turned out to welcome the victorious sculler home.

THE annual session of the Supreme Grand Orange Lodge, of British America, commenced at the city of Ottawa yesterday and will continue for two days. The Triennial Council of the Orange Order throughout the universe will meet at the same time and place. The delegates from Ireland, Messrs. Wm. Johnston, and Hunt W. Chambre, and others of the more distinguished members of the order, will take part. It is expected that this will be the largest gathering of Orangemen that has taken place in this country for many years, as the Ottawa Brethren have postponed their 12th of July celebration until this occasion, and large numbers from Montreal and other places are expected to assist. A number of prominent members of the Order from this county have left for Ottawa to witness the proceedings.

THE Norwood *Register* says that the Hessian fly has made its appearance in that neighborhood, and has already done some damage to the spring wheat. An Asphodel farmer, on looking through his spring wheat, found that in some places the stalks had already a ripening appearance, and seeing that the kernal of the grain was making no progress towards filling up, he made an examination of the stalk, and to his surprise he found that a small grub had been gnawing the inside just above the first joint, thus destroying the vital part of the grain, and causing its premature decay. We have not heard of any complaints like the above in this vicinity; on the contrary we are informed that the crop presents a good appearance and we hope, with our *confrere*, that the above may be a solitary instance of the visitor's ravages.

THAT terrible scourge, yellow fever, has again broken out in the Southern States and it seems probable that the fearful scenes of a year ago are to be once more enacted. For the past week or two it has been gradually gaining a foothold, until now it would seem from the reports received that the pestilence will again have complete control over the afflicted cities. Memphis, Tenn., appears to be the principal place stricken at present, against which a strict quarantine has been established, thirty-six cases having been reported on Monday, but New Orleans, Cairo and other places where suspicious cases of fever have occurred, are also in jeopardy. From Memphis the terrified inhabitants are flying in thousands and the general outlook is described as gloomy in the extreme. It will be a sad thing for our Southern neighbors if the disease assumes anything like the proportions it did a year ago.

EDUCATION IN HASTINGS.

The following is the report of the Inspector of Public Schools for North Hastings, as presented to the County Council at its last session:

To the Warden and Members of the Municipal Council of the County of Hastings:

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to submit for your consideration, my fifth annual report on the Public Schools of North Hastings.

At the close of 1878, there were in the Riding 82 rural school sections (4 of which were established during the year) and 2 incorporated villages. The rural School Sections were situated as follows: Carlow and Mayo, 5; Dungannon and Faraday, 4; Elziver, 7; Huntingdon, 8; Madoc, 14; Marmora and Lake, 10; Monteagle and Herschel, 7; Rawdon, 14; Tudor, Limerick, Wallaston and Cashel, 10; and Wicklow, McClure and Bangor, 3.

SCHOOL HOUSES.

There were 81 school houses in the inspectorate—13 being constructed of brick, 7 of stone, 43 of frame and 18 of log. Of these 4 were erected during the year—2 brick, 1 frame, 1 log. All of the four are very creditable to the localities in which they are located. The handsome and commodious building erected in Madoc village, for the accommodation of the Model School, deserves special mention. It is a two story brick structure with a Mansard roof and cupola. The interior contains, on the ground floor, a large assembly room, furnished with folding seats and desks, a gallery room and three lobbies. The 2nd story has two class rooms (furnished like the assembly room), a gallery room, a library and apparatus room, and two lobbies. There are three entrances—a front entrance, for visitors and teachers, and two side entrances for boys and girls respectively. The whole is heated with hot air. Those members of the Council who have seen it will, I am sure, say that, in every respect, it is an honor not only to Madoc but also to the County.

In S. S. No. 10, Huntingdon, a very tasteful and well-finished brick school house has been completed. In appearance and convenience it has no superior among the rural school-houses of the district, while the furniture (of the same pattern as that in the Model School) with which it is supplied, leaves it without a rival.

There are now in North Hastings but two or three really bad school-houses. The worst of these the Trustees have formally promised to replace, in 1880, by a building suitable to the requirements of the locality. With it the last of the old-time huts will have disappeared.

A number of school houses still need more or less extensive repair and a better style of furniture to render them comfortable.

Since 1871, nearly 70 school houses have been erected, and, in addition, many have been repaired and refurnished. At the close of 1878 the estimated value of school property was $59,589—an increase of $33,075 (124 per cent.) since 1872.

SCHOOL GROUNDS.

Almost all the school premises in Rawdon, Huntingdon, Marmora, Madoc and Elziver, are properly enclosed and supplied with the necessary outhouses. In the Northern Townships much has yet to be done in this direction. I have not deemed it wise to press the matter with much urgency on the Trustees of the poorer sections. In 1880 I hope to be able to report considerable additional progress.

In the decoration of its school grounds, Stirling still occupies the foremost position. In Madoc an excellent commencement has been made by the planting of trees and flowers. I hope, ere long, to see the example set by the few emulated by the many. The school lot should be one of the beautiful spots in the neighborhood, and the school room should be as comfortable, cheery and home-like as it can be made. In too many places the play ground is without shade trees or ornament of any kind, the outhouses unfit for use, and the school room itself dingy with regard to the walls, unwashed with regard to the floor, and dust-laden with regard to the furniture.

SCHOOL FINANCES—RECEIPTS.

The total amount of money received during the year for Public School purposes was $34,766 54—an increase over 1877, of $5,437 39.

From Trustees' tax the amounts obtained were: Rawdon, $3,915 48; Marmora, and Lake, $2,014 05; Huntingdon, $2,484 74; Madoc Township, $2,877 62; Elziver, $1,640 77; Tudor et al, $1,246 29; Dungannon and Faraday, $462 99; Wicklow, et al, $197 82; Monteagle and Herschel, $785 22; Carlow and Mayo, $313 08; Stirling, $1,245 64; Madoc Village, $1,197 00; making a total of, $18,380 10.

From the Legislative grant, $2,756 47 was received by Trustees, and from the sum set apart by the Legislature for the aid and encouragement of poor schools, $570 was obtained. To the same good object your own liberal grant of $500 and smaller grants from the Councils of Elziver and Madoc Townships were applied. In all $1,140 00 was received for weak sections.

EXPENDITURE.

This was as follows:—

	Teachers' salaries.	Other purposes.	Total.
Rawdon	$3,878 66	$1,099 85	$4,978 51
Marmora, &c.	1,895 49	674 85	2,570 34
Huntingdon	2,219 83	1,697 24	3,917 07
Madoc	3,309 71	338 62	3,648 33
Elziver	1,890 18	234 12	2,124 30
Tudor &c.	1,386 55	726 97	2,113 52
Dungannon &c	615 22	194 02	809 24
Wicklow et al.	385 72	193 43	579 15
Monteagle &c.	678 79	508 26	1,187 05
Carlow &c.	336 19	280 26	616 45
Stirling	1,064 65	210 20	1,274 85
Madoc Village.	1,330 75	6,738 77	8,069 53
Total	18,991 75	12,896 59	31,888 34

Increase over expenditure for 1877, $1,673 92

The average amount spent per enrolled pupil (not taking into account the sums expended on capital account, that is, for permanent improvements) was in Rawdon, $4 51; in Huntingdon, $4 54; in Madoc, $4 53; in Elziver, $4 79; in Tudor, Cashel, Limerick, and Wollaston, $5 09; in Dungannon and Faraday, $5 09; in Wicklow, McClure and Bangor, $4 86; in Monteagle and Herschel $4 05; in Carlow and Mayo, $3 77; in Stirling, $4 47; in Madoc Village, $5 12; and, in the whole inspectorate, $4 51.

SCHOOL POPULATION AND ATTENDANCE.

The following tabular statement exhibits, in a concise form the condition of the Riding with reference to school population and attendance:

	School population (5 to 16 years.)	Number enrolled (all ages.)	SCHOOL ATTENDANCE. Average Attendance.	Percentage obtained by a comparison of average attendance with number enrolled.	Number who attended. Less than 20 days.	Between 20 and 50 days.	Between 50 and 100 days.	Between 100 & 150 days.	Between 150 & 200 days.	Between 200 days & the whole year (221 days.)
Rawdon	901	949	420	44	103	189	241	249	135	32
Marmora &c.	585	556	217	39	77	112	163	133	69	2
Huntingdon	551	576	266	46	73	145	155	103	75	25
Madoc	800	802	333	41	104	166	209	176	127	20
Elziver	411	429	158	35	58	86	114	107	53	11
Tudor et al.	399	341	112	32	64	67	119	70	21	
Wicklow et al.	155	115	38	33	35	27	17	21	13	2
Dungannon &c.	190	156	29	19	35	56	58	7		
Monteagle &c.	245	223	71	31	36	53	69	59	15	
Carlow & Mayo.	234	178	60	33	57	51	36	19	14	1
Stirling	275	285	143	50	30	35	81	62	65	12
Madoc Village	284	309	164	53	22	40	67	95	60	25
Total	5040	4919	2012	41	694	1027	1320	1101	647	130
Increase over '77	61	222	153	2	8	4	83	116		32

I ask for this statement your thoughtful and earnest study. No subject to which I will refer is of such importance. In my report for 1877 an improvement in the matter of school attendance was noted. I am gratified to be in a position to advise you of another advance in the matter. In the Riding as a whole, in Tudor, et al., Wicklow, et al., Montgeale and Herschel, Carlow and Mayo, Stirling and Madoc village there has been improvement more or less marked.

According to the report presented to the Legislative Assembly, during its last session, by the Minister of Education, the average attendance of pupils at the Public Schools of the Province, not including towns and cities, was 41 per cent of the enrolled number of pupils, exactly what it was in 1878 in North Hastings.

That a district thirteen of whose twenty townships are new, sparsely populated and situated on Colonization Roads, should, in school attendance reach the general standard of the Province, is pleasing. And yet, gentlemen, how much room for improvement still remains! Of the 4,919 who were in our schools for some portion of the year, 14 per cent. attended less than 20 days; 35 per cent. attended less than 50 days; and but 2 per cent. attended 200 days (the school year having been composed of 221 days.)

Want of punctuality, irregularity of attendance, and absenteeism for long periods, are the greatest hindrances to the advancement of popular education. They cool the enthusiasm of our best teachers, mar their most wisely directed efforts to perform their most important work—*the formation of character*—act with baneful influence on the irregular attendant and absentee, and retard the progress of the whole school. The most efficient instructors complain, with justice, of these evils, and the least efficient constantly cite them as the sole cause of their failures. They cannot, in a country like ours, be entirely removed. Distance from school, poverty of the parents, bad roads and the necessity for the child's assistance at home, are reasons for absence from school which cannot always be answered. But the indifference of parents and teachers, and the unattractive, uninteresting and unprofitable character of much of the work done in some of our schools are fruitful sources from which a large part of the evil springs. *These* causes can and should be removed. Intelligent care in the selection and retention of teachers is the best though not the only remedy.

LENGTH OF TIME FOR WHICH THE SCHOOLS WERE IN OPERATION.

With regard to this also I am able to report improvement. In the Northern Townships the liberal grants given by you and by the Minister of Education, have encouraged trustees to keep teachers engaged for a greater portion of the year than was formerly the case. In a few localities, there is manifested a strong desire to get as much pecuniary aid as possible in return for a *minimum* of school keeping. In the distribution of the county and legislative poor school grants, I have done what I could to aid the sections which needed assistance and which were endeavoring to help themselves.

In Rawdon the average time for which the schools were in operation, (not including holidays and vacations) was 194 days; Marmora and Lake, 168 days; Huntingdon, 183 days; Madoc, 178 days; Elziver, 190 days; Tudor et al., 157 days; Dungannon and Faraday, 156 days; Wicklow, et al., 211 days; Monteagle and Herschel, 152 days; Carlow and Mayo, 181 days; Stirling, 203 days; Madoc Village, 217 days; and the Riding 182 days.

TEACHERS—THEIR QUALIFICATIONS AND SALARIES.

Twenty-eight male, and 59 female teachers were employed during the year. Of these 1 held a Provincial first-class certificate, 13 had Provincial second-class certificates, 43 had third-class certificates, and 29 had special certificates for poor sections. The highest salary paid to any male teacher was $650, in Madoc Village, and the lowest was $230. The average salary paid in each municipality was:—

	Average Salary male teachers.	Average Salary. female teachers.
Rawdon	$338 00	$298 72
Marmora &c.	322 75	243 14
Huntingdon	430 75	252 60
Madoc	394 00	247 50
Elziver	345 00	226 71
Tudor, et al.	256 66	216 00
Dungannon &c.	252 00	228 00
Wicklow, et al.	279 00	
Carlow & Mayo.		216 00
Stirling	550 00	270 00
Madoc Village	650 00	325 00
The Riding	371 65	251 46
Increase over average of 1877	39 46	10 47

CHANGE OF TEACHERS.

The lack of permanence in the teacher's position, is, next to irregularity of attendance, the greatest hindrance to the elevation of our schools. Changes are beneficial at times, but when these occur frequently serious injury is done.

CLASSIFICATION OF PUPILS.

I have to report a marked improvement in this important matter. Well classified schools are now more numerous. Since the close of 1877, an additional number of teachers have adopted more systematic and reliable methods in relation to the advancement of pupils to higher classes. In their schools, which I need not say are amongst the good schools of the Riding, written examinations to test fitness for promotion to the third, fourth and fifth classes are held quarterly.

The number of pupils in each of the classes into which the public school curriculum is divided, was as follows: First, (or lowest) class, 2,185; second class, 1,220; third class, 1,184; fourth class, 292, and fifth class, 38. Engaged in spelling, there were 4,406; in writing, 4,474; in arithmetic, 4,647; in geography, 2,702; in grammar, 1,475; and in history, 625 pupils.

MODEL SCHOOL.

This institution commenced its operations at the beginning of 1878. Two sessions were held during the year—the first in January and February, and the second in November and December. In the former there were eight teachers in training in attendance, all of whom received third class certificates at the end of the session, and in the latter 14 teachers were trained 10 of whom obtained certificates. For the greater part of the first session I gave daily instructions to the students on school law, school organization, discipline, and methods of teaching. Lack of leisure prevented me from giving so much assistance in November and December. I, however, was able to explain to the students the method of teaching one or two subjects, and to aid the Principal in other ways.

Since its establishment the Model School has steadily advanced in management, discipline and general efficiency. It has now a staff of *four efficient teachers*. The Principal holds a first-class, grade A., Provincial certificate. The 2nd and 3rd assistants have second-class Provincial certificates, and the 4th assistant has successfully passed the non-professional second-class examination. Being thoroughly impressed with the opinion that the Model School will have, for good or evil, a very important influence on the schools of the riding, I have striven, by frequent visits and examinations, and by consultations with teachers and trustees, to enhance its usefulness. In my efforts to attain this end I have been heartily seconded by the Board of Trustees and by the teachers.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

This organization, which has been the means of accomplishing much good during the past five years, still meets regularly. During the year the bi-monthly meetings were, on the whole, well attended.

At the semi-annual conventions, held in January and October, the attendance was very large. At the latter, the Association was honored by the presence of the Minister of Education; at both we had the valuable assistance of Dr. McLellan, Senior High School Inspector, for whose advice and instruction the teachers are much indebted.

The great majority of our teachers are fully alive to the benefits to be derived from attendance at these gatherings. A few who are by no means remarkable for efficiency, are present as seldom as possible. Those teachers who *least* require the instruction given at the Convention are *always* present; those who need it most are frequently late, inattentive or absent. Every trustee and ratepayer is directly interested in the prosperity of the Association. The sole object of its existence is to benefit schools. For this reason parents and trustees should foster and encourage regular attendance of teachers.

THE SCHOOL LAW.

During the last session of the Ontario Legislature a number of very important changes were made in the School Law. No weighty objection can perhaps be made to the majority of these amendments. Some of them, however, are retrogressive in their character, and will I fear injure our School System. By frequent amendments and additions, the School Law and Regulations have now become a volume of considerable size. I think I will have the sympathy of many when I venture, with all respect, to hope that our Legislature will now, so far as Educational Legislation is concerned, take a much needed season of relaxation from their arduous labors, and thus afford to trustees and school officials generally an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the duties and responsibilities imposed on them by law.

In such a district as North Hastings those who endeavor to raise the status of public schools have many special difficulties to encounter. Notwithstanding these we have made a gratifying amount of progress during the past five years. Many hindrances have been removed and the influence for evil of others has been lessened. In the matter of school buildings and premises, the most careless observer cannot fail to see that great advancement has been made. In this respect the inspectorate can now, without fear, challenge comparison with many richer counties. During that period fifteen new school sections have been established, almost all the schools have been, for the first time, either supplied or refurnished with maps or apparatus, a Teachers' Association has been established and successfully maintained, the length of time for which the schools are annually in operation has been increased, the status of our teachers, in point of scholarship, professional worth, and remuneration has been elevated, and the attendance of pupils has become more regular. All our schools are not yet well conducted. We have too many inefficient and unsuccessful teachers. But the number of well managed schools is much larger than it was, and is constantly becoming more numerous. I have almost completed my first half-yearly tour of inspection for 1879, and at no former time have I found so many good schools. It is particularly gratifying to notice schools which have hitherto been very poorly conducted rapidly rising in the scale of efficiency.

These things and the increasing anxiety displayed by trustees and ratepayers to secure really good teachers afford hope and encouragement for the future.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
W. MACKINTOSH,
P. S. Inspector, North Hastings.
Madoc, June 9, 1879.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the united Townships of Elziver and Grimsthorpe,
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' List Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Bridgewater, on the 19th day of July, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and, if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

E. JAMES,
Clerk of the said Municipality.
Bridgewater, 21st July, 1879.

VOTERS' LIST, 1879.

Municipality of the Village of Madoc,
COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted to the persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of "The Voters' Lists Act" the copies required by said section to be so transmitted or delivered of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office in the Village of Madoc, on the 22nd day of July, 1879, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

Dated this 22nd day of July, 1879.
CHARLES GREAM,
Clerk of the said Municipality.

PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.
117-5t

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.

ISAAC B. POTTER,
Proprietor.
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. 119

By-Law No. ___

A By-law to authorize the granting of a Bonus to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company to the extent of $10,000.

Whereas the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company have built and completed a line of Railway from the point of junction with the Grand *Junction* Railway to the "Moore Mine," in the Township of Madoc;

And whereas the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon are desirous of assisting the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company by way of Bonus, to the extent of Ten Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of working said road, and of assisting in developing the northern part of the County of Hastings, and for other advantages to be derived from the construction and working of said Railway;

And whereas to carry the said recited object into effect, it is necessary to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned;

And whereas the amount of the whole of rateable property of the said municipality according to the last revised and equalized Assessment Rolls, is the sum of Four hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and two dollars, ($421,502);

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said municipality of the Township of Huntingdon is as follows, that is to say, for principal sum, *nothing*, and there is no principal money in arrear and there is no interest money in arrear;

And whereas it will require the sum of Six hundred dollars annually to be raised by special rate for paying the interest on said Ten thousand dollars during the currency of the debentures, and the further sum of Three hundred and two dollars and forty-three cents, ($302.43,) to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said sum of Ten thousand dollars, such sum being sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said Ten thousand dollars when payable, the debentures to be issued to extend over twenty years;

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon as follows:—

1st.—That this By-law shall come in force on the first day of November next.

2nd.—That the whole of the debentures hereinafter mentioned and authorized to be issued shall be made payable in twenty years at furthest, from the day on which this By-law shall take effect, as in the preceding clause mentioned. That immediately after this By-law comes into force the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon shall issue their debentures in sums not less than One hundred dollars each, and in such greater sums as the Reeve and Treasurer shall think best, in all for the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

3rd.—That the said debentures shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal in Belleville, at the time in Section Two above mentioned, and the said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and shall have interest Coupons attached, payable half-yearly at said Bank.

4th.—That the said debentures shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer of said Township of Huntingdon.

5th.—That there shall be levied and assessed upon all rateable property in the Township of Huntingdon an annual special rate of Two mills and one-seventh of a mill on the dollar, sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said debt and interest when payable at the end of twenty years, until the same are paid off, redeemed and discharged in full.

6th.—That the said debentures shall be taken and accepted by the said Company to whom they are to be given in payment of said aid, as hereinafter provided, at par value.

7th.—That the said debentures so to be created and issued shall be paid over to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company on the following conditions, that is to say:—When they shall have commenced the said working and traffic on the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway for passengers and produce, and otherwise to and from the northern part of the said Township of Huntingdon to the Grand Junction wharves at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, in Belleville, or to a shipping station of the said Company at said waters in Belleville.

8th.—That the said debentures so to be appropriated in aid of the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall be deposited with the Trustees to be appointed in the manner and as provided in the Act incorporating said Company.

9th.—That before the delivery over of the debentures to the said Railway Company by the Trustees, and before they shall be entitled to receive the same, or any part thereof, the said Railway Company shall enter into a Covenant with the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon: *Providing* that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, in addition to the present Railway Stations, shall provide a Flag Station, together with a Storehouse for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, sufficient for that purpose, and for the storage of goods and merchandise, at Mr. John B. Fox's farm, sufficient for that purpose, on that portion of the same heretofore conveyed by him to said Railway Company, and that the said Railway Company shall erect at each of the said other stations in the said Township a Storehouse sufficient for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, and to store the grain and the goods, wares and merchandise of the said Township, and that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall carry passengers and the grain and produce of the said Township and work the said road through the said Township of Huntingdon to and from the said Grand Junction Railway wharf or wharves of the said Company in Belleville, at the Bay of Quinte, for the term of Twenty years.

10th.—That the said Covenants shall be entered into by the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, contemporaneously with the handing over of the said debentures.

Be it further enacted that for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the qualified electors to the said By-law,

Friday, the 8th day of August next,

is hereby appointed for taking votes of the said electors thereon, and polls are hereby appointed to be held and opened at the hour of Nine o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, and remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

Be it further enacted that the following shall be the Returning Officers who shall take the votes at the following places and as mentioned below:

Division No. 1, Orange Hall, West Huntingdon; James Gay, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2, Town Hall; J. G. Foster, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3, Sargent's House; Elisha Sargent, Returning Officer.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon, after one month from the first publication in the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, the date of which first publication was the Second day of July, A. D. 1879, and that the votes of the electors of the said municipality will be taken thereon at the several and respective places therein appointed for polls to be held, at the hour of Nine o'clock of the forenoon of the said day, to remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

That the Clerk shall on the day after the election attend at the Town Hall, in the said Township of Huntingdon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and shall sum up the number of votes cast in favor of the By-law, and the number polled against it, and then and there declare the result of said election.

J. G. FOSTER,
Clerk, Township of Huntingdon.
Town Hall, Huntingdon, June 26th, 1879.

THIS SPACE

RESERVED FOR

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,

AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

A CARD.

MR. R. S. HENDERSON avails himself of his first moments of convalescence to tender his most sincere and grateful thanks to Messrs. Taylor, Jas. Pine, and others whose names he does not know, who so kindly came to his assistance at the time of the accident that so nearly deprived him of life. Also to Mr. Maitland, of Bannockburn, for his unwearied attention to him and the ladies with him, during the night that he lay helpless at his house.

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.

Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address

PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
115-4t

NOTICE.

I HAVE been informed that my husband, Francis Newells, signed papers on the 17th inst., disposing of part of his property. Now I want to notify the public that any such agreements he might have signed for the last two years are no good, as part of his property is mortgaged, and the balance is settled on me by our marriage settlements. Any debts I justly owe will be paid, as I am going to put my property into the hands of some of the best business men of Madoc to see me righted and my creditors also.

MARY ANNE LLOYD NEWELLS.
Millbridge, June 30, 1879. 118

LOW PRICES
JUST ARRIVED,
A LARGE STOCK OF
DRIED APPLES,
Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.

Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.

A general assortment of choice
FAMILY GROCERIES,
and a large stock of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
Confectionery, &c., &c.
—ALSO,—
AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.
N. D. PETERS.
Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

CHRISTMAS

GROCERIES.

—:—

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,

THE CELEBRATED

DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 15th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

CHOICE STOCK

—OF—

DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 06

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great Eng. lish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence. TRADE MARK.

Before Taking — After Taking

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

E. E.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?

SEE THE LIST

OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 25 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GALES, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253, Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, July 17th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUPFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, August 4th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at Madoc at 5.15.

Population of Hastings.

The population of the County of Hastings, according to the estimates of the Registrar General, is put down at 55,619.

Twelfth of August.

The 'Prentice Boys of Belleville are making extensive preparations for a monster celebration of the coming 12th of August in that city. Full particulars have not yet been published.

To be Rebuilt.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"We learn that Wallbridge's grist mill at Shannonville, which was destroyed by fire recently, is to be rebuilt as soon as possible. The cheese factory in the 2nd concession of Thurlow, which was burned, is to be rebuilt. The hotels at Thrasher's Corners will also be rebuilt at once."

Death at a Wedding.

A correspondent sends us the following:—"On Wednesday, the 14th inst., a wedding party was assembled at the house of Mr. C. Johnson, Flinton Road, his daughter being the bride. In the evening all was going on happily when a brother of the bride, aged 15, was suddenly attacked with vomiting of blood, from the effects of which he died."

Worthy of Inspection.

There is now on exhibition in Mr. Mullet's harness shop, in this village, a set of single harness which is well worth dropping in to see. The set was got up entirely by hand by Mr. Curtis Sills, is of the latest and most improved pattern, with full nickle silver finish, and the workmanship of which does that gentleman great credit. It is worth, we believe, about $40.

Death From Paris Green.

The following item from a Lindsay paper ought to serve as a warning to those of our readers who freely use Paris green for the extermination of the potato bug. This is not the only death that has resulted from the same cause:—"A little seven-year-old daughter of Mr. Henry Callaghan, of Lindsay, died on Thursday from the effects of Paris green she had swallowed a couple of days previous in eating lettuce in the garden. The Paris green was put on some potato plants, and must have been blown off on the lettuce by the wind. The little girl suffered intense pain for two days until death relieved her."

Fifty Years Ago.

Hon. Billa Flint has a communication in Saturday's *Intelligencer* in which he gives a very interesting reminiscences of the appearance of Belleville when he first settled in it half a century ago. "Fifty years ago this harvest," the hon. gentleman says, "wheat brought 60 cts., rye 32c to 40c, peas 40c, oats 20c, potatoes 15c to 20c, hay $6 per 2,240 lbs., wood 50c to $1 per cord, butter 10c per lb., eggs 7½c per dozen, while the season before came, wheat was 50c per bushel, flour $2.50 per bbl., and not cash at that, *only trade*. It took 2 bbls. of flour and $1 in cash to buy one barrel of salt, as the price of salt was 'only' $6 per barrel, while at Brockville we sold it to Capt. Gildersleeve for $2.50 per barrel, and paid him from $4 to $4.25 per barrel for flour. * * * Of the male inhabitant householders of 50 years ago there is not one left in the place, the late James Wilson being the last. There are only 6 females (all widows) left of those that were keeping house when I came here, and of the younger people, the larger portion are dead or have moved away." After paying a graceful tribute to the glorious future of the Dominion of Canada, and with his best wishes for the City of Belleville and this County, the venerable Senator concludes his letter in the following words:—"Having led an active life, both in business and as a public man, since I came to Belleville (in which I do not expect I have pleased every one), yet at the age of 74 years 8 months and 10 days, notwithstanding all the changes and trials in my business, as well as public life, I can truly say I feel cheerful and contented."

No Scarcity of Work.

The *Intelligencer* says labor does not seem to be scarce in that vicinity at present, as the contractors for the Grand Junction Railway find much difficulty in procuring laborers to work on the road at $1.25 per day.

Gaol Breaking.

On Saturday evening last Mr. "Bill" Waters was triumphantly marched to the lock-up under the gallant escort of Constable Sills, for using insulting language and endeavoring to pick a quarrel on the street, he having evidently been imbibing too freely in the "flowin' bole." The Constable informs us, however, that the same night an entrance was effected by some parties into the Hall, the door of the cell broken open, and the prisoner liberated. This wants looking into.

Madoc Model School.

The following is the report of Model School for June:

Total number of pupils on Roll . . . 215

Average attendance in:

Miss Crepar's Department,	64.04
Miss Riddell's "	51.14
Miss Cowie's "	34.09
Mr. Kirk's "	31.03
Total average	180.57

Number of pupils promoted during the month:

Miss Crepar's Department,	11
Miss Riddell's "	19
Miss Cowie's "	14
Mr. Kirk's "	3
Total	47

Number of pupils late during month:

Miss Crepar's Department,	54
Miss Riddell's "	40
Miss Cowie's "	52
Mr. Kirk's "	25

Percentage of attendance:

Miss Crepar's Department,	77.15
Miss Riddell's "	88.17
Miss Cowie's "	85.23
Mr. Kirk's "	82.37
Total average	83.23

Brutal Fight.

One of the most disgusting exhibitions in the shape of a fight that we have ever seen occurred in this village on Saturday afternoon last, Benj. Hobson, of Malone, and a young man named Nichol, from the same place we are informed, being the participators. There appears to have been an old grudge between these two men, and meeting in the bar-room of Simmons' hotel on Saturday they evidently determined to "have it out." The preliminaries were easily settled, and the men clinched, but the encounter which took place partook more of the savage brutality of a dog fight than that which would have been expected of human beings. Of course to tell exactly how the first few rounds were fought would be almost impossible, but when the men were got out on the street Nichol had succeeded in fastening his teeth in his opponent's under lip and cheek, and to which he held on until the piece was torn completely from Hobson's face. A few more blows and the combatants were separated. Hobson, whose face presented a ghastly appearance, proceeded to Dr. Loomis' surgery where the wound was dressed, while Nichol, assisted by a friend, hastened to leave the village with all possible speed. Constable Sills was sent for and made an effort to capture Nichol, who, however, was driven rapidly away, and has not yet been arrested. It seems strange that a crowd of men would stand around and allow such a thing to take place, and it is fortunate, indeed, that such disgusting scenes are of rare occurrence.

PICNIC AND PRESENTATION.

A very successful picnic was held in connection with S. S. No. 2, McClure, and the Sons of Temperance, on Dominion Day. The attendance was the largest at any picnic held in these back townships. Fun and merriment seemed to be the order of the day, and those present vied with each other in contributing to its success. A noticeable feature in the affair was the presence of a great number of children from the other Schools of the neighborhood, with their Teachers, which clearly showed the respect entertained for, and the popularity of the Teacher of our school, Mr. L. W. Burke. This gentleman has been our Teacher for two years, and has won for himself the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. Further, he has accomplished a work in our school which reflects the greatest credit on him as a Teacher. Owing to this and the fact of his abandoning the profession of Teaching for a time, to attend one of our training Colleges, the friends of our school, of all creeds and classes, attended, as being a fitting opportunity of publicly wishing him "God-speed," and bidding him farewell. The loss of his valuable services will be keenly felt by this section, and the proceedings of the day prove that this is fully recognized by the interested parties.

Shortly after nine o'clock was to be observed in the vicinity of the schoolhouse, betokening the gathering of the expected friends, and about the same time a knot of children, numbering nearly seventy, had assembled near the house of Mr. Geo. Barragar. They were then formed into line, headed by their teacher and other friends, and singing merrily as they went along, marched to the picnic ground. Here all necessary preparations had been made for the enjoyment of those assembled, such as swings, croquet, etc., and a very pleasant forenoon was spent. At noon a sumptious repast was prepared by the ladies to which ample justice was done, after which arrangements were made for spending an hour or two in intellectual enjoyment. Mr. John Hewitt, senior Trustee, took the chair, which he filled in his usual jocular and intelligent manner.

Mr. Geo. Barragar came forward at the call of the chairman, and warmly welcomed the guests from a distance, expressed his delight at seeing so many happy-looking children, and especially those from the neighboring schools present, to celebrate our nation's natal day.

He was followed by Mr. James Caswell, who, in the course of his remarks, drew a marked contrast between the late management of the school, and its condition when taken charge of two years ago by Mr. Burke. He concluded by hoping the Trustees would endeavor to maintain the now efficient state of the school.

The toast of the day, "The Dominion," was next proposed by the chairman, and responded to by Mr. J. S. K. Angus, of Harcourt, in one of the best speeches ever delivered to an audience in this section of the country. The speaker, in the course of his remarks, expressed the pleasure which he felt at seeing two such causes as Temperance and Education blending together, to promote the enjoyment of small communities, and the development of that patriotic spirit without which no nation can be said to possess absolute security or reach the zenith of prosperity. He went on further to show the progress which Canada has made, and the relative position which she occupies with other nations of the world. In conclusion he encouraged those present to continue faithful to their country and loyal to their Queen.

A toast to the "Young Ladies" was next proposed, and in response a recitation was given by Master Tommy Caswell, entitled "A Boy's Composition on Girls," in a manner which reflected great credit upon himself and his instructor, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Mr. McLain, Presbyterian student, then came forward and entertained the company wit a very humorous and pleasing address, in which he fully discussed the two conditions "wealth" and "poverty," as looked at from their various stand points, and went on to show by a number of illustrations, how much the settlers in remote townships might improve their surroundings by the exercise of a little taste, or as he termed it "the putting on of a little style."

At the conclusion of these interesting proceedings and elegant copy of the Baxter Bible, with the following address, was presented to Mr. Burke by the pupils:

A Farewell Address presented to L. W. Burke, on his leaving School Section No. 2, McClure.

RESPECTED TEACHER,—We, the pupils of School Section No. 2, McClure, leaving with profound regret of your contemplated departure, not only from those scenes with which you have become so very familiar, but also from this neighborhood, desire now to publicly bid you farewell. In every walk and at every period of life, frequently it becomes necessary to say farewell to some one for whom a more than ordinary respect or admiration or regard is entertained. The endless changes in the world's affairs drive us here to-day, there to-morrow, and early in our lives have we found how bitter these changes are, and how hard to meet.

You have been our teacher for about two years. Some of us have been with you these years; others you have seen go out into the world and enter on a career of prosperity. They have benefitted, as we have, by your cheering voice and noble example; they have, as we have, obtained from you that learning which only needs industry to ensure success; they retain, as we will ever do, grateful recollections of your kindness, skill, and forethought of the lessons you have taught, and we vainly strove to learn.

Since you first entered this school as its teacher, it has thriven beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Its scholars were advanced as they were never before, and taught in a manner they never can forget, and in leaving this school to-day, sir, you take with you the satisfaction of knowing that you have given this school an impetus it sorely needed, and we hope it will ever retain; but, sir, in bidding you farewell, we desire to convey to you some tangible token of our regard, and with that object in view, we pray that you will

"In memory of your faithfulness,
And loving counsel given,
Accept from us this Holy Book,
Which points the way to Heaven."

It is not in our power to pay you for all that you have done for us. We may never be able to do so; but if sincere gratitude and heartfelt wishes for your success can be accepted towards that repayment, then, indeed, esteemed sir, you have thus.

We ask you to keep this memento of your day of honest work in Maynooth, and of your sometimes unruly scholars, and with it take the best respects and kindest regards of our parents, our friends, and of all with whom you have been connected here; and with it take too our fervent invocation that when we are called from time to eternity we may meet in that land formed for the good alone, where parting is unknown.

Signed on behalf of the pupils,

JNO. HEWITT, WM. DUIRE, S. MITCHELL, } Trustees.

To which Mr. Burke replied in the following appropriate manner.

REPLY.

MY DEAR PUPILS,—I cannot say that the reading of your very flattering address has taken me by surprise, from the fact that anything you did in the way of kindness would only be a repetition of your past conduct; and let me assure you that I fully appreciate the very kind sentiments it expresses, and duly appreciate the well selected present which accompanies it. Since my advent among you as your teacher, the toils and anxieties incident to the arduous profession from which I am about to retire for a time, have been very much lightened by your kind, respectful, and obedient behavior towards me under all circumstances, and if I have accomplished even a portion of that good you so generously attribute to me, the knowledge of a pleasing fact will even be a source of deep gratification.

Now that I am parting with you, were I permitted to tender advice I would say: Be as attentive to your studies and as commendable in your conduct under my successor as you have been with me, and his labors cannot fail to prove beneficial to you, and pleasing to himself.

Moreover, it is my heartfelt wish that you will all grow up into manhood intelligent, respected, and exemplary members of the community, and that in common with your friends I may yet have the unmixed satisfaction of seeing many of you filling responsible and lucrative positions.

In conclusion, let me assure you that wherever I may go, I shall always remember with feelings of deepest gratification the kind hospitality I have received from your parents, and the many warm-hearted friends I leave behind me in Maynooth. I never can forget the little band that I am leaving, and I shall ever pray that you may be so guided by that Word, of which you have been pleased to present me with a copy, that you may be enabled to say from your hearts,

"Rejoice! we yet shall meet again,
Where none shall say, farewell;
And in one home of deathless love,
Together we shall dwell."

At intervals during the afternoon several select and appropriate pieces of music were rendered under the leadership of Mr. D. Card, which added much to the enjoyment of those present. Great credit is due to the ladies, who attended to the culinary matters, for the admirable manner in which they catered the wants of the assemblage. After the usual votes of thanks had been given, the entertainment was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem. The company then dispersed, all feeling that they had spent a very enjoyable day.

REX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having been furnished by nature with a nasal organ in very good working order, to say nothing of other senses, I would like through your journal to express my thanks to your correspondent "Anti-Filth" for urging our Municipal authorities to deal speedily and effectively with two of the most glaring and abominable nuisances, which disgrace our village. I would like at the same time to express my gratification at the stand Mr. Wilson has taken in his letter and the certainty I feel that the greater part of our citizens will support him heartily in what I presume will be his next step in the matter, viz.: to bring the thing formally before one of our village magistrates, and thus put in motion the power given by law for enforcing a decorous observance of the Sabbath.

People like the writers of the two letters I speak of, who have the courage to attack the moral and physical abominations which are inflicted upon the public; no less the printer who runs the risk of pecuniary loss and irritating annoyance, by daring to proclaim them in his paper, deserve the thankful recognition and support of every lover of good order and law-abiding

CITIZEN.

Madoc, July 20, '79.

LOST.

CAME to my premises, Lot 5, 9th Con. of Madoc, on 22nd day of June, a black Sow, with a short tail, and about 1 year old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay damages, and take her away.

JAMES MARRIN.

118-4t

FIRST-CLASS FARM FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; buildings large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to

WAREHAM TULLER,
Owner, on the premises.

Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 879.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc.

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to

CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

C. G. WILSON,

DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

Fancy & Toilet Articles

Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.

April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to

108-13w Renfrew, Ont.

ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence,

☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future EGGS will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut free of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

☞ Mention this Paper you see this Advertisement. Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa.

FARM AND GARDEN.

English Agriculture.

There is room in the world for all. The briskest competition should engender no feeling of gratification at the reverses of a rival. Therefore it is a matter of regret to notice the unsatisfactory, not to say disastrous, condition of English agriculture. English journals are filled with complaints and forebodings of evil. Agriculture was never in so depressed a condition. Rents are unpaid; farms go a-begging; the owners cannot work them; and tenants cannot make enough out of them to pay for labor and for rent. The English farmers are deluged under a flood of American products. The cheap lands of this great continent and our free system of labor—in which we include the privilege to work without losing caste as a gentleman—have borne the fruit which has been so long a-ripening; and our unfortunate rivals across the water are no longer able to compete with us. The gates are now broken down. Our exports are flowing abroad nearly at the rate of one million dollars each day, over and above the amount of imports. This result is the inevitable effect of a law which no man or nation can set aside. We could not help it if we would. The best we can do is to offer to our rivals a position by our side where they can share our advantages. Here is room for all. There, the balance is disturbed; here it is suspended evenly and is not likely to be disturbed until our broad fields and plains are fully occupied. And this cannot occur for a century, perhaps for several of them to come.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Colors in the Flower Bed.

Much of the beauty of a flower bed depends on such an arrangement of the colors as will secure a harmonious effect. It is very much as with a tasteful selection of colors for a lady's outfit. Some with expensive material always fail to produce a pleasing impression for want of taste and judgment as to colors; so with a flower bed. Costly plants are often got, and yet the bed does not look pretty. Among the rules to be observed are the following:

1. Avoid placing rose-colored next to scarlet, orange or violet.
2. Do not place orange next to yellow, nor blue next to violet.
3. White relieves any color, but do not place it next to yellow.
4. Orange goes well with blue, and yellow with violet.
5. Rose color and purple always go well together.

Spare the Trees.

Two facts confront us and deserve serious consideration. The forests of the world are going, just as the coal beneath our feet is going—man is a cooking animal, and must have fuel. In all the great outlets of water floods multiply, and become more and more destructive. We are compelled to ask if there is any necessary, or perhaps obvious, connection between the two facts. Undoubtedly there is, and one of the most simple nature; and one, moreover, that plainly teaches that the more the earth is stripped of its natural clothing in the shape of arborescent vegetation, the more and more will it become unfit for human habitation and a bleak and howling wilderness. If the race of men wish to hold their place on the planet, therefore, they will do well to preserve a reasonable extent of forest; and, at all events, they may to their own advantage occasionally plant for posterity, because while the trees are growing they will moderate the floods somehow or other. The utterly selfish system will not pay. In proportion as the forests are destroyed, human life will be denuded of its joys in times when danger does not threaten; and when threatening begins in respect of torrents and flood, it will simply be exposed to such tremendous risks that it becomes a fair speculation that water and not fire will make an end of the race of men.

Raising Pigs.

The most important thing for the swine breeder at this season of the year is to get the greatest possible growth from the spring pigs. There is no period in the life of the hog when so great a return for the food consumed is possible as during the first six months, and it is here that the advantage of skilful feeding is apparent. Unless great care be taken, the growth of the pig will be seriously checked when it is from three to five weeks old. The milk of the dam, which was ample to promote a rapid growth in the litter of pigs during the first two or three weeks, is not sufficient to answer the demands of the same litter as they grow older; hence the pigs should early be taught to look elsewhere for a part of their sustenance. This is an easy matter; a little milk or nutritious food of any kind, in liquid form, placed conveniently by, where the pigs can have access to it at all times, but beyond the reach of the sow, will soon do the work; and it should be replenished frequently through the day. If this is attended to, there will be no "stunting" of the pigs at this critical period, and their growth will be uniform and rapid. A good clover pasture is a valuable adjunct, and helps wonderfully. The true secret of successful pork making is to *push* the pig from the date of birth until it is big enough for the market; and the earlier the age at which this point can be reached, the greater is the return for the food consumed.

A slop made of corn and oats, ground in about equal parts, with a little oat-meal added, makes the best food for the sow while suckling, to increase the flow of milk; and this, with clover pasture and plenty of soaked corn during the summer, will promote a rapid and healthy growth of the pigs.

Clover as a Weed Exterminator.

Among its other excellencies, clover is a good weed exterminator. When it is thick, as it should be, it smothers down a great many noxious plants, and if cut at the proper time, not a weed will have a chance to ripen its seed. For both these reasons it is hard on the Canada thistles, and I verily believe a course of clovering will be found about as effectual a remedy as can be devised against that worst of vegetable pests.

Blackberries and Raspberries.

See that the fruiting canes are properly tied up to the stakes or trellis. The young shoots now growing will form canes for the next year's fruiting, and should be attended to. Cut away all except 3 to 5 on each stool, and tie these to the support as soon as old enough. The young ones should be pinched off at 4 feet for raspberries and 6 feet for blackberries. Cut away the old canes after fruiting is past.

Hints About the Setting of Hens.

The *American Poultry Journal and Record* strongly recommends that a hen's nest for hatching should be made in a bottomless box on the ground, saying that it would surprise raisers to know how large a number of eggs fail to hatch out their young on account of the lack of moisture produced by the warmth of the hen when the chicks are almost ready to come forth. The same authority says:—"When the weather is bad, and the chicks appear to be suffering much, the food may be seasoned with pepper, with the addition of tincture of iron to the water. Warm milk should also be given to drink."

Profits of Poultry Keeping.

A correspondent of the *Poultry World* gives "facts and figures," as follows, to show that poultry pays:—

"One of my neighbors has for several years been experimenting largely in poultry. His stock consists of White and Brown Leghorns and Light Brahmas. He started at the commencement of last year with 108 fowls. He kept an accurate account of the receipts and expenditures. They produced 7,879 eggs. His total receipts in eleven months for eggs and fowls sold, adding what he had consumed, amounted to $244.96; cost of feed and other expenses, $117.85; leaving a clear profit of $127.11. He had 98 fowls on hand Dec. 1st., which he considers worth more than the 108 fowls he had at the commencement of the year. He has a pair of Light Brahmas that weigh 26½ pounds. Keeps his fowls shut up the year round. Has a large hennery, the house fronting the south. Gives a variety of food, such as corn, oats, buckwheat, all in grain, and wheat screenings, coarse feed and corn meal. Also feeds once a day with beef scraps, and three times a week with onions and turnips chopped together."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S DEATH

Report of Lieut. Carey, Who Has Been Court-Martialed for not Taking Care of Him.

The London papers of June 30th have accounts from their correspondents at the Cape of the details of the Prince Imperial's taking off. The *Times* correspondent gives the following as the substance of Lieut. Carey's report:

"Having learned that his Imperial Highness would proceed on June 1st to reconnoitre the country in advance of the column and choose a site for the camp on the following day, I suggested that as I had already ridden over the same ground, I should accompany him. My request was granted; but at the same time, Col. Harrison, Acting Quartermaster-General, stated that I was not in any way to interfere with the Prince, as he wished him to have the entire credit of choosing the camp. Shortly before starting, I found that no escort was prepared, and applied to the Brigade-Major of Cavalry. I received the necessary orders, and at 9:15 six men of Capt. Bettington's Horse paraded before headquarters. With these and a friendly Zulu, provided by the Hon. Mr. Drummond, we started. Six Basutos of Capt. Shepstone's corps were also under orders to proceed with us, and before crossing the Blood River, I sent on to him to ask for them. The messenger returned to say that they would meet us on the ridge between the Incenzi and Irelezi Hills. I again sent the man to bring the escort back with him. On our right and left flanks I saw large bodies of Basutos scouting. Arrived upon the ridge, we dismounted, wishing to fix the position of some hills with our compasses. Col. Harrison then rode up and told us that General Marshall's cavalry was coming up. When he had left I suggested to the Prince to wait for the remainder of the escort. 'Oh, no; we are quite strong enough.' At a mile and a half we ascended a commanding and rocky range of hills beyond Ilyotozi River. I proposed that we should here off-saddle near the river. We remained for half an hour sketching and surveying the country with our telescopes. Seeing no one, we descended to a kraal in a valley below and off-saddled. No precautions were taken, as no Zulus were expected to be in the neighborhood. The Prince was tired, and lay down beside a hut. The men made coffee, and I reconnoitered with my telescope. At 3 35 I suggested saddling up. His Imperial Highness said, "Wait another ten minutes"; but in five minutes gave me the necessary order. I repeated it, and then went to fetch my horse from the mealie-fields. I had saddled and mounted on the home side of the kraal, when I heard his Imperial Highness give the order, 'Prepare to mount.' I looked round and saw his foot in the stirrup. At the same time I said 'Mount,' and as the men vaulted into the saddles I saw the black faces of Zulus about twenty yards off, rushing towards us through the mealie-fields. They shouted and fired upon us as we rode off. I thought that all were mounted, and knowing that the men's carbines were unloaded I judged it was better to clear the long grass before making a stand. Knowing from experience the bad shooting of the Zulus, I did not expect that anyone was injured. I therefore shouted as we neared the donga, 'We must form up on the other side. See to the retreat of everyone.' On looking back I saw one party following us, while another on our left was attempting to cut off our retreat across the ridge. Meanwhile we were under a heavy fire, and after we had crossed the donga a man said to me, 'I fear the Prince is killed, sir.' I paused, looked back, and seeing the Prince's horse galloping on the other side of the donga, asked if it was any use returning. The Zulus had already passed over the ground where he must have fallen, and he pointed out the men creeping round our left. I paused for our men to come up, and then galloped on to find a drift over the Tombocto River."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

Journalism in England has adopted a new feature, and rather a taking one for the papers which have come under its influence. It is this: Every Saturday's issue of certain journals contains a story written by a well-known novelist, to whom each publisher pays a stipulated sum. Wilkie Collins and William Black have been engaged among others. But a more startling innovation in English journalism is the new system of interviewing. The Whitehall *Review* has selected certain well known literary and political writers to obtain the views of all the leading public men of the day, and even the King of Italy has been drawn into the net through the agency of a diplomat. In this way the eminent men of all countries will be brought under subjection to the leading English society journals.

The International Literary Congress, presided over by Victor Hugo, met in London, England, on the 9th of June. America, Germany, Spain, Austria, Holland, Sweden, France and Portugal were represented, and among those present were many literary ladies. The opening speech was delivered by M. About, followed by Blanchard Jerrold. The delegates dined with the Lord Mayor, and visited Shakespeare's birthplace by invitation from the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon.

"George Eliot's" last novel, "Theophrastus Such," has disappointed the author's admirers in England, and the opinion is expressed that the book will not add to the lady's reputation.

Miss Florence Marryatt is writing a new novel. She married some time since, but obtained a divorce from her husband, Col. Ross-Church, as we mentioned at the time, and she has recently been married to Lieut.-Col. Lean.

The new papers recently started in London are *Life*, a society paper; the *Mask*, a dramatic and literary journal revived; *Sketch*, a new paper of the same class; the *British Empire*, devoted to reciprocity in trade; and the *Referee*, a Sunday paper.

Harrison Ainsworth is to the fore again. His new work is "Beau Nash."

Stoddard, the American poet, has gone to the country, where he will spend the summer.

The Life and Letters of Charles Mathews, the great English comedian, will soon appear.

Walt Whitman, has found his way back from the crowded American metropolis to his quiet home by the sea.

The much abused "penny-a-liner," as he is called in England, has found a defender in the *University Magazine*. It is well understood that the individual answering to the name alluded to is a picker up of paragraphs for the newspapers; that he does not constitute any part of the regular newspaper staff, and is paid a penny a line for all the credible news he furnishes. He has been frequently denounced for blunders he never committed, and accused of getting up sensational paragraphs for the sake of the pay. The *University* says the "penny-a-liner" can well afford to laugh at the witticisms uttered at his expense, because his profession is both honorable and lucrative. He is free to do as he likes, and what he writes must be paid for if accepted, as it is pretty sure to be, for news of the kind is valuable, and newspaper publishers are only too glad to have some one to assist their regular reporters. It is known that the "penny-a-liner" also finds employment in corresponding with country newspapers.

Prof. Shairp, in his recent criticism on Burns, speaks of the Ayrshire poet as having a sort of intuitive knowledge of the great politicians of his day. It is well known that Burns was strongly inclined to republicanism, yet a truer patriot never breathed, as witness his short poem on the threatened French invasion. Of the public men of Great Britain, however, he had no desire to say a word of praise. Pitt had his aversion and he sung of Fox as "you ill-tongued tinkler Charlie Fox." A famous Scotchman he designated as

"That slee farren chiel Dundas,

and another he characterized as:

"That glib gabbit Highland baron, the Laird o' Graham."

Prof. Shairp avers that Burns touched the characters of those men as truly as if they had all been his own familiars, and yet he had no acquaintance with them.

Among the most extraordinary men of his time was Prof. John Wilson, the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Not long after his marriage he lost his entire fortune, but he did not repine. He retired to the vicinity of the Cumberland Lakes, and there taking a cottage settled down to a literary life, and by his labors achieved his object in placing himself in comfortable circumstances. His writings will last as long as the English language, for his criticisms are unequalled. As an essayist he was grand, and as a humorist his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," bear testimony that he stood in the front ranks. Had Wilson not become impoverished in all probability he would not have written as he did, because it was a competency he labored for.

Dean Stanley has offended the Americans just as much by not writing a book about the United States as if he had written one. It is the reason he assigns for not doing so. He says "he has too much respect for his own peace of mind to risk offending, so thin-skinned and sensitive a society as his entertainers in America are.

There is something worth thinking over in these few smooth lines, which come from an anonymous source:

Stay, sweet day, for thou art fair,
Fair, and full, and calm;
Crowned through all thy golden hours
With love's freshest, sweet flowers,
Strong in Faith's unshaken powers,
Rich in Hope's bright balm.

Stay, what chance and change may wait,
As you glide away;
Now is all so glad and bright,
Now we breathe in sure delight;
Now we smile in Fate's despite
Stay with us, sweet day.

Ah! she cannot, may not stop;
All things must decay;
So with head, and heart, and will,
Take the joy that lingers still,
Take the pause in strife and ill,
Prize the passing day.

Among recent deaths is that of Mr. G.W.M. Reynolds, a somewhat notable individual of a rare school of fictionists in England. His "Mysteries of London" had an immense run and his more immoral work, "The mysteries of the Court of London," placed him beyond the pale of recognition by the best set of contemporary writers. It may be said in extenuation of the alleged coarseness of Mr. Reynolds, that he denies having written some of the worst of the publications bearing his name. His was the blood and thunder style, and he was the most extreme of Radicals in his political views. It is to be regretted that his name is not in the list of the great galaxy of England's best and ablest writers.

MRS. COLTON'S DIARY.

The Utterances of a Woman's Breaking Heart.

Two ordinary note-books, in which Mrs. Josephine A. Colton, of No. 216 Chrystie street, recorded her troubles before she shot herself, were in the coroner's office this morning and were objects of much curiosity. The entries in the books reveal a sad story. The first volume is headed "Memorandum of my daily life," beginning with September 1, 1877. The first entry reads as follows: "My old diary is full. I am sorry. I like old things, old friends, old associations; but, like all earthly things, they pass away. I think these little memorandums help us to lead better lives. At the end of the week, when I read over the pages, I am ashamed of my shortcomings, and make good resolves for the future." Following this are memoranda for nearly every day until April 13, when the account book was full. The memoranda for the most part relate to trival incidents of her life, but they tell the story of her gradual desertion by her husband. She writes in some places that her husband has slandered her, that he has absented himself from her, and at last she writes that he has nearly deserted her. On begining to fill a second volume on April 29, 1879, she wrote: "Well, again my dairy is filled, and oh! how sad are its records! There has not been one ray of sunshine to tell to its sad pages. Oh! can it be that the heart can stand so much and not break! I have seen him but twice since the 18, and it is better so. Oh! why should my heart cling to this man so! O God, tear his image from my heart and give me peace of mind. God forgive you, William, if you drive me to my death, for you have much need to pray."

On the next day, April 30, she writes: "I have answered an advertisement by a lady who wishes a lady to share her rooms and do light housekeeping. She has been to see me and I rather like her." She did not write in the diary again until May 11, when she refers again to her husband's infidelity.

The last entry is dated June 22. "I have not touched my book since May 11. How many changes have been since then. My life, the last year, has been one continued round of sadness and ill-luck. I often wonder if my spirit can rest after death. Oh! William, my husband, you have wrecked my life, but I forgive you. If your conscience lets you rest I am satisfied."—*New York Evening Post.*

THE LEWISTON BRIDGE.

A New Through Route—Advantages to the G. W. R.

The following article, relative to the bridge proposed to be constructed across Niagara River at Lewiston, and the new through route, which, with the aid of the bridge, it is said the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh and the Great Western Railway will form, is from the *Oswego Palladium*:

The negotiations which have been for some time pending between the R., W. & O. and Great Western Railroad companies, and the Lewiston and Queenston Bridge Company, for the construction of a railroad bridge across the Niagara River at Lewiston were completed at a meeting held at the latter place Tuesday, and a new bridge company was formed with a capital of $1,000,000.

Some years ago a company known as the Lewiston and Queenston Bridge Company was chartered to build a bridge at that point. The capital stock was $50,000, all of which was paid in, and the rights of way and approaches to the proposed location secured. The occasion for such a bridge did not then arise, and it was never built. The company, however, continued in existence and in possession of its franchises.

The Lake Shore division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, being that part extending from Richland on the eastern line of Oswego county, the point of connection with the old main line to Lewiston, has, as everyone knows, always been crippled by inability to make any independent western connections at the Niagara River, while its eastern or New York and New England connections were good. Some time ago, there is every reason to believe, and in fact very soon after the present management of the R., W. & O. R. Co. came into possession, this company undertook various negotiations to repair this great defect in their line in order to enable it to fulfil the original intention of becoming a successful competitor for through business. A month or more ago some of the English Board of Directors who manage the Great Western Railway came into this country empowered to conclude various pending questions affecting Great Western interests, and among which was the organization of a company to build a bridge at Lewiston and connect the Great Western therewith. Rights of way have been obtained and surveys made of a line from Thorold or Merritton on the Great Western to the Canadian side of the proposed bridge, being about six miles, which track the Great Western will build, and thus with the bridge and R., W. & O. R. R., it will become part of an important and substantially independent east and west line.

As said above, on Tuesday pending negotiations as to those subjects were closed and a new company organized and officers elected, whose names, however, it is impossible at present to ascertain. The bridge will be a suspension bridge, we suppose, and its estimated cost is about $300,000. The bridge company will be known on the American side as the R. W., & O. Bridge Company, and on the Canadian side as the Great Western Bridge Company. The details of the arrangement, as to how the interests unite or contribute in the new company, are not public. The old Lewiston & Queenston Bridge Company, however, is understood to be represented in the new organization, its $50,000 of stock going in at 50 cents on the dollar.

It is understood that the Great Western will build its six miles of connecting track at once, and that the construction of the bridge will commence as soon as plans can be made and adopted and the contract let. The span of the river at that point is about 800 feet.

The question, what will be the effect of this arrangement, is important, and can but be determined by actual results. The immediate practical result, however, will be that there will be a new route open from Chicago to Boston and all northern New England by the R., W. & O. R.'s connection with the Vermont Central at Rouse's Point, absolutely independent of all existing lines, and which it may fairly be expected, being on an equal or better footing as to grades and distance, will do the business of that section which now comes over the New York Central and Boston and Albany. It will convert the R., W. & O. R., without doubt, into an important through local freight thoroughfare, and to some degree justify the great expenditure of money in the construction of the road. What the effect may be on New York business, if any, is a question for the future and for future possible new connections. Before a year hence, then, one dream of Oswego will be realized—she will be on a through all rail route from Chicago to Boston without any further effort on her part.

MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION.

Mr. Edison, the indefatigable inventor, has recently constructed a machine which he calls the motograph. It performs many wonderful feats, one of which is the "annihilation of distance." Every man should have one in his house, so that when it is too rainy to go to the theatre or to indulge in any other rational amusement, he can lie on his lounge and watch his motograph annihilate the distance between his home and Zululand. A man duly equipped with a motograph would be a power. If, for instance, he should commit a murder, or be guilty of any other act inconsistent with the dignity of a well-meaning citizen, and the police should give chase, all he would be obliged to do would be to annihilate the distance between this country and Madrid and step from New York right into Spain, a country with which, at the present time, we have no extradition treaty. Then if the police should even step there also before he could "unannihilate" the distance, he could laugh to scorn their efforts to arrest him. With the motograph you can talk to a person fifty miles off. This will enable a lady at the seaside to converse with her neighbors in the city, and thus keep up the even tenor of her gossip while she drinks the saline breezes of the sea. This will place Mr. Edison's latest invention far above the sewing machine in the average female mind. The next engine which the erratic scientist of Menlo Park will thrust upon the world puzzles all conjecture, but it will probably be something which can be placed in saw-mills, and convert the horrible discord of the same into the divinest of operatic airs.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The late Capt. Pratt, of Essex, Conn., left in his will $100,000 in trust for a school for children of Congregational Church members.

THE ORANGE DELEGATES.

Sketch of the Distinguished Irishmen about to Visit Hamilton.

As it is likely that Mr. William Johnston, late M. P. for Belfast, Ireland, and Mr. Hunt W. Chambre, the Orange delegates, will visit Hamilton and address a mass meeting, the following historical sketch may not be out of place:

MR. JOHNSTON.

This is Mr. Johnston's second visit to Canada, the last being in July, 1872, when he met with receptions in all the leading towns of the Province. Mr. Johnston is one of the sons of the late John B. Johnston, Esq., whose estate at Ballykilbeg, county Down, Mr. Johnston inherited. He was born on the 22nd of February, 1829. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his B. A. degree in 1852 and that of M. A. four years later. He is the author of a number of historical and other novels, among which may be mentioned, "Nightshade," "Under which King?" and "Freshfield." Mr. Johnston has for many years been prominently connected with the Orange Order, which, however, does not prevent his being a man of liberal sentiments. To his indefatigable perseverance and personal self-sacrifice may be attributed the degree of freedom now enjoyed by Orangemen in Ireland. Mr. Johnston was called to the Bar a few years ago, but did not follow up the profession, which is by no means an uncommon position for Irish and English gentlemen to take. In 1868 he was elected for Belfast by an immense majority, and again at the general election of 1874, which position he resigned some time ago, when he accepted an office under the Crown.

Burke's *Landed Irish Gentry* informs us that the family is of Scottish origin. "There is a tradition," says Burke, "that the first named William Johnston's brother went to Norfolk, Virginia, to institute researches with reference to a claim to the Annandale peerage." Further on we read: "William Johnston, of Killough, married Ann, daughter of Matthew Brett, Esq., son of the Rev. Jasper Brett, Prebendary of Rasharkin and Chancellor of Connor, by his wife, daughter of John McNeil, Dean of Down, and Lucretia, his wife, daughter of Francis Marsh, Archbishop of Dublin, cousin of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The son and heir of the marriage of William Johnston and Ann Brett, his wife, was William Johnston, whose son was William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg." John Brett Johnston, the father of Mr. Johnston, now in Toronto, was the son of the last named William Johnston. Mr. Johnston's present wife is the youngest daughter of Sir John Hay, Baronet, of Park, Scotland. His youngest sister was married in 1864 to Sir Arthur Graham Hay, Baronet.

MR. CHAMBRE.

From Burke's *Landed Gentry of Ireland* we learn that Mr. Chambre, of Stewartstown House, county Tyrone, is a son of Hunt Walsh Chambre, Esq., and that his mother was from a branch of Lord Templeton's family. The senior Mr. Chambre was for some time High Sheriff of the county of Tyrone. In 1860 Mr. Chambre married one of the sisters of Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg.

HAS EDISON FAILED?

(New York Corr. Philadelphia Press.)

The declaration of Edison that he could light all our cities now with electricity if he could find a big mine of platinum is believed to be only a method of covering his retreat. It is probably true that his burners would cost $10 to $15 apiece if made of platinum, but gentlemen in this city who are perfectly familiar with all that is going on at Menlo Park do not believe the cost of this metal is the trouble which Edison now encounters. In spite of all that Edison allows to be made known, and in spite of the fact that he claims so have his invention covered by patents, he does not dare yet to give a public exhibition of his light, because his regulator cannot be depended upon, and he is afraid that his lamps will melt in the presence of the public, and the exhibition would demonstrate his failure, and not his success. Edison has never yet given an exhibition of his light. The Fuller people, who have a platinum burner illuminated by an induction coil, have never permitted anybody to see their light in operation either, and practically they have ceased to experiment with the light. The trouble is the old one, the lamp melts. While the platinum lamps would be costly, it is evident that first cost would be no drawback, because if as much money could be saved by the electric light as Edison claims, it would be cheaper in the long run to use it, even if the lamps cost $15 apiece. The electricians here say that gas chandeliers cost more than candlesticks, yet that has not prevented gas from coming into vogue.

THE ORIGIN OF CROQUET.

Croquet players, who are again indulging in their favorite and fashionable sport, will be interested in the origin of the game. Croquet is not, as many suppose, of modern birth, but may be traced through its various stages to Persia as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long handled mallet called *chugan*. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern empire, the original mallet changing its form to a long staff, ending in a broad bend filled with a network of gut strings. "Thus," says a writer on the subject, "there appeared in the East, as belonging to the great sport of ball play on horseback, the first shapes of two implements which remodeled the whole play of medieval modern Europe, the *chugan* being the ancestor of the mallets used in croquet and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff, with its net-work, was a primitive racket."

We find that the original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of these sports played on foot, the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of *chugan*, which, as has been said, was the parent of our games in which artificial means are used to propel the ball.

The translation from the *chugan* of Persia to the short-handled mallet used on foot was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual stages, the hand being probably the original implement which was superseded by a rounded stick.

SAFETY FROM LIGHTNING.

It is never too soon to go in the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and this fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl killed while passing under a telegraph wire on the brow of a hill while she was hurrying home before a storm. People should not be foolhardy about sitting on the porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house, with the windows and doors shut. The dry air is a readier conductor of the lightning than the damp air outside, and a draft of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak. People are very ignorant and reckless about lightning. I have seen a girl of 18 crying for fear of lightning, and running every other moment to the window to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as a storm cloud was half way up the sky, when certain it was coming nearer, if they would shut the doors and windows, and keep away from them afterward, and from bell wires, stove pipes, mantels, chimney breasts, heaters and mirrors, with their silvered backs which carry electricity, and keep away from lightning rods and their vicinity, and from metal water-spouts, they might dismiss the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not of impression.—*New York Sun.*

DYES FROM CABBAGE.

The *Revue Bordelaise* states that a whole series of dyes has been extracted from red cabbage (brocoli) by a chemist of Bordeaux. The process is very simple; the veins are extracted, and the cabbage, which is cut into fine pieces, is put into boiling water in the proportion of 1,500 grammes of the leaves to three litres of water. The infusion is then allowed to macerate during twenty four hours. The leaves are afterward subjected to pressure, and the juice mixed with the liquid. A violetish blue is thus obtained, which the inventor terms *cauline*, and which forms the base of the various derivatives. A light green for immediate application can be obtained by adding two grammes of baryta to 300 do. of the cauline. A bluish green is produced by adding 108 grammes of the chloride of calcium to 500 grammes of the cauline; an ultramarine blue, by adding 40 grammes of chloride of zinc and 25 do. of chloride of sulphur to 500 grammes of the base.

OLD WORLD ITEMS.

Scotland.

The coal trade of Fife has seriously fallen off since the termination of the Dunham strike.

Cromarty is truly a wonderful county when the parliamentary register contains only 87 names.

A Committee of the Town Council of Edinburgh has recommended that football be prohibited.

The German residents in Edinburgh made the anniversary of the Emperor's golden wedding the occasion of a grand fete.

The Scottish Football Association have apportioned £555 among the Glasgow charities. Since 1876 the Association has given to charities upwards of £1,545.

Sir P. Murray Thriepland, who allowed his Carse tenants an abatement of 20 per cent. off crop in 1877, has this year again recognized tenants' losses through low prices of crop in 1878, by returning 10 per cent.

The results of the last call on the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank have turned out so satisfactorily that the liquidators believe they will now be able to meet all the engagements of the bank with the funds in their hands.

It has been reported to the Banffshire Local Authority that pleuro-pneumonia has been stamped out at the farms of Ardfour, Inverkeithing, and Williamston, Fordyce, so that Banffshire is in the meantime free of cattle and sheep disease.

On the 11th inst., about three o'clock Mr. David Melvin and Mr. Robert Proctor left Alloa on bicycles, and that evening reached Balloch, a distance of 37 miles. Next morning they went up by Loch Lomond to Crainlerich, and from there to Lochearn, Callander, etc., reaching Alloa about 8 o'clock on Thursday evening. The distance covered by the two gentlemen was 122 miles.

While Mr. Miller, architect, was at Castle Grant one day last week he noticed in the court, close by the side of the east wall, a small hole. Turning over one of a row of flat oblong scooped granite slabs lying along the side of the wall he found that the little hole led down into a well, to all appearances some thirty or forty feet deep, from eighteen inches to two feet wide, and built all round. Across the mouth lay a piece of metal, not complete, with two figures raised on its surface. Mr. Miller then went into the Castle, where he could get lower down and come nearer the surface of the water. On removing a stone in the floor of the larder, he found the water even there. The water was quite clear and fresh.

The Earl of Caithness, who was here a short time ago, thinks Canada the finest country in the world. The Earl is a good mechanic, and, it will be remembered, drove the locomotive of the train at the Prince and Princess of Wales' marriage. He also constructed a steam road coach which he drove from London to Caithness. It was thought that the coach would be entirely useless, but the practical earl took out the engine and set it to work pumping water at his quarries.

The last survivor of the nieces of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, has just passed away at the age of 68. The lady was Mrs. Elizabeth Charlottle Peat, widow of Major Alexander Cumine Peat, C. B., of the Bombay Engineers, whom she had survived about twenty years.

A significant indication of the condition of farming in Scotland is afforded in the fact that a farm in East Lothian, for which a rent of £1,400 was refused a few years ago, is now let at £900, with a year's rent-free occupancy to start with. In the Carse of Gowrie, one of the most fertile districts in Perthshire, the rent of one farm has fallen £400, and the new tenant has been promised that in four years twenty acres will be added to his holding without any increase of rent. Similar reductions have been made in the rents of farms in Fifeshire. A bankrupt tenant farmer in the Lothians, who paid £1,500 rent, is said to be £6,000 in arrears to the landlord.

A few days ago there arrived at Kilneadzow Common two bands of tinkers numbering 25, owning seven horses and five loaded vans. They came from the south. From Kilneadzow some of the number drove to Lanark to have a young love sick pair united in wedlock by the rites of the Episcopal Church. The wedding party returned, and the marriage festivities were carried on for eight days with great energy, the carousals knowing no surcease night or day. The tinkers visited the houses of several farmers and assaulted the inmates. The police went in pursuit of them, and after scouring the country succeeded in arresting the whole party.

At Govan recently a number of parties implicated in a band row in the burgh were brought up and tried. It appeared from the evidences of several witnesses examined to substantiate the various charges of breach of the peace and stone-throwing, that a Roman Catholic flute band had been down the river accompanying an excursion, and that on their return home up Govan Road they were hooted and stoned. A large crowd soon collected, and the police, who acted most promptly on the occasion, took half a dozen of the ringleaders into custody. It was proved that several parties were struck with stones and a serious breach of the peace created. The prisoners were convicted and severely fined. A large and excited crowd congregated around the police buildings during the trial.

The 105th anniversary of the birth of the poet Robert Tannahill was celebrated, as the custom has been since the "centenary" in 1874, by a grand vocal concert in the "Glen," on Gleniffer Braes, the use of which, and of the grounds on the estate generally, being again freely granted for the purpose by the ever-liberal and good-natured proprietor, Wm. Fulton. The weather on this occasion was the reverse of propitious. Under the circumstances, the number of persons who found their way to the scene of the celebration was simply surprising. Last year it was calculated—it might be more correct to say guessed—that there would be not less than 30,000 people on the braes while the concert was going on; and on Saturday last the assemblage to appearance seemed scarcely smaller, although probably it would actually be so by some two or three thousands.

Ireland.

An equestrian statue of Lord Gough, recently successfully cast, to is be erected near Carsle Bridge, Dublin.

Miss Alice J. Kerr, having passed the required examination at Dublin, is now a licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland.

Two privates of the 104th Regiment have been taught a lesson of loyalty at Belfast, having been sent to prison for 12 months for swearing at the Queen.

About 600 workmen employed in the Owen O'Cork Flax Spinning Mill, Belfast, have struck in consequence of a proposed reduction of 1d. in the shilling in the rate of pay.

Three masked men went to the house of a farmer at Shruel, County Galway, and fired three shots into it. The object was to intimidate him from paying his rent until the landlord consents to a general reduction on his estate.

There is a man at present in Portadown named John Taylor, says the Armagh *Guardian*, who has attained the extraordinary age of 110 years. He was born on the 1st July, 1769, at Grange, a few miles from Portadown.

Lord Portarlington contradicts the report that he intended to remit four years 15 per cent. of the rent due to him from his Queen's County tenantry. Though such a reduction might be necessary in England, it is not, says His Lordship, called for in that part of the kingdom.

The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church have adopted a series of resolutions, declaring the firm adherence of the General Assembly to the principle of united non-sectarian education as opposed to a denominational system, and their determination to maintain that principle in its integrity by every means in their power.

The anti-rent agitation in Ireland is increasing. A few days ago at a public meeting in county Galway a speech was made by Mr. Malachi O'Sullivan to fourteen thousand persons. They had come, he said, to assert with no uncertain voice that the land of Ireland belonged to the people of Ireland, and not to a few men, or to men who never saw the soil of Ireland. He mentioned a case of a man who had not a penny, but who bought an estate with borrowed money and then raised the rents to enable him to pay for it. He complained that owing to land jobbers a farmer could not buy meat for himself or his family, or the ordinary necessaries of life. How, he asked, were they to get rid of this system? They must have a system of peasant proprietors. Three cheers were then given for the French Revolution and the Irish Republic. He told them that they must save the people and take the sharing into their own hands. This advice elicited three cheers for the Zulus and King Cetywayo, whereupon he said that they did well to cheer for the Zulus, for, after seven hundred years of English rule, they knew what the Zulus were likely to suffer if they were brought under it; but they would not be brought under it, for they would fight to the last.

A singular will case has been commenced in the Dublin courts, in which the widow—still quite a young lady—of the late member for Kilkenny, Mr. Sullivan, who died at eighty-three years of age, worth £3,600 a year, and £20,000 made in trade as a miller, disputes the validity of an instrument irregularly executed. The testator married when verging on seventy, and considered his wife too fond of company—though he made no imputation of any kind against her; she was then scarcely twenty. A codicil to the will, it was deposed, was signed by witnesses not in the presence of each other. Mr. Sullivan was an eccentric, strong-willed man, and would not allow the error to be repaired.

WORLD WIDE ITEMS.

—A cool romance—courting a girl over ice cream.

—To the Manitoba wave—Come back and all will be forgiven.

—The saddest words of tongue or pen: "I intend to pay; I can't say when."

—Young ladies wearing fashionable dresses now may be said to be in clothes confinement.

—Who was it that said very beautifully of a man who had just died that he had "gone over to the majority"?

—A reckless drunkard at Shakopee, Minn., crunched a wine glass between his teeth and swallowed it. He soon died in dreadful agony.

—Longfellow writes to an inquirer: "The 'Golden Legend' is founded upon a German story of the Middle Ages, written by Hartman van due Ane."

—Bracelets with lead-pencils attached are among the latest fancies. These pencils are run through a ring attached to the bracelet when not in use.

—The Adjutant-General of Texas publishes a list of nearly 5,000 fugitive criminals who have fled from that State, 851 of whom are accused of murder.

—In the north of England confectioners sell funeral biscuits in bags on which is printed a funeral hymn. The same lines have done duty for generations.

—Bettie Kidwell went to meet the young man with whom she had arranged an elopement at Maysville, Ky., but he was not there, and the disappointment drove her to suicide.

—Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.

—The Milwaukee genius who invented a corset without hooks, buttons or hinges, and lost $500, explains that he thought the wearers of corsets slipped them over their heads.

—It seems remarkable that a nice easy-chair at home is much less comfortable to a man than the hard side of a dry goods box on a street corner with a crowd of loafers around.

—*London Truth*:—"A characteristic rumor is already current in Paris to the effect that the savages who assegaied the Prince Louis Napoleon, were no Zulus at all, but political agents in disguise."

TRICKS OF TRADE.—Blind man (loq.): "When I 'ears anyone a-coming along I stoops down and pats the dog." His mate: "Ah, I an't got no dog, but I takes and shivers awful. That 'as 'em.—*Judy.*

—Country doctor to the bereaved widow of a late member of the Legislature: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to Heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again.

—The Lords of the treasury have directed the comissioners of her Majesty's Customs to allow all seized tobacco now available, except cigars, to be sent to Natal for the use of the soldiers, marines and sailors engaged in the Zulu war.

—The man who pursues a course of evil conduct with the expectation that he will be able to avoid the consequences may just as well tread on the "business end of a copper-tack" and expect it not to inform him of the fact.

—For many years after its first introduction into Italy the fan was considered a symbol of levity, and the woman who carried one was regarded much as the woman who waltzed was looked upon at the beginning of the present century.

—The small boy whose mother wouldn't let him go near the water till he had learned how to swim is being drowned by the wholesale all over the country. But there will be enough left of him to go through several air-holes in next winter's ice.

—In colonial times a law was enacted—It was the year 1646—whereby a fine was laid in Massachusetts of 20 shillings for any speech that exceeded an hour in length made by any lawyer before the courts. Twenty shillings per hour for all times over one hour.

—The Russian cruiser with its 920 convicts for Saghalien, will not touch at any port, according to the *Neue Freie Presse*, on its eighty-two days' passage from Odessa. It carries seed and agricultural implements. A second vessel with female convicts will shortly follow.

—The equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales, presented to the city of Bombay by Sir Albert Sassoon, was unveiled on June 26, under a royal salute, by the Governor of Bombay, who came specially from Poonah to be present at the ceremony.

—"I hear a whisper," said a minister. He was soaring a little in his sermon, imagining an angel to be hovering near and speaking. The deacon was just drowsy enough to be startled by the remark, and to reply hastily: "I guess it's the boys in the gallery." Moral: Don't soar, and don't drowse.

—The strongest chested, if not the sweetest, singer of the world is one Morro, who in the Berlin Variety Theatre treats his audiences to selections from the "Troubadour," while a weight of 700 pounds rests upon his breast. He challenges the world to compete with him in his specialty for a purse of 500 marks.

—The young man with his hair parted centrally, and rigged out in a light spring suit, has a way of looking down caressingly on a colored silk handkerchief just peeping out of his left breast pocket, which makes the casual observer believe that he would be an eligible party to take a child to raise.

—A maiden with a young man stood,
Her hair with flowers was decked;
The scene was a trying one,
The girl's back hair was wrecked.

The maiden gazed into his eyes
With thoughts of love, the witch
Had dropped a curl upon his arm,
"Another misplaced switch."

—The danger of transmitting disease by books has been investigated by the Chicago Public Library directors. They have corresponded with physicians and librarians in various parts of the country, but not one has ever known of a case of contagious disease having been imparted by a book from a circulating library.

—A quaint writer says:—"I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride a horse for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might be upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I have never seen one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together."

—Some men's lives amount to nothing more than the preface of a possible book; the lives of others reach as far as the second or third chapter. How few men who have ever lived resemble a well printed and well bound volume, in which is displayed an important subject, thoughtfully and carefully considered to its conclusion.

—Prof. Nordenskjold, of the Swedish Arctic Exploring Expedition, writes that on Sept. 28th, he got fast in the ice in latitude 67° 7, longtitude 173° 32, one English mile from a coast with three villages. The passage was difficult. Six hundred English miles were forced through heavy drifts and ground ice.

—A most important event in the history of "spirit protography" is the invention of a process for producing phosphorescent portraits, which can be seen only in the dark. Imagine the effect on a superstitious mind of suddenly exhibiting, in a darkened room, a portrait of a departed relative, shining by its own light.

—Many cities are starting cooking clubs. That is a move in the right direction. Good cooking is better than poor poetry. It is a solemn fact that the girl who knows how to grease the frying-pan is worth more about dinner-time than the one who can fluently conjugate all the French verbs, and who can begin with Omega and sing the Greek alphabet backwards.

—"Is there anything more humiliating," asks the Boston *Transcript*, "than to go to a strange church with your girl, and to suddenly discover when a collection is announced that your pocketbook is at home in 'them other pants!'" There is, my friend, there is. It is to be remembered that your pocketbook isn't in 'them other pants,' because you have on your only pair."

—The Board of Health of Carlsruhe, Baden, publishes a notice stating that chemical analysis shows that the outer portions of the packages of American canned beef, which have been in contact with the tin of the cans, are impregnated with lead, and injurious to health. Customers are advised to cut off a thin paring on all sides of the package before using the meat.

—A little boy was told by his grandmother to turn down a leaf in the family Bible every time he told a lie. At the end of a week the old lady asked him how many lies he had told in the seven days. He silently handed her the holy book. She turned over page after page, and at length said angrily, "Why, you little brat, you've lied all the way from Genesis to Revelations, and half way through the Psalms."

—London *Globe*:—"A new and very efficient treatment for diphtheria and ulcerated sore throats of the worst sort is announced. It appears that as long ago as 1791 the Americans were in the habit of gargling with petroleum (!) when attacked with diphtheria. The doctors of Rostock, the University of Mecklenburg, report wonders of this new and simple treatment."

—The disgraceful spectacle of a base-ball match between eighteen variety actresses in trousers and blouses attracted 6,000 people in Philadelphia. When game was called there were about a hundred men on the home base, two of the women fainted, the police were overpowered and the bats were in the hands of a drunken mob. The match was a farce of the noisiest kind.

—Scene—Mining village. Free Church minister (at miner's door): "Is James at home, Mrs. Brown?" Mrs. B.: "No, sir; he's awa' tae the toon the day." Minister: "I am sorry for that, because I wanted to tell him that he was appointed a deacon. Mrs. B.: "A deacon, sir! I'm rale glad to hear o't, for to tell you the truth, sir, onything is better than a collier nowadays."

A Russian paper gives an account of a plague of locusts near Elizabethpol, which forced a detachment of troops on the march to retrace their steps. They settled so thick on the soldiers' faces, uniforms and muskets that the major, driven to despiration, ordered firing at them for half an hour, but this produced no effect, and a march back was ordered. The swarm covered an area of thirty-five square versts.

M. de Lesseps, in a lecture at Amiens on the Pamama Canal, stated that in November he would start for the Isthmus, that the first sod would be turned on New Year's Day, and that with 30,000 or 40,000 navvies, some of them Chinese, but 15,000 of them free negroes from Brazil, whom the Emperor Pedro would doubtless agree to send, the work would be completed in seven or eight years.

—Dr. Nebinger has asked the Philadelphi Board of Education to issue a circular on the subject of shortsightedness in school children, which the Doctor declares is increasing. This defective vision, he was assured, was caused by the imperfect light, and the other unhealthy conditions under which the lessons were learned, occasioned by the position at school, the hours of study, and the inability of the child's brain to grapple with the tasks imposed upon it.

—A tragical affair, the result of jealousy and insanity combined, has taken place at Gorton, near Manchester. A pawnbroker named Townley, the father of a family of eight children, became jealous of his wife, and he nearly severed her head from her body with a razor. He then inflicted a slight wound upon his own throat, and told a neighbor of what he had done, upon which he was given into custody. The prisoner's brain had been affected by an apoplectic attack.

—A gentleman who had married a lady of such huge proportions that he took his constitutional when in robust health by walking round her once, used to say that when she was angry she was altogether too many for him, and that his only resource was to read the Riot Act and disperse her. "Marry her!" said Sydney Smith; "impossible. You mean you are going to marry a part of her. You positively couldn't marry her all yourself. It would not be a case of bigamy, but rather a case of trigamy."

—*Pall Mall Gazette*:—"It is seldom pleasant to the older generations of living men to find that the younger generations have strong opinions of their own, but it is still more disagreeable for them to discover that the opinions of the younger men in almost every country are different from those of their predecessors. There is no rule so nearly universal as that the youth of each community are always in opposition, both in politics and in religion."

—A French Imperialist newspaper proposes that Frenchmen take some French soil to Chiselhurst and make a grave for the late Prince Imperial. "His sleep will be easier," it says, "if he lies in a morsel of that country which he loved so much, and whose glory, at the cost of his life, he went to plant like a flag at the other end of the world." The radical caricaturists, on the contrary, are sharpening their pencils for the cartoon business, although the police have directed the removal of the many caricatures which have decorated the shop-windows of Paris.

—Lord Coleridge has had before him a case in which the Rev. H. G. Harvey sued the Archbishop of Canterbury for refusing to institute him to the rectory of Cowden, in Kent. The living was bequeathed to the plaintiff by his father, who is worth £600 a year. The Archbishop refused to institute him because he had lived with his wife eleven years before he married her, and on the marriage he made several false statements. Judgment was postponed.

—The interment question—Old gent (disturbed over his *Times* after breakfast)—"There's a powerful smell of cooking comes in from the open window, Hannah." (Sniffing)—"Can you"—Hannah (nearly in tears) "I was a goin' to speak to you, sir. The poor old cat died last night, sir, and the young gents"—(his two little nephews on a visit)—"said they'd bury it in the garden for me, stead o' which they're a—they're a"—(breaking down)—cree-matin' of it over there by the stables, sir?"—*Punch.*

—"Run for a doctor and a glass of brandy, quick," cried a red-nosed man, slightly overcome by heat and so forth, on West avenue, Sunday afternoon. Good Samaritans started off in answer to his appeal in every direction, when they were rounded to by an additional cry, "Don't too many of you go for the doctor and not enough for the brandy. I guess you better all go for the brandy first and for the doctor afterwards." They all looked upon the old humbug, who was thus presuming upon the best impulses of humanity, and then left him alone with his thirst under a shady tree.

—A number of men working during a strike at Hornthorpe's Colliery, Eckington, were subjected to a novel intimidation. The men on strike had in the morning held a demonstration in the place, and at the dinner hour their wives and other females met together and assailed the men who were returning from work with tin cans. This kind of attack was kept up until a second contingent arrived with tea-trays and rolling-pins, which answered the purpose of drums, and eventually the men got clear of the missiles with a few cuts and bruises.

—Guinness, the brewer, lately gave the most brilliant entertainment of the London season thus far. Rank, fashion and wealth were mingled. The feature of the evening was a floral decoration. Even the cornice of one room was hung with garlands of summer roses to the number of 10,000. The house is in Grosvenor place, and was built by the Duke of Westminster for his eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, but passed into the possession of Baron Stroxesberg, who figured there for three seasons, and then drifted into the hands of his creditors.

—Whenever you find a man about whom you know little, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting an eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man, for the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advice are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome though painful shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

—The Bonaparte family, once so numerous, is now considerably reduced. Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilda, the latter childless, are the only descendants of Jerome, King of Westphalia, while the elder branch, resulting from the fusion of the lines of Joseph and Lucien, consists of Cardinal Prince, who has only two daughters. There are also three sons and one daughter, the issue of Lucien, Prince of Cairo's second marriage, but none of these have direct heirs, the daughter being a nun at Rome, Prince Lucien being re-married and Prince Pierre's marriage being deemed invalid.—*London Times.*

—According to the official report of a telegraph company in Sumatra, it is no easy matter to keep the wires in operation in that tropical country. Their most redoubtable enemies are the wild elephants. In May of last year these animals completely destroyed a line eighteen miles long. Where the wires led through the jungles the workmen engaged in putting them up and keeping them in repair are frequently interrupted by attacks from buffaloes, tigers and bears. More troublesome still are the monkeys, which use the poles and wires for gymnastic exercises, and take a peculiar pleasure in stealing the glass insulators.

—A photographer in London, named Henry, was lately sentenced to three months' imprisonment for fraud. The prisoner issued an advertisement offering for 18 stamps to send to unmarried persons photographs of their future wives and husbands, and for 24 stamps a bottle of magnetic scent, or Spanish love scent, which were described, the first as "so fascinating in its effects as to make true love run smooth," and the other as "delicious and captivating the senses," so that "no young lady or gentleman need pine in single blessedness." Several witnesses stated that they had answered these advertisements, and numbers of letters, some from Australia, China, and other places abroad, relating to them were found at the defendant's house.

—It is a fact for thoughtful people to contemplate that marriages in the United States are believed to be decreasing in number in proportion to population, and divorces are increasing correspondingly. Several papers devoted to "matrimonial brokerage" have been started to remedy this; and a Cincinnati society for the promotion of marriage is several years old. It is alleged to have over 2,000 members and to have branches in forty cities of the country. How much it has actually effected the ostensible object in view is a matter of doubt, but it advertises a "grand picnic", on August 10, on which occasion one hundred couples will be probably joined in the alleged holy bonds of matrimony. This is a large-sized experiment, and it has a sharp business jingle quite paralyzing to sentiment. Is Hymeneal brokerage the hope of the future?

—An unfortunate Manchester cabman, who appeared before the magistrates lately, deserves much sympathy. He and his horse were charged with mutually misconducting themselves, and his defence was at once novel and ingenious:—"Meesther Cheearman, all I've got to say is this—my hoss is musical, and he can't stand them kyrillions (town hall carillons). My gov'nor bought him of a circus company, and he used to draw the band about. That's the way he got his musical eddication. He's all right with the chimes till it comes to the hour, then he shivers. But when he hears the clock strike nine, or twelve, or three, Lor' bless you, he knows as well as a Christian them kyrillions comes on next, and he bolts. Lots of jobs I've lost through it. Same if he hears a German band. He'll bolt up any blooming street before he'll pass one, because they isn't musical. That's all I've got to say." It is sad that so sensible and intelligent an animal should be condemned to the drudgery of dragging a cab.

—A gallant young fellow volunteered in the 42nd Highlanders four years ago. This crack regiment had the bad luck to be selected for service in Cyprus, and among the many who were victims of the climate was this Glasgow lad. His mother quickly followed him, dying of a broken heart, and the father in his affliction and wrath has announced the extraordinary resolve of indicting Colonel Stanley for manslaughter. Of course such a proceeding, if seriously entertained, would not be carried beyond the initiatory stages. The grounds on which the allegation is made are that merely for political purposes the life of this young fellow was wantonly sacrificed. The Minister of War, of course, could not be seriously indicted on any such charge, and, as a matter of fact, Colonel Stanley has no other connection with the matter than that he happens just now to be Minister of War. The great stroke of State by which Cyprus was acquired took place long before he was a Cabinet Minister.

—The plan adopted by Jerome Marble, of Worcester, Mass., of travelling in his own palace car, is not only positively comfortable, but comparatively cheap. He told a correspondent of the *Northwestern Lumberman* the entire cost of a trip of seven weeks made by himself and friends, covering 4,000 miles on the Northern Pacific, was but a little over $200 per head. The charge made by railroads for hauling his car is but the regular first-class fare for passengers occupying the car, provided it carries a minimum number of twelve. Mr. Marble further said that his entire car expenses, exclusive of the amount paid to the railroad companies, but including board, were fifty-seven cents daily for each person. This is probably due to the party living onthe game they shot. The Pullman Company is reported to be constructing two cars on the same pattern, which they will let to hunting and pleasure parties for the season. Mr. Marble's car includes twelve double berths, and is in three compartments. One end is devoted to offices, the other to lavatories, &c. The middle is a sleeping room by night, and luxurious parlor, including piano, library, &c., by day. A far pleasanter place on a wet night, after a day's shooting, than a soaking tent on sloppy ground.

—Not often is an outrage perpetrated by a mob in so deliberate and formal a manner as was the lynching of Mort Lee, a negro, at Coal Valley, W. Va. He made a terrible assault on a woman and fled. Her husband offered $500 reward for the negro's capture, and advanced $300 more for expenses. The pursuit was under the personal supervision of a detective from Charleston, aided by seven men. Sixty square miles were covered with telegraph and printed descriptions. The capture was made at Parkersburg. The prisoner was met by several hundred miners and others, who took possession of the train and quietly took him back to Coal Valley. All along the route the crowded train was enthusiastically cheered until at Coal Valley the crowd was swelled to thousands, all impatient for the lynching. The negro was handcuffed and shackled. A noose was adjusted around his neck, and the rope thrown over a limb. Lee called for a minister, who endeavored to console him, but the negro could not be made to believe that he ought to be hanged without a trial, and by men who had no right to kill him. However, his protests and prayers were in vain, and he was coolly murdered. The spectators dispersed, and there seems to have been no such idea among them as that a wrong had been done.

—Life among the Fall River mill operatives is pictured by the Boston *Herald* as a round of drudgery. They live in crowded and often cheerless tenements, although the common laws of health are not generally disregarded, and some of the homes are beautified with pictures, carpets and flowers. Men, women and children work together in the mills, and the home is little more than a lodging in most cases. The wives and mothers are bound to a perpetual slavery. They work as hard as anybody in the mill, and, when the mill day is over, their duties become terribly onerous. Upon reaching home supper is to be swallowed, and then, while the rest of the family find rest or recreation, all there is of housekeeping is performed by the wife, occasionally assisted by her children, if they are old enough. There will be no time the next morning for cooking breakfast, and it must be looked out for over night. Dinner is to be taken to the mill, and its substantial material must be cooked during the evening. While the kettle is bubbling, or the frying-pan sizzling, or the oven baking, or all together are sending out their heats, the washing of the bed and personal clothing for the household may be performed, the old man's trousers mended, or the children's clothes made or repaired. If one of the brood is sick it may also receive attention at the same time. The wife and mother toils thus for her family, living a life the like of which no Southern slave ever dreamed about. Intemperance too commonly adds its sorrows to the rest.

THE BRITISH CAVALRY AND THE ZULUS.

(From the London Daily News.)

LANDSMAN'S DRIFT, May 26.—I have heard on good authority that it is definitely settled, if indeed in this command anything can be said to be definitely settled, that the cavalry brigade is to be broken up, and that the King's Dragoon Guards are to be left behind on the frontier.

From all quarters come reports of the impression made on the savage mind by the imposing aspect of our regular cavalry. Friendly natives come and stare at the massive squadrons, and exclaim that Queen Victoria has at last "got her back up," and that Cetywayo is a doomed man. The rugged country of Zululand, the experience of recent reconnaissances has taught us, presents no difficulties to horses which have learned to gallop over treacherous ground on the slopes of the Fox Hills.

WHIST-PLAYERS, ATTENTION.—Whist-players are reminded by the London *Academy* that "the advantage of establishing a long suit is clearly laid down by Hoyle and Mathews; but the slave of the Cavendish system carries the principle to an absurd length, and loses his own and partner's money by an impossible attempt to establish a long suit of weak cards with no strength of trumps to bring them in. Cavendish's axiom, 'Lead originally from your strongest suit,' has consequently been abandoned in practical play, whenever the weakness of the hand renders it necessary to play a defensive instead of an attacking game, and under such circumstances weak leads are always preferred."

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors.

["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

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WOULD YOU CARE?

All day on my pillow I wearily lay,
With a stabbing pain at my heart,
With throbbing temples, and a feverish thirst
Burning my lips apart.
I longed for a touch of your soft, strong hand,
For you can't little minute there!
For a smile, or a kiss, or a word to bless,
Would you blame me, love?—would you care?

When the long, long, lonesome day was done,
And you never for a moment came,
If I tried to shut you out of my heart,
Impatient at your name,
If disappointment's bitter sting
Put her cold kiss upon my heart,
If I turned away with a doubting frown,
Would you blame me, love?—would your care?

Should I die to-night, and you saw me not
Again till my soul had fled,
With its vain request, and my features wore
The white line of the dead,
Would you place just once, in a last caress,
Your hand on my death-damp hair?
Would you give the a thought, or a tear of regret?
Would you kiss me, love?—would you care?

MOLLY BAWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS."

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lon ly waiting here for you."—*Old Song.*

CHAPTER XX.

"Trifles light as air."—OTHELLO.

When luncheon is over, Sir Penthony Stafford retires to write a letter or two, and half an hour afterwards, returning to the drawing-room, finds himself in the presence of Mr. Bussorlet, unsupported.

The little lawyer smiles benignly; Sir Penthony responds, and, throwing himself into a lounging-chair, makes up his mind to be agreeable.

"Well, Mr. Bussorlet, and what did you think of the sermon?" he says, briskly, being rather at a loss for a congenial topic. "Tedious, eh? I saw you talking to Lady Elizabeth after service was over. She is a fine woman, all things considered."

"She is indeed—remarkably so, a very fine presence for her time of life."

"Well, there is certainly not much to choose between her and the hills in point of age," allows Sir Penthony, absently—he is invariably wandering where Cecil can have gone to—"still, she is a nice old lady."

"Quite so—quite so; very elegant in manner, and in appearance decidedly high-bred."

"Hybrid!" exclaims Sir Penthony, purposely misunderstanding the word. "Oh, by Jove, I didn't think you so severe. You ladds, of course, to her ladyship's mother, who, if report speaks truly, was a good cook spoiled by matrimony. Hybrid! Give you my word, Bussorlet, I didn't believe you capable of anything half so clever. I must remember to hold it at dinner to the others. It is just the sort of thing to delight Mr. Amherst."

Now, this old lawyer has a passion for the aristocracy. To be intimate with a lord—to press her ladyship's hand—to hold sweet converse with the smallest scion of a noble house—is as honey to his lips; therefore to be thought capable of an impertinence to one of this sacred community, to have uttered a word that, if repeated, would effectually close to him the doors of Lady Elizabeth's house, fills him with horror.

"My dear Sir Penthony, pardon me," he says, hastily, divided between the fear of offending the baronet and a desire to set himself straight in his own eyes, "you quite mistake me. Hybrid!—such a word, such a thought, never occurred to me in connection with Lady Elizabeth Eyre, whom I hold in much reverence. Highly bred, I should say, I assure you you altogether misunderstand. I—I—never made a joke in my life."

"Then let me congratulate you on your maiden effort; you have succeeded, I shall be proud of it," laughs Sir Penthony, who is highly delighted at the success of his own manœuvre. "Don't be modest, you have made a decided hit; it is as good a thing as ever I heard. But how about Lady Elizabeth, eh? should she hear it? Really you will have to suppress your wit, or it will lead you into trouble."

"But—but—if you will only allow me to explain—I protest I—"

"Ah! here come Lady Stafford and Miss Massereene. Positively you must allow me to tell them——" And, refusing to listen to Mr. Bussorlet's vehement protestations, he relates to the new-comers his version of the lawyer's harmless remark, accompanying the story with an expressive glance—that closely resembles a wink—at Lady Stafford. "I must go," he says, when he has finished, moving towards the door, "though I hardly think I can, without leaving you alone with so dangerous a companion."

"I assure you, my dear Lady Stafford," declares Mr. Bussorlet, with tears in his eyes and fear on his heart, "it is all a horrible, an unaccountable mistake—a mere connection of ideas by your husband—no more, no more, I give you my most sacred honor."

"Oh, sly Mr. Bussorlet!" cries her ladyship, lightly, "cruel Mr. Bussorlet! Who would have thought it of you? And we all imagined you such an ally of poor dear Lady Elizabeth. To make a joke about her parentage, and such a good one too! And Sir Penthony found you out! Clever Sir Penthony!"

"I swear, my dear lady, I——"

"Ah, ha! wait till she hears of it. How she will enjoy it! With all her faults, she is good tempered. It will amuse her, Molly, my dear, is not Mr. Bussorlet terribly severe?"

"Naughty Mr. Bussorlet!" says Molly, shaking a reproachful dainty white finger at him, "I believed you—so harmless!"

At this they both laugh so immoderately that presently the lawyer loses all patience, and, taking up his hat, rushes from the room in a green fury—the only one Molly has ever possible, considering that one of his protectors bears a title.

They are still laughing when the others enter the room and insist on learning the secret of their mirth. Tedeastie alone fails to enjoy it. He is *distrait* and evidently oppressed with care. Seeing this, Molly takes her heart of grace, and, crossing to his side, says, sweetly:

"Do you see how the day has cleared? That lovely tint is tempting me to go out. Will you take me for a walk?"

"Certainly—if you want to go." Very coldly.

"But of course I do; and nobody has asked me to accompany them; so I am perforce obliged to thrust myself on you. If"—with a bewitching smile—"you won't mind the trouble just this once, I will promise not to torment you again."

Through the gardens, and out into the shrubberies beyond, they go in silence, until they reach the open; then Molly says, laughing:

"I know you are going to scold me about Mr. Potts. Begin at once, and let us get it over."

Her manner is so sweet, and she looks so gay, so fresh, so harmless, that his anger melts as the dew beneath the sun.

"You need not have let him place his arm round you," he says, jealously.

"If I hadn't I should have slipped off the pedestal and what sort of a figure would I cut in comparison with that? Think of my grandfather's face; think of mine; think of all the horrible consequences. I should have been sent home in disgrace, perhaps—she would put in prison, and you might never, never see your darling any more."

She laughs.

"What a jealous fellow you are, Ted!"

"Am I?" Fearfully. "I don't think I need to be. I never remember being jealous before."

"No? I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"Because"—with an adorable glance and a faint pressure of his arm—"it proves to me you have never loved before."

This tender insinuation blots out all remaining vapors, leaving the atmosphere clear and free of clouds for the rest of their walk, which lasts till almost evening. Just before they reach the house Luttrell says, with hesitation:

"I have something to say to you; but I am afraid if I do say it you will be angry."

"You don't say so!" says Molly, demurely, squally. "That is about the most foolish thing one can do. To make a person angry unintentionally is bad enough, but to know you are going to do it, and to say it, leaves something about it rash, not to say impertinent. If you are fortunate enough to know the jewel in the conversation that is sure to rouse me to wrath, why not carefully shirt round it?"

"Because I lose a chance if I leave it unsaid; and you differ so widely from most girls—it may not provoke you."

"Now you compel me to it," says Molly, laughing. "What I do you think I would suffer myself to be misunderstood upon? Impossible. No one likes to be thought odd or eccentric except rich old men, and Bohemians, and poets; therefore I insist on following close in my sisters' footsteps. Unless you I shall be in a furious passion the moment you speak, whether or not I am really annoyed. Now go on if you dare!"

"Well, look here," begins Luttrell, in a conciliating tone.

"There is not the slightest use in your beating about the bush, Teddy," says Miss Massereene, calmly. "I am sure to be angry, so do not waste time in diplomacy."

"Molly, how provoking you are!"

"No! Am I? Because I wish to be like other women?"

"A hopeless wish, and a very unwise one."

"Hopeless? And why, pray?" With a little uplifting of the straight brows and a little gleam from under the long curled lashes.

"Because," says her lover, with fond conviction, "you are so infinitely superior to them, that they would have to be born all over again before you could bring yourself to fall into their ways."

"What! every woman in the known world?"

"Every one of them, I am eternally convinced."

"Teddy," says Molly, rubbing her cheek in her old caressing fashion against his sleeve, and slipping her fingers into his, "you may go on. Say anything you like—call me any pretty nicknames—only promise not to be angry with me. There!"

When Luttrell has allowed himself time to let his own strong brown fingers close upon hers, and has relaxed himself still further by pressing his lips to them, he takes courage and goes on, with a slightly accelerated color.

"Well, you see, Molly, you have made the subject a forbidden one, and—or—it is about our engagement I want to speak. Now, remember your promise, darling, and don't be vexed with me if I ask you to shorten it. Many people marry and are quite comfortable on five hundred pounds a year; why should not we? I know a lot of fellows who are doing uncommonly well on less."

"Poor fellows!" says Molly, full of sympathy.

"I know I am asking you a great deal"—rather nervously—"but won't you think of it, Molly?"

"I am afraid I won't, just yet," replies that lady, sweetly. "Be sensible, Teddy; remember all we said to John, and think how foolish we should look going back of it all. Why should things not go on safely and secretly, as at present, and let us put marriage out of our heads entirely—some time to-day? I am like Mr. Micawber, I have an almost religious belief in the power things have of turning up."

"I haven't," says Luttrell, with terrible melancholy.

"So much the worse for you. And besides, Teddy, instinct tells me you are much nicer as a lover than you will be as a husband. Once you attain to that position, I doubt I shall be able to order you about as I do at present."

"Try me."

"Not for awhile. There, don't look so dismal, Ted; are we not perfectly happy as we are?"

"You may be, perhaps."

"Don't say perhaps, you may be certain of it," says she, gayly. "I haven't a doubt on the subject. Look at me, I am cheerful again. Men as fair as you should cultivate a perpetual smile."

"I wish I was a nigger," says Luttrell, impatiently. "You have a great admiration for blackamoors, that then, perhaps, you might learn to care for me a degree more than you do just now. Shadwell is dark enough for you."

"Yes; isn't he handsome?" with much enthusiasm. "I thought last night at dinner, when——"

"I don't in the least want to know what you thought last night of Shadwell's personal appearance," Luttrell interrupts her, angrily.

"And I don't in the least want you to hold my hand a moment longer," replies Miss Massereene, with saucy retaliation, drawing her fingers from his with a sudden movement, and running away from him up the stone steps of the balcony into the house.

All through the night, both when waking and in dreams, the remembrance of the slight that upon her absent mother by Mr. Amherst, her own silent acceptance of it, have disturbed the rest of Marcia. "A dancer!" she word enrages her.

Molly's little passionate movement and outspoken determination to hear no ill spoken of her dead father showed Marcia even more forcibly her own cowardice and mean policy of action. And he sure she Miss Molly none the more in that she was the one to show it. Yet Molly cannot possibly entertain the same affection for a mere memory that she feels for the mother on whom she has expended all the really pure and true love of which she is capable.

It is not, therefore, towards her grandfather, whose evil tongue has ever been her own undoing, and, throwing her back upon a tenderness, but towards herself, together with a certain scorn that, through mooned motives, she has allowed herself to sit by and bear the one she loves lightly mentioned.

"I thought it was a footman. And it really was a footman, you know," says Luttrell, reproachfully.

"The butler, you mean, Luttrell," exclaims Sir Penthony, with exaggerated astonishment at his friend's want of memory.

"And also, having unfortunately heard my mother say she feared she could not attend the auction, made up her mind to go herself at all hazards secure the coveted mirror for her——"

"And she didn't know my mother had on the new sea-green bonnet," Sir Penthony throws in, with provoking carelessness.

"No, she didn't," says Mr. Potts, growing excited too. "So she started for my uncle's—the cook, I mean—and as soon as the mirror was put up for bidding she bought it home in a steam-engine. And presently some one in a pink bonnet began bidding too, and there they were bidding away against each other, the cook with flowing the bonnet, and my mother not being able to see the cook, she was so hemmed in by the crowd, until presently it was knocked down to my mother—who is a stranger, of course, who would rather die than give in—and would you believe it?" winds up Mr. Potts, nearly choking with delight over the misfortune of his maternal relative, "she had given exactly five pounds more for that mirror than she need have done?"

They all laugh, Sir Penthony and Luttrell with a very suspicious mirth.

"Poor Mrs. Potts," says Molly.

"Oh, she didn't mind. When she had relieved herself by blowing the cook she laughed more than any of us. But it was a long time before the governor could be brought to see the joke. You know he paid for it," says Plantagenet, naively.

"Moral; never buy a new bonnet," says Sir Penthony.

"Or keep an affectionate cock," says Luttrell.

"Or go to an auction," says Philip. "It is a very instructive tale; it is all a moral."

"The moral is to speculate upon it. I know no one such an adept in pointing out a moral and adorning a tale as our Plantagenet."

Mr. Potts smiles superior.

"I think Mr. Amherst behaved rested with you and Luttrell," he says, with cutting sarcasm, answering Sir Penthony.

"Potts, you aren't half a one. Tell us another. Your splendid resources can't be yet exhausted," says Philip.

"Yes, do, Potts, and wake me when you come to the point," seconds Sir Penthony, wearily, sinking into an arm-chair and gracefully disposing an antimacassar over his head.

"A capital idea," murmurs Luttrell. "It will give us all a hint when we are expected to laugh."

"Oh, you can chaff as you like," exclaims Mr. Potts, growing aggrieved—"I wonder, if I went to sleep in an arm-chair, which of you would carry on the conversation?"

"Not one of them," declares Cecil, with conviction; "we should all die of mere inanition were it not for you."

"I really think they're all jealous of me," goes on Plantagenet, greatly fortified. "I could not myself by far the most interesting of them all, and the most—or—"

"Say it, Potts; don't be shy," says Sir Penthony, raising a corner of the antimacassar, so as to give his friend the full encouragement of one whole eye. "Fascinating, I feel sure, will be the right word in the right place here."

"It would, indeed. I know nobody so really interesting as Plantagenet," says Cecil, warmly.

"Your ladyship's judgment is always sound. I submit to it," returns Sir Penthony, rising to make her a profound bow.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Why seems you dreet like a village maid
That are like a flower of the marie?
If I come dreet like a village maid
I am but as my fortune ordains."
—LADY CLARE.

It is close on October. Already the grass has assumed its sober garb of brown; a general earthiness is everywhere. The leaves are falling—not now in careful couples or one by one but in whole showers—slowly, sorrowfully, as though both to quit the sighing branches, their last faint rustling making their death-song.

Molly's visit has drawn to an end. Her joyous month is over. To-day a letter from her brother reminding her of her promise to return is within her hand, recalling all the tender sweetness of her life, all the calm pleasure she will gain, yet bringing with it a little sting, as she remembers all the gay and lauching hours that she must lose. For indeed her time at Heret has proved a good time.

"I have had a letter from my brother, grandpaps; he thinks it is time I should return," she says, addressing the old man as he takes his solitary walk up and down one of the shaded paths.

"Do you find it so dull here?" asks he, sharply, turning to read her face.

"Dull! I wish you could love solitude! I shall always remember my visit to you as one of the happy events of my life."

"Then remain a little longer," he growls, ungraciously. "The others have consented to prolong their stay, why should not you? Write to your—to Mr. Massereene to that effect. I cannot breathe in an empty house. It is my wish, my desire that you shall stay," he finishes, irritably, this being one of his painful days.

So it is settled. She will obey this crabbed veteran's behest and enjoy a little more of the good the gods have provided for her before returning to her quiet home.

"You will not desert us in our increased calamities, Molly, will you?" asks Cecil, half an hour later, as Molly enters the common boudoir, where Lady Stafford and Marcia sit alone, the former absorbed with their guns, and Mrs. Darley consequently in the blues. "Where have you been? We quite fancied you had taken a lesson out of poor dear Maudie's book and retired to your cotich. Will you stay on at Heret?" She glances up anxiously from her painting as she speaks.

"I, too, Grandpaps has asked me to put off my departure for a while. I feel as he, have just written to John to say so, and to ask him if I may accept this second invitation."

"Do you think he will refuse?" Marcia asks, unpleasantly.

"He may. But when I represent to him how terribly his obduracy will distress you all, should he persist in my return, I feel sure he will relent," retorts Molly, nonchalantly.

"Now that Mr. Amherst has induced us all to stay, don't you think he might do something to vary the entertainment of?" says Cecil, in a faintly injured tone. "Shooting is all very well, of course, for those who like it; and so is tennis; and so are early hours; but tomorrow is Sunday, and Monday is the last we tell the small hours are upon me. Now, if he would only give a ball, for instance! Do you think he would, Marcia, if he was asked?"

"How can I say?"

"Would you ask him, dear?"

"No, I don't think I would," replies Marcia, with a rather forced laugh; "for this reason, that it would not be of the slightest use. I might as well ask him for the moon. If there is one thing he distinctly abhors, it is a ball."

"But he might go to bed early, if he wished," persists Cecil; "none of us would interfere or find fault with that arrangement. We would try and spare him, dear old thing. I don't see why our enjoyment should put him out in the least, if he would only be reasonable. I declare I have a great mind to ask him myself."

"Do," says Molly, eagerly, who is struck with admiration at the entire idea, having never yet been to a really nice ball.

"I would rather somebody else tried it first," rejoins Cecil, with a little shiver. "A hundred times I have made up my mind to ask a favor of him, but when I found myself face to face with him, and he fixed me with his eagle eye, I quailed. Molly, you are a new importation; try your luck."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," says Molly, valiantly. "He can't say worse than no. And here he is, coming slowly along under the balcony. Shall I seize the present opportunity and storm the citadel out of hand? I am sure if I wait I shall be like Bob Acres and find my courage oozing out through my fingers."

"Then don't," says Cecil. "If he molests you badly, I promise to interfere."

Molly steps on to the balcony, and, looking down awaits the slow and languid approach of her grandfather. Just as he arrives beneath the balcony she turns her face, attracted by her presence, looks up.

She is laughing down upon him, bent upon conquest, and has a blood-red rose in one white hand. Molly, with her head on fire, and her thought uncertain, as though dallying about giving utterance to some thought that pines for freedom.

The tall man, pausing, looks up at her, and, looking, sighs—perhaps for his dead youth—perhaps because she so much resembles her mother, discovered and forgotten.

"Have you been long standing?" says Molly, stooping still farther over the iron railings, her voice sweet and fresh as the dead and gone days he has been sighing for, and her face, and her, dexterously, by some fortuitous chance, catches it.

"Well done!" cries she, with a gay laugh, sharply, still stooping, her face, half smiling, wholly amused, at his simpleness. "Yet stay, grandpaps, do not go so soon. I—have a favor to ask of you."

"Well?"

"We have been discussing something delightful for the past five minutes—something downright charming, that we can do nothing without you. Will you help us, grandpaps? will you?" She asks all this with the prettiest grace gazing down mischievously into the sour old face raised to hers.

"Why are you spokeswoman?" demands he, in a tone that makes the deeply attentive Cecil within groan aloud.

"Well—because I really don't believe I know why, except that I chose to be so. But grant me this, my first request. Ah! do, now, grandpaps!"

Under the coaxing of the Irish "Ah!" penetrates even this old withered heart.

"What is this wonderful thing you would have me do?" asks he, some of the accumulated frost melting from his cold eyes as he looks into hers; while Lady Stafford, from behind the curtain, looks on, trembling with fear for the success of her husband, and Marcia listens and watches with envious rage.

"We want you to—give a ball," says Molly, boldly, with a little gasp, keeping her large eyes fixed in eager anxiety upon his face, while her pretty parted lips seem still to say, treat. "Say yes to me, grandpaps."

How to refuse so tender a pleading? How bring upon this face a cloud? No must cause upon her roseate, lovely face?

"Suppose I say I cannot?" asks he; but his tone has altered wonderfully, and there is a tender light in his cold eyes unusual upon his face. The utter absence of constraint, of fear, she displays in his presence has charmed him, being so unlike the studied manner of all those with whom he comes in contact.

"Then I shall cry my eyes out," says Molly, still lightly, though secretly her heart is sinking.

There is a perceptible pause. Then Mr. Amherst says, slowly, regretfully:

"Crying will never do soon, child. None escape. Keep your eyes dry as long as your heart will let you. No, you shall not feel because of me. You shall have your ball, I promise you, and I will do as you please."

She saying, and with a quick movement of the hand that declines all thanks, he moves away, leaving Molly to return to the boudoir triumphant, the latter somewhat struck and saddened by his words and manner.

"Let me embrace you," cries Cecil, tragically, flinging herself into her arms. "Molly, Molly, you have won it!"

Without a word or a look, Marcia rises slowly and quits the room.

The invitations are issued, and unanimously accepted. A ball at Heret is such a novelty that the county to a man declare their intention of being present at it. It therefore promises to be a great success.

As for the house itself, it is in a state of delicious unrest. There is a good deal of noise, but very little performance, and every one grows more new and then to the most starty fits of the tardiness of the other. Lady Stafford is the tardiest of all these people—who, when in time, are always in time—and Marcia, who, during the season, yawn systematically through their two or three balls of a night—had never seen one, so eager and anxious are they for the success of this solitary bit of dissipation.

Lady Stafford is in great form, and becomes even more *debonnaire* and saucy than is her wont. Even Marcia seems to take some interest in it, and lets a little vein of the ancient crop up here and there through all the frozen placidity of her manner; while Molly, who has never yet been at a really large affair of the kind, loses her head, and finds herself unable to think or converse on any other subject.

Yet in all this beautiful but unhappy world where is the pleasure that contains no sting of pain? Molly's is a sharp little sting that pricks her constantly and brings an uneasy sigh to her lips. Perhaps in a man's eyes the cause would be considered small, but surely in a woman's overwhelming. It is a question of dress, and poor Molly's mind is much exercised thereon.

When all the others sit and talk complacently of their silks and satins, floating tulles and laces, she, with a pang, remembers that all she has to wear is a plain white muslin. It is hard. He doubt she will look pretty—perhaps prettier—and yet how poor—in the despised muslin; but as surely she will look poorly attired, and the thought is not inspiring.

No one but a woman can know what a woman thinks on such a subject; and although she faces the situation philosophically enough, and by no means despises herself for the pangs of envy she endures when listening to Maud Darley's account of the triumph in robes to be sent by Worth for the Heret ball, she still shrinks from the cross-examination she will surely have to undergo at the hands of Cecil Stafford as to her costume for the scening event.

One day, a fortnight before the ball, Cecil does seize on her, and, carrying her off to her own room and placing her in her favorite chair, says abruptly:

"What about your dress, Molly?"

"I don't know that there is anything to say about it," says Molly, who is in low spirits. "The only thing I have is a new white muslin, and that will scarcely astonish the natives."

"Muslin! Oh, Molly! Not but that it is pretty enough—I know nothing more so—but for a ball-dress—*rocco*. I have set my heart on seeing you resplendent; and if you are not more gorgeous than Marcia I shall break down. Models won't do at all."

"But I'm afraid it must."

"What a pity it is I am so much shorter than you!" says Cecil, regretfully. "Now, if I was taller we might make one of my dresses suit you."

"Yes, it is a pity—a dreadful pity," says Molly, mournfully. "I should like to be really well dressed. Marcia, I suppose, will be in satin, or something else equally desirable."

"No doubt she will deck herself out in Oriental splendor, if she discovers you can't," says Cecil, angrily.

There is a pause—a decided one. Cecil sits frowning and staring at Molly, who has sunk into an attitude expressive of the deepest dejection. The little ormolu clock, regardless of emotion, ticks on undisturbed until times full minutes vanish into the past. Then Cecil, as though suddenly inspired, says, eagerly;

"Molly, why not ask your grandfather to give you a dress?"

"Not for all the world! Nothing would induce me. If I was never to see a ball I would not ask him for sixpence. How could you think it of me, Cecil?"

"Why didn't I think of it long ago, you mean? I only wish I had, for I know he was my grandfather, and I would never cease persecuting him, morning, noon, and night. What is the use of a grandfather if it isn't to tip one every now and then?"

"You forget the circumstances of my case."

"I do not indeed. Of course, beyond all doubt, he behaved badly; still——" "I really thinx," says Cecil, in a highly moralizing tone, "there is nothing on earth so mistaken as pride. I am free from it. I don't know the meaning of it, and I know I am all the happier in consequence."

"Perhaps I am more angry than proud."

"It is the same thing, and I wish you weren't. Oh, Molly! do ask him. What can it signify what he thinks?"

"Nothing; but a great deal what John thinks. Would he not be vexed at my asking him, as though he stinted me in clothes or money, and I will not do it."

"It would be such a simple way," says Cecil, with a melancholy sigh, "and Molly is so obstinate and old-fashioned; then follows another pause, longer and more decided than the first. Molly, with her back turned to her friend, commences such a dismal tattoo upon the window-pane as would be sufficient to depress any one without further cause. Her friend is pondering deeply.

"Molly, she says, presently, with a fine amount of indifference in her tone—rather suspicious, to say the least of it—"I feel sure you are right; your dress, grandpa's gift, would be better for your pride, or whatever you may wish to call it. But what a pity it is your grandfather would not offer you a dress or a check, or—in fact, anything—quietly—if he did, you would take it?"

"What a chance there is of that!" says Molly, still gloomy. "Yes, if he offered it I do not think I would bring myself to refuse it. I am not adamant. You see—with a faint laugh—"my pride would not carry me very far."

"Far enough. Let us go down to the others?" says Cecil, rising and yawning slightly. "They will think we are plotting high treason if we absent ourselves any longer."

Together they go down stairs and into the drawing-room, which they find empty.

"As they seem to be all out," says Cecil, stops abruptly, and saying carelessly, "I will be back in one moment," turns and leaves the room.

The apartment is deserted. No sound penetrates to it. Even the very fire, in a fit of pique, has degenerated into a cold glow.

Molly, with a shiver, rouses it, throws on a fresh log, and, kneeling before it, tries to induce the tardy flames to climb and lick it until Le'y Stafford returns. So busy has she been, that she has thought only a minute has elapsed since her departure.

"This does look cosy," Cecil says, easily sinking into a lounging-chair. "Now, if there were only some one to come in, we should not be able to cuddle into our fine as we are doing at present. After all, it is a positive relief to get them out of the way—sometimes."

"You don't seem very hearty about that sentiment."

"I am, for all that. With a good novel I could now be comfortably cozy for an hour or two. By the bye, I left my book on the library table. If you were good-natured, Molly, I know what you would do."

"So do I; I would fetch it for you. Well, taking into consideration all things, your age and growing infirmities among them, I will spoil your hint."

"And, rising, she goes in search of the missing volume.

Opening the library door with a little bang and a good deal of reckless unconsciousness, she finds herself in Mr. Amherst's presence.

"Oh!" cries she, a little startled, "I beg your pardon, grandpa. If"—pausing on the threshold—"I had known you were here I would not have disturbed you."

"You don't disturb me," replies he, without looking up; and picking up the required book, Molly commences a hasty retreat.

But just as she gains the door her grandfather's voice comes more strongly to her.

"Wait," he says. "I want to ask you a question that—that has been on my mind for a considerable time."

To the commonest observer it would occur that from the break to the finish of this little sentence is one clumsy invention.

"Yes?" says Molly.

"Have you a dress for this ball—this senseless rout that is coming off?" says Mr. Amherst, without looking at her.

"Yes, grandpaps. In a tone a degree harder.

"You are my granddaughter. I desire to see you dressed as such. Is"—with an effort—"your dress suitable?"

"Well, that greatly depends upon taste," returns Molly, who, though angry, finds a certain amusement in watching the founderings of this tardiness old person. If we are to be—

"Your dress is suitable. Let me see no more of this ridiculous nonsense. Let me see you dressed as such. Is"—with an effort—"your dress suitable?"

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EXTRAORDINARY SCENE AT THE TRIAL OF A MURDERESS.

A remarkable scene occurred at the Old Bailey, London, on the 8th inst. At the conclusion of the trial of the woman Catharine Webster, for the murder of Mrs. Thomas, her mistress, in March last. During the absence of the jury to consider their verdict there was a rumor that the prisoner was *enceinte*. Mr. Sleigh, the woman's counsel, entered the dock and sent for the prisoner, who appeared in tears. She leant her head on Mr. Sleigh's shoulder, and remained in that attitude in conversation with him over five minutes. After an absence of one hour and ten minutes the jury returned into Court with a verdict of "guilty." Silence being proclaimed, the prisoner was asked in the usual form whether she had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon her. She made a statement to the effect that she was instigated to the crime by a man who was the father of her boy, and that he was the really guilty party. The Judge pronounced sentence of death, after which the counsel for the prisoner said his client had a plea to advance in stay of execution. The prisoner, on being asked what her plea was, said that she was pregnant. A jury of matrons, consisting of twelve married and twelve, was then sworn. The jury of men having left the jury box, the jury of matrons took their places. The Judge inquired whether the surgeon to the jail was in attendance. The Governor said he was not. The Judge said that he ought to be in such a case as this. As it was not possible now to find him, he would ask Dr. Bond, whom he saw in court, to make an examination of the prisoner. The prisoner then retired with Dr. Bond into the jury room. After an absence of ten minutes, the matron of the jail was sworn, and examined, and said that she was in a position to state that the prisoner was not pregnant. Dr. Bond was sworn, and said the prisoner was not quick with child. He could not say whether she was pregnant or not, but he thought not. The Judge said that in all his 33 years' experience he had never had such a singular case as this, or one calling for a jury of matrons. He, however, knew that the law required that the prisoner should not be quick with child. He sending then for it to the jury of matrons to say whether they were satisfied, or whether they would like to make any further examination. The jury of matrons said they were quite satisfied, and the prisoner was left for execution.

THE APPARENTLY DROWNED.

How a Life Can be Saved by Prompt Action.

This is the season of drowning and narrow escapes from drowning. The deaths by this either would be much less numerous if the following rules, which, I suppose, have been circulated by the Royal Humane Society, were familiar to all bathing masters:

1. To Dislodge the entrance of air into the windpipe: Cleanse the mouth and nostrils; open the mouth; draw forward the patient's tongue; an elastic band over the tongue and under the chin will answer this purpose. Remove all tight clothing from about the neck and chest. Make sure that no foreign body is lodged in the pharynx, larynx, or œsophagus.

2. To adjust the patient's position: Place the patient on his back on a flat surface, inclined a little from the feet upward; raise and support the head and shoulders on a small, firm, cushion, or folded articles of dress placed under the shoulder blades. Supposing that natural respiration has ceased, proceed

3. To imitate the movements of breathing: grasp the patient's arm just above the elbow, and draw the arm slowly and steadily upward until they meet above the head (this is for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs), and keep the arms in that position for two seconds; then lower the patient's arms and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against sides of chest. This is with the object of pressing air out of the lungs. Pressure on the breast bone will aid this. Repeat these measures alternately, deliberately, and perseveringly fifteen times in a minute, until a spontaneous effort to respire is perceived; immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth. Should a warm bath be procurable the body may be placed in it up to the neck; continue to imitate the movements of breathing; raise the body in twenty seconds to a sitting position and dash cold water upon the chest and face, and pass ammonia under the nose. The patient should not be kept in the warm bath longer than for a few minutes.

4. To excite respiration: During the employment of the above method excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Rub the chest and face briskly; dash cold and hot water alternately on them.

5. To induce circulation and warmth: Wrap the patient in dry blankets, and begin rubbing the limbs upward firmly and energetically. Friction must be continued under blankets or over dry clothing. Promote the warmth of the body by the application of hot flannels, bottles, or bladders of hot water, heated bricks, etc., to the pit of the stomach, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet. Restore the clothing can generally be obtained from bystanders.

On the restoration of life, when the power of swallowing has returned, a teaspoonful of warm water, small quantities of wine, warm brandy and water or coffee should be given. The patient should be kept in bed; any disposition to sleep should be encouraged. During reaction, the application of hot mustard plasters to the chest and below the shoulders will greatly relieve distressed breathing.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Rare Instance of the Quality Displayed by a Child.

(Welland Tribune)

On Wednesday last Mabel Pew, the daughter of Mr. A. G. Hill, of Clifton, who, with her mother, was on a visit to relatives here, had a remarkably narrow escape from drowning in the canal in front of Mr. Fowler's hotel. The little girl was out for a drive with Mabel Pew (11 or 12 years of age) and the two were in the buggy upon their return home. The horse was tied to a post while Mr. Fowler's little daughter was, when the pump having been taken out of the cistern for repairs, leaving a hole in the floor, Mr. Hill's daughter, in stepping back unguardedly, fell through the hole into the water, which was about four and a-half feet deep, considerably over the child's head. Her companion ran to the house for the gate-keeper's house and got Mrs. Stringer out, but not immediately she could not reach down to the water. Mabel Pew then ran out on the street, and got a lad named Frank Hill's son, named Brown, son of Mr. William Brown, of this town, to come in. Mrs. Stringer gathered the boy's coat tails behind his back and grasping them firmly, let him down into the cistern, and he was fortunate enough to seize the drowning child at once, and at the critical moment, as she was insensible and had ceased to struggle, would no doubt have ceased forever to breathe before she would have been got at. But here again was a difficulty. The lad Brown held the child; Mrs. Stringer attempted to pull him, but was unable to pull the two up out of the cistern. In this emergency Mabel Pew, to the lad's great surprise, had presence of mind the happy excuse is so lately attributed—ran into the Rev. Mr. McEwen's house near by, and got Miss McEwen, the only person at home at the time, to come to their aid, when the rescue was completed by a lad named Ross, strong pull and a pull together. The half-drowned child was immediately placed in hot blankets and carried home, where it recovered, and after much difficulty was recalled fully to the world she had so narrowly escaped quitting forever.

A TICHBORNE DEMONSTRATION.

While the Cabinet Council was sitting at Lord Beaconsfield's official residence in Downing street, a crowd, headed by a band of music, entered the adjoining thoroughfare and appointed to present a petition to the Cabinet Council praying for the release of "the unhappy nobleman now languishing in Dartmoor prison." The society on duty in Downing street refused to permit the crowd to advance further than half-way down the street, and they then went towards the House of Commons, with a little disorder, and, instead of cheering Dr. Kenealy. Both in going up Downing street and returning the band played the "Marseillaise."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"Well, its pretty hot," answered a lake captain in one of the ferry dock saloons yesterday, "but it isn't nothing to the summer of 1856. We had it 10 hard and long degrees hotter than this going along for six weeks. I was running the Mary Jane between Chicago and Buffalo then, and I've seen the thermometer stand at 130 degrees in the middle of Lake Huron."

"That was awful," sighed one of the sitters.

"Well, it was fairish, but we didn't call it very hot until we got into the St. Clair River and the mercury went up to 150 degrees when hanging against the water-butt. The boys used up 728 palm-leaf fans on one trip that year. On one of our trips down we were becalmed for three days on Lake Huron. We got it there and no mistake."

"Purty hot, eh?"

"Well, I'm an old man, and I don't care to go to lying at this day, but I'll tell you a few solemn facts. Every sail on that schooner smoked and smouldered till they fell to pieces on deck and left us under bare poles! Yes, sir, we hadn't a rag aloft as big as your hand. That was just at sunrise in the morning, and within an hour we had to wet down decks to prevent them burning. I went down stairs to consult the thermometer, and it lay on the floor, all melted into a puddle of quicksilver! Then I began to realize how hot it was and I got frightened."

"What could you do?"

"Well, not much. We had begun to rig lines over the lee side, so that all could take to the water, when the top-sail yard came down and knocked the deck. The links in the chain had melted right out! I never knew a case like it since, but then the weather has cooled off greatly since 1856."

"And about the crew?"

"Nothing about him. When we picked the body up to heave it overboard, it had spread out in a mass about four feet square, and we had to scrape it before we got through. He was a good young man and a perfect gentleman, and his mother-in-law blessed us for the job of scoping shoveling his remains over the rail. We finally rigged our lines and got overboard."

"And it was much cooler?"

"Ah! I pining man, how little you reporters know of the great lakes spread out before your gaze on the maps! Cooler! Why, the minute we struck the water we began squirming like so many eels. The lake was red hot. The water would have cooked an egg in four minutes. I was blistered from head to heel in no time. Some day I will take off my coat and vest and show you my back. The flesh was actually cooked to a depth of two inches, and for over two years the blisters would have cooked meat when I walked out, and follow me for dinner. Five surgeons fainted away in a heap at the sight of my left shoulder, and the only man I could get to dress my back was a butcher under sentence of death."

"It must have been terrible. How did you come out of the calm?"

"Well, while I was squirming in the water a white squall struck the schooner and down she went. It was all over in a minute, and air and water were better than ever. I struck out for the Canada shore, which was a hundred miles away, knowing that it was sink or swim, but to half an hour I was safe."

"Picked up?"

"Well, no," replied the captain as he scratched his leg, "I struck an iron-bound and climbed up into a cave near the top! I tell you it was a grisly place, and I'd like to know what's one reason why I can never see a hunk of ice and a lemon without feeling grateful to the man who invented both—with a very little gin in mine, if you please."—*Detroit Free Press.*

PHYSICAL PRIZES.

The fact that "Blower" Brown, who won the great six days' match in England by a score of 12 miles, and that Weston, who won it back from him by more than 2 600 miles, were both over 40 years of age seems to show that for some efforts men reach their physical prime later than has been supposed. For athletics of some kinds a man is at his best under 30, as in wrestling, swift short distance running, boxing, etc. But in long distance pedestrian feats, where staying power is more than of strength or dexterity, the time of over 40 have left the young men far behind, and utterly broken down, while they came out fresh at the finish. Something analog

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JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short date.
A. F. WOOD.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

The courts have decided that if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post-office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay for a publication. Some forget this, and think by merely refusing to take the paper from the post-office settles the matter.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, JULY 30, 1879.

MR. W.H. SCOTT, M. P. P., of Peterborough, President of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, was present at a special meeting of the Ottawa City Council on Friday last, and addressed that body on matters relative to the revival of the scheme. He pointed out the many advantages certain to accrue to that city by having such a line of railway, the building of which, he said, between Ottawa and Peterborough, forming connection with the Midland Railway, would give a short route to the Georgian Bay, the terminus being one of the finest harbors on our inland lakes. The route would also be much shorter than by the proposed Georgian Bay Branch of the Canada Pacific, and would therefore control the trade of the North West to and from the seaboard, placing Ottawa upon a most important highway, in addition to opening up the country through which the line would pass. The defeat of the Toronto bonus a year and a half ago caused the Company to temporarily suspend operations, but the position of affairs had not changed since then. The Company still asked $200,000 from Ottawa, on the success or defeat of which will probably depend the future destiny of the project, as Mr. Scott says he has given considerable time and attention to the scheme, and wished it to be brought to a head soon or else dropped. The Toronto by-law was for $300,000, but we would infer from his remarks that the company would go on with the work between Peterborough and Ottawa, leaving Toronto out, in the event of the Ottawa bonus being carried, $15,000 having already been expended by them in connection with the scheme. The members of the Council were almost unanimous in the opinion that the project was a good one for the city, and that the bonus ought to be given, but deemed it advisable to first call a public meeting of the ratepayers, in order that the matter be placed fairly and squarely before them. A resolution to this effect was then passed, it being understood that the meeting would be called early this week. As this is a matter of considerable importance to this locality, we will endeavor to keep our readers posted as to the progress of the scheme.

LETELLIER, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, received his dismissal papers on Thursday last, and thus the end of this celebrated "case" is reached at last. For some months past it has been the one most absorbing topic both of conversation and newspaper discussion, and the public in general must feel a good deal relieved now that the affair is settled. Parliament, it will be remembered, at its last session voted to have him removed, his offense being in dismissing the Quebec Government which at the time enjoyed the entire confidence of the majority of the House. His Excellency the Governor-General was advised accordingly, but he, however, decided to refer the question to the Imperial Government for its decision, rather than establish such a questionable precedent on his own responsibility. The Home Government, however, decided not to interfere in the matter, and consequently he was left to accept or reject the advice of his Ministers as he saw fit. He chose the former, and the following letter was soon after despatched:

"QUEBEC, 25th July, 1879.

To the Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, Spencerwood, Quebec:

"SIR,—I am commanded by his Excellency the Governor-General to inform you that by the order of his Excellency-in-Council passed this date, you are removed from the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and that the cause assigned for such removal, in conformity with the provisions of the 58th section of the British North America Act of 1867, is that after the vote of the House of Commons of the last session, and that of the Senate during the preceding session relative to your conduct as Lieutenant-Governor, your continance as such has ceased.

"I have the honor to be,
"Your most humble and
"Obedient servant,
"EDWARD J. LANGEVIN,
"Under Secretary of State."

Dr. Robitaille, M. P., was immediately appointed and sworn in as his successor. And thus is settled a case which has caused more uneasiness in political circles than any question which has arisen since the famed Pacific Scandal.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 27.—On Saturday night as a crowd of O. Y. R.'s were returning from the railway station, whither they had escorted a number of Montreal Young Britons, who were then leaving for home, they were met on Sussex street by a lot of young Catholics, and a row ensued. Revolvers were freely used by both parties, and it is estimated that about 100 shots were fired. A squad of police arrived promptly on the scene and succeeded in dispersing the crowds before any serious consequences resulted. So far as heard from only two were wounded by pistol shots. One man named Pilon was shot in the hand and the other named Cowan was shot in the left arm. Both are Britons. No arrests were made last night, but a number of the combatants are known to the police, and it is said that several will be arrested to-morrow. It is thought that all the outside Orangemen have now left the city, and in consequence a feeling of safety is experienced.

ORANGEISM.

GRAND ORANGE LODGE BRITISH AMERICA.

The following officers of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America have been elected for the ensuing year:

Grand Master and Sovereign—Henry Merrick, M. P. P., Merrickville.

Deputy Grand Master—W. J. Parkhill, M. P. P., Randwick.

Grand Chaplain—Rev. James Norris, Omemee.

Grand Secretary—Thos. Keyes, Warden, St. Catharines.

Grand Treasurer—Capt. William Anderson, J. P., Mountain View.

Grand Lecturer—Eli Higgins, Alderman, St. Catharines.

Grand Director of Ceremonies—Wm. White, Tweed.

Deputy Grand Treasurer—E.F.Clarke Editor of *Sentinel*, Toronto.

Deputy Grand Secretary—A. J. VanIngen, G. S. O. E., Cobourg.

Deputy Grand Lecturers—Dr. McCammon, O. E., Kingston; A. D. Bostwick, Quebec; Jas. Elliott, New Brunswick; Stewart Copeland, Nova Scotia; John Pritchard, O. W., Toronto; Murdoch McLeod, P. E. Island; ——Browning, Newfoundland; Wm.Heeney, Manitoba, Winnipeg.

Deputy Grand Chaplains—Rev. Wm. M. Pattyson, No. 34, Norwood; Rev. Dr. Clay, Nova Scotia; Rev. Dr. Chapman, Quebec; Rev. Dr. Smithett, O.W., Lindsay; Rev. Mr. Donald, Montreal, Quebec; Rev. W. W. Walsh, O. W., Birr; Rev. Wm. Percival, O. E., Milltown; Rev D. Cascadden, Forest; Rev. George H. Parker, Fredericton.

The next meeting will be held in Toronto.

THE HASTINGS GOLD MINES.

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* has the following remarks on the subject of the gold mines in Madoc and the other townships in this County:—

"Hitherto we have refused to attach any degree of credence to the statements made as to the richness of the mines in question, and have declined to give them any place among the native resources of the country. Recently, we have received information which induces us to think that the opinions we have expressed on former occasions have been erroneous, and that there is at least some reason for supposing that the mines are worthy the attention and consideration of the country. The matter is important, for if those mines are of sufficient richness to become profitable an important industry may arise. The mines, it should be noted, are not alluvial but are quartz. The element of chance has but little influence on such mines, and when gold-bearing quartz is discovered it becomes as much the source of labor and regular employment as does an ordinary manufacture. What is needed for the Madoc Gold Mines is capital to set them to work. The machinery for crushing the ore is expensive, and the payment of wages in the opening of the mines, is costly. But if the promise of success is only fair, this capital should be found. Before pronouncing an opinion on the present prospects of these mines we have thought it necessary to institute a careful inquiry. That inquiry is now being made, and we shall shortly be in a position to give a reliable account of the mines."

There is little doubt that the incredulity expressed by our contemporary with regard to the value and extent of the Hastings gold mining region has been shared by many persons; but recent developments have been so satisfactory that a spirit of inquiry has been aroused, which will lead to examinations of the mines already in operation, and to the investment of a large additional amount of capital in the mines. The opening of railway communication with Madoc will do much towards inducing capitalists to visit the gold fields, which we have every reason to believe will yet prove as rich as many more famous regions in other parts of the world.—*Intelligencer.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE north east part of Lot 8, 7th con., Township of Madoc, containing 75 acres. The property is well fenced, well watered, first-class out-buildings, and in a good state of cultivation. Three miles from the village of Madoc.
122-5t JOHN COLVIN.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the next sitting of the Council application will be made for the road allowance crossing Lot No. 10, between the 4th and 5th concessions of Madoc, in lieu of the road now travelled.
J. R. KETCHESON,
Madoc, July 30th, 1879. Township Clerk.
122-4t

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

J. D. STEWART, M.D.
OCULIST AND AURIST,
Will visit Madoc, and remain at Moon's Hotel, from
Monday, August 11th, to Thursday, August 21st.
All Diseases of the Eye and Ear successfully treated. 122

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $5 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by
MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,
will be in the future conducted by his son,
E. L. WEISS,
with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled
Within Sixty Days,
and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes
MADE OF
FIRST-CLASS STOCK,
and a fit guaranteed.
THE READY PAY SYSTEM
Will be strictly adhered to in the future.
E. L. WEISS.
Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FIRST-CLASS
FARM FOR SALE.

CONSISTING of 125 acres, part of Lot 1, 7th Concession of Madoc, bounded in part by Madoc Village. It is well watered, and well fenced with cedar; 200 fruit trees; buildings large and commodious, and is situated within one mile of Churches, Model School, Railway Station, Stores, Mills, Cheese Factory, etc., etc. Terms, $2,000 down, or secured outside the farm, the balance may remain on security at 6 per cent. to suit the purchaser. Possession given on the 1st of October. For particulars, apply to A. F. Wood, Esq., Madoc, or to
WAREHAM TULLER,
Owner, on the premises.
Madoc July 2nd, 1879. 118-tf

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 40 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

C. G. WILSON,
DURHAM STREET, - MADOC,
DEALER IN
DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
Fancy & Toilet Articles
Sponges, Brushes, Perfumery, &c.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

Farmers and physicians from the country will find our stock of medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

LOW PRICES
JUST ARRIVED,
A LARGE STOCK OF
DRIED APPLES,
Which will be sold at $1.25 a bushel.
Clover, Timothy, and Hungarian Seed.
A general assortment of choice
FAMILY GROCERIES,
and a large stock of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE,
Confectionery, &c., &c.
—ALSO,—
AUTHORIZED SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.
N. D. PETERS.
Madoc, April 16th, 1879.

PLANTS FOR SALE
The undersigned has a large variety of
CABBAGE,
TOMATOES,
CAULIFLOWERS,
AND
CELERY PLANTS,
FOR SALE.
HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE OR TO LET,
Situated at corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the
VILLAGE OF MADOC.
ALSO
A Small Shop to Let,
Opposite Harper's Block.
WM. MOORE.

REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the Railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty-acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be $3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of $2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of $1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E, shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.
122-4t

TO BE LET.

A GOOD FARM of 100 acres, composed of the north half of Lot 7, 13th concession of Huntingdon, nicely situated on Moira Lake, and near the Village of Madoc. Well cleared. Present tenant will cease to occupy next October. Apply to
CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
Or to Gream & Henderson,
Solicitors, Madoc. 107

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.
SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

By-Law No.—

A By-law to authorize the granting of a Bonus to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company to the extent of $10,000.

Whereas the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company have built and completed a line of Railway from the point of junction with the Grand Junction Railway to the "Moore Mine," in the Township of Madoc;

And whereas the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon are desirous of assisting the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company by way of Bonus, to the extent of Ten Thousand Dollars, for the purpose of working said road, and of assisting in developing the northern part of the County of Hastings, and for other advantages to be derived from the construction and working of said Railway;

And whereas to carry the said recited object into effect, it is necessary to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars in the manner hereinafter mentioned;

And whereas the amount of the whole of rateable property of the said municipality according to the last revised and equalized Assessment Rolls, is the sum of Four hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and two dollars, ($421,502);

And whereas the existing debenture debt of the said municipality of the Township of Huntingdon is as follows, that is to say, for principal sum, *nothing*, and there is no principal money in arrear and there is no interest money in arrear;

And whereas it will require the sum of Six hundred dollars annually to be raised by special rate for paying the interest on said Ten thousand dollars during the currency of the debentures, and the further sum of Three hundred and two dollars and forty-three cents, ($302.43,) to be raised annually by special rate for the payment of the said sum of Ten thousand dollars, such sum being sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said Ten thousand dollars when payable, the debentures to be issued to extend over twenty years;

Be it therefore enacted by the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon as follows:—

1st.—That this By-law shall come in force on the first day of November next.

2nd.—That the whole of the debentures hereinafter mentioned and authorized to be issued shall be made payable in twenty years at furthest, from the day on which this By-law shall take effect, as in the preceding clause mentioned. That immediately after this By-law comes into force the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon shall issue their debentures in sums not less than One hundred dollars each, and in such greater sums as the Reeve and Treasurer shall think best, in all for the sum of Ten thousand dollars.

3rd.—That the said debentures shall be payable at the Bank of Montreal in Belleville, at the time in Section Two above mentioned, and the said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and shall have interest Coupons attached, payable half-yearly at said Bank.

4th.—That the said debentures shall be sealed with the Corporate Seal, and signed by the Reeve and countersigned by the Treasurer of said Township of Huntingdon.

5th.—That there shall be levied and assessed upon all rateable property in the Township of Huntingdon an annual special rate of Two mills and one-seventh of a mill on the dollar, sufficient with the estimated interest on the investment thereof to discharge the said debt and interest when payable at the end of twenty years, until the same are paid off, redeemed and discharged in full.

6th.—That the said debentures shall be taken and accepted by the said Company to whom they are to be given in payment of said aid, as hereinafter provided, at par value.

7th.—That the said debentures so to be created and issued shall be paid over to the Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company on the following *conditions*, that is to say:—When they shall have commenced the said working and traffic on the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway for passengers and produce, and otherwise to and from the northern part of the said Township of Huntingdon to the Grand Junction wharves at the water's edge of the Bay of Quinte, in Belleville, or to a shipping station of the said Company at mid waters in Belleville,

8th.—That the said debentures so to be appropriated in aid of the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall be deposited with the Trustees to be appointed in the manner and as provided in the Act incorporating said Company.

9th.—That before the delivery over of the debentures to the said Railway Company by the Trustees, and before they shall be entitled to receive the same, or any part thereof, the said Railway Company shall enter into a Covenant with the Corporation of the Township of Huntingdon: *Providing* that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, in addition to the present Railway Stations, shall provide a Flag Station, together with a Storehouse for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, sufficient for that purpose, and for the storage of goods and merchandise, at Mr. John B. Fox's farm, sufficient for that purpose, on that portion of the same heretofore conveyed by him to said Railway Company, and that the said Railway Company shall erect at each of the said other stations in the said Township a Storehouse sufficient for the accommodation of grain and produce buyers, and to store the grain and the goods, wares and merchandise of the said Township, and that the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company shall carry passengers and the grain and produce of the said Township and work the said road through the said Township of Huntingdon to and from the said Grand Junction Railway wharf or wharves of the said Company in Belleville, at the Bay of Quinte, for the term of Twenty years.

10th.—That the said Covenants shall be entered into by the said Belleville & North Hastings Railway Company, contemporaneously with the handing over of the said debentures.

Be it further enacted that for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the qualified electors to the said By-law,

Friday, the 8th day of August next,

is hereby appointed for taking votes of the said electors thereon, and polls are hereby appointed to be held and opened at the hour of Nine o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, and remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

Be it further enacted that the following shall be the Returning Officers who shall take the votes at the following places and as mentioned below:

Division No. 1, Orange Hall, West Huntingdon; James Gay, Returning Officer.

Division No. 2, Town Hall; J. G. Foster, Returning Officer.

Division No. 3, Sergeant's House; Elisha Sargent, Returning Officer.

Take notice that the above is a true copy of a proposed By-law, which will be taken into consideration by the Council of the municipality of the Township of Huntingdon, after one month from the first publication in the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW, the date of which first publication will be Second day of July, A. D. 1879, and that the votes of the electors of the said municipality will be taken thereon at the several and respective places therein appointed for polls to be held, at the hour of Nine o'clock of the forenoon of the said day, to remain open until Five o'clock in the afternoon of the said day.

That the Clerk shall on the day after the election attend at the Town Hall, in the said Township of Huntingdon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., and shall sum up the number of votes cast in favor of the By-law, and the number polled against it, and then and there declare the result of said election.

J. G. FOSTER,
Clerk, Township of Huntingdon.
Town Hall, Huntingdon, June 26th, 1879.

THIS SPACE
RESERVED FOR
JOHN ROBERTSON.

Just Received,
AND OPEN FOR INSPECTION:

Black Turquoise Silk,
Light Blue do. do.
Seal Brown Glace do.
Olive Glace do.
Steel Glace do.
Drab Glace do.
Bronze Glace do.
Slate do do.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

NEW GOODS!

We are now receiving a full stock of Spring and Summer Goods, being our second purchase for this season, to which we would invite attention.

SYDMER ROSS & Co.

ANOTHER LARGE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS!
Boots and Shoes, &c., has arrived at the
NEW STORE!
WRIGHT'S BLOCK, MADOC.

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

JORDAN HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to say he keeps a first-class country Hotel in the Village of Millbridge. The mail stage stops at noon at this house. Careful hostlers always in attendance and satisfaction guaranteed. Give the boys a call and satisfy yourselves.
ISAAC B. POTTER,
Millbridge, July 2, 1879. Proprietor.
119

BONES WANTED.

GOOD wages can be made by collecting and shipping bones and horns to us.

Bags loaned. Prompt remittance. For further particulars address
PETER R. LAMB & CO.,
Manufacturers,
TORONTO.
116-4t

CHRISTMAS GROCERIES.

Gray & McGregor

OFFER FOR SALE A FULL SUPPLY OF

CHOICE GROCERIES

For the Holiday Season, including

NEW VALENCIA RAISINS,
" TABLE RAISINS,
" SEEDLESS RAISINS,
" CURRANTS,
PRUNES,
DRIED PEACHES,
DRIED APPLES,
SYRUPS,
PEELS, FIGS, AND ALMONDS,
S. W. SALMON,
LABRADOR HERRING,
WHITE FISH,
BOLOGNA AND PORK SAUSAGE,
THE CELEBRATED
DIAMOND BRAND OYSTERS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.
Dec. 5th, 1878.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to
GEORGE DUNCAN.
Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)
Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,
Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.
GEORGE CHOWN.

JOHN G. DEANS,

Chemist and Druggist,

Keeps constantly on hand a

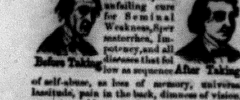
CHOICE STOCK
—OF—
DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
BRUSHES, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY,
CONFECTIONERY
LAMP CHIMNEYS & WICKS.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT
—OF—
Field, Flower and Garden Seeds.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. ☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
☞ Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.
N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

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Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., *Seed for Sale*, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.
Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 321. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE. M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O. JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge, *No. 139, O. Y. B.*

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, July 17th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.
A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, August 4th, At 8 o'clock.
N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Sept. 30th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,
S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.
Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

J. D. Stewart, M. D.
The celebrated oculist and aurist, whose advt. appears in another column, will visit Madoc again on the 11th of August and remain for over a week. The Dr. was very successful in his treatment of the cases entrusted to him while here a few months ago, and those suffering from ailments of the eye or ear could not do better than consult him.

Change of Business.
By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the boot and shoe business, heretofore carried on by Mr. Louis Weiss, Sen., will in future be conducted by his son, Mr. E. L. Weiss, who, we have no doubt will infuse new life and prosperity into the business. This establishment has long been noted for turning out a superior class of work, and the new manager guarantees the same sure fits and good workmanship in the future. Read the advt.

Personal.
Not a little was the surprise created on Friday last by the appearance of Mr. Thomas Cross and family, who arrived back from California by the evening train, although his more intimate friends were aware for some time previous that he intended returning. They report times so bad in the "Golden State" that Canada is a paradise compared with it, and this is the principal reason that induced them to return. We join with their many friends and acquaintances in welcoming Mr. Cross and family back.

Accidental Drowning.
A very sad case of accidental drowning occurred at Holloway on Friday evening last, resulting in the death of an infant just able to walk, the daughter of Mr. Geo. Ostrom, blacksmith. It appears that for a few minutes the baby and three other children were left alone, when the little one went to a wash tub partly full of rain water which was near the door, and fell in, and was drowned before the older children discovered it. They took it out and laid it on the floor, and then ran for the father who was a short distance from the house, but when he arrived life was extinct.—COM.

Needs Remedying.
We have noticed that after every heavy rain pools of water are formed on different parts of the main street in the village, which remain for some days, one particularly being located between Mr. Louis Weiss' and Dale & Sons store, of which Mr. Weiss very indignantly and justly complains. Hogs (the by-law for whose guidance does not appear to have come into force yet,) regale themselves by wallowing in it from day to day, until when it commences to dry up, a most offensive and disagreeable nuisance is the result. A load or two of gravel judiciously distributed by order of the Council, would, we think, effect a much needed and pleasing remedy.

A Pen Worth Recommending.
We have been favored with samples of the celebrated Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens, and after trying them feel justified in highly commending them to our readers. They are made of the best steel, and by the most expert workmen in England, and have a national reputation for certain desirable qualities which no other pens seem to have attained in so great perfection, among which are uniform evenness of point, durability, flexibility, and quill action. It is thus quite natural that the Spencerian should be preferred and used by professional penmen, in business colleges, counting-rooms, government offices, public schools, and largely throughout the country. Indeed, so popular have they become, that of the "Number One" alone, as many as eight millions are sold annually in the United States. The Spencerian Pens may be had, as a rule, from any dealer; but, when not thus obtainable, the agents, Messrs. Alexander Buntin & Co., 345 St. Paul Street, Montreal, will send for trial, samples of each of the twenty numbers on receipt of twenty cents.

Grand Junction.
The Hastings *Star* says:—"We have the best authority for saying that as soon as the road is ballasted regular trains will run between here and Belleville."

Gold.
The *Intelligencer* says:—"Mr. John Robertson, superintendent of the Feigel gold mine, brought down to-day a brick of gold of the value of $410, the product of last week's work. This is about the average yield of the mine, which shows increased richness as the level is lowered.

Moonlight Excursion.
We take pleasure in noticing that the members of the Madoc Brass Band have arranged to give the public a grand moonlight excursion, on Friday evening next, on the B. & N. H. Railway, down to Luke's, the fare being placed at the exceedingly low rate of 25c. for adults and 15c. for children. This will be an event in the history of our quiet little village, which we think cannot fail to draw a large crowd, and we have no doubt all who invest a "quarter" for the benefit of the Band will be amply repaid by the enjoyment of the trip, the first of the kind that has ever taken place from this village. Seats will be arranged on flat cars for the comfort of excursionists, and the passenger coach will also be attached to the train for the benefit of those who may prefer seclusion to the bright rays of the moon. The train will leave the station at 7 o'clock, sharp, stopping at Moira Lake both ways.

Relief of Derry.
Tuesday, 12th of August will be celebrated in Belleville this year by what is expected to be the largest demonstration ever held in that city, in commemoration of the relief of Derry. The principal feature of the day will be a monster procession of Orangemen, Orange Young Britons, True Blues and 'Prentice Boys from all principal places on the Grand Trunk Railway, between and including Montreal and Toronto, besides those from Ottawa, Peterborough, Madoc, Stirling, Campbellford, Picton, which will, without doubt, be a grand and imposing affair, and can hardly fail to draw an immense crowd. Addresses will be delivered by some of the delegates to the Triennial Council from Great Britain, Grand Master Merrick, Hon. M. Bowell, P. G. M., Wm. Johnson, D. G. M. and other distinguished members of the Order. The whole proceedings to wind up with a grand assembly in the evening. We predict a most successful demonstration.

Beautiful Pictures for All.
The Great Art Publishing House of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine, moves steadily on the even tenor of its way, apparently not feeling the dull times. During the year 1878 they sold over Four Million pictures of all descriptions. They publish every description of fine pictures, and the prices from ten cents upwards to twenty dollars per copy. Their correspondence for this large business is immense; they receive, on an average, over one thousand letters per day. Messrs. Stinson & Co. publish only the better class of pictures, and it is well known that anything coming from this reliable house is of standard merit. We have just received copies of four very fine steel engravings, which they have just brought out. The plates were engraved in London, at an expense of four thousand pounds sterling, or twenty thousand dollars, to which great sum must be added the customs duty of twenty-five per cent. on account of their being imported into the United States. These engravings are after paintings by great modern masters of art, and the artists who engraved the plates stand in the front rank of the world's renowned engravers.

Cricket.
A friendly game of cricket was played at Marmora on Friday, 18th inst., between the Junior Cricket Clubs of Marmora and Stirling, in which the Stirling Club came off victorious by 19 runs. The score stood as follows:

MARMORA.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
J. Presley,	c McDonald,	0	c Stephenson,	3
Jenkinson,	b Seeley,	0	b Seeley,	3
Pringle,	c Craske,	6	c Boldrick,	0
G. Bleecker,	b Seeley,	1	b Seeley,	0
C. Bleecker,	b Seeley,	3	b Seeley,	0
Wilkinson,	b Seeley,	1	c Seeley,	0
C. Mason,	b Seeley,	0	c Craske,	2
McWilliams,	b Seeley,	2	c Houston,	11
Stanley,	b Craske,	0	c Seeley,	0
M. Mason,	b Seeley,	0	not out,	0
M. Presley,	not out,	0	c Boldrick,	1
Byes,		6		
Wides,		15		
		34		20
Total, 54.				

STIRLING.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
McDonald,	run out	0	st'd Bleecker,	7
R. Chard,	b Pringle,	2	leg before wkt.	0
McWilliams,	thrown out,	1	b Pringle,	2
F. Conley,	b Wilkinson,	0	b Wilkinson,	0
J. Barlow,	c Wilkinson,	3	b Pringle,	1
Stephenson,	b Wilkinson,	2	b Wilkinson,	4
C. Boldrick,	c Mason,	3	b Wilkinson,	7
W. Craske,	b Wilkinson,	15	c Bleecker,	2
G. Houston,	b Pringle,	1	b Bleecker,	2
T. Chard,	not out,	2	not out,	1
Byes,		5		
Wides,		2		
		37		36
Total, 73.				

Magistrates' Court.
On Monday, 21st inst., Benjamin Hobson was arraigned before A. F. Wood, Esq., J.P., on complaint of Constable Sills, for fighting and disturbing the peace on the Saturday previous. The defendant admitted the charge and was fined $2 and costs, amounting in all to about $8.

On Thursday John Nichol, on the same complaint, appeared before A. F. Wood and E. D. O'Flynn, Esquires, J. P.'s, in the Town Hall, Nichol having voluntarily given himself in charge of the Constable. The particulars of this fight were given last week, Nichol, it will be remembered, having bitten a large piece out of Hobson's under lip and cheek. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and requested the magistrates to take into consideration both the charge of disturbing the peace and the biting of his opponent. He alleged that Hobson commenced the row and struck him twice before he retaliated; that Simmons then put them both out of the bar-room, and that his opponent caught him by the arms and endeavored to bite him, obliging him, in self-defence, to bite Hobson, as he could not use his arms. Mr. and Mrs. R. Simmons both corroborated Nichol's statement, and from their evidence it was plain that Hobson was the aggressor and provoked the fight, the former being regarded as a quiet and inoffensive person, and was never known to be connected with a disturbance in the village before. The magistrates, while allowing that Nichol was provoked into the fight, rightly considered that more than an ordinary fine was necessary in the case to show their utter condemnation of the brutal and disgusting practice of biting in fights of this kind, more especially as the above was the most horrible case that had ever come under their notice, and their determination to deter others, if possible, from being participators in such scenes in future. Judgment to this effect was delivered by Mr. Wood in a few as well chosen remarks as seldom emanate from the magisterial bench, Nichol being fined $10 and costs, $16.50 in all, nearly the full penalty the law allows.

Examination of Candidates for Third Class Certificates.

Some time since it was decided by the Educational Department, that henceforth there shall be only one Board of Examiners for each county; and the first examination of Candidates for 3rd class certificates, held in accordance with this decision, under the auspices of the Union Board of North and South Hastings, has just been concluded. There were 133 candidates in all, of whom some two or three retired before the close, a good many more failed to secure the coveted certificate and those whose names are given below were successful.

The successful candidates who have not previously taught will be required to attend either the Belleville or Madoc Model School; and the following regulations concerning attendance have been adopted unanimously by Resolution of the Board of Examiners:—The successful Candidates shall be distributed equally between the two schools. Subject to the previous clause, the candidates from the immediate neighborhood of either school may attend that school. The names of the remaining candidates shall be arranged in order of merit and drafted alternately into the schools, till one of them has received its full quota, when the rest shall be allotted to the other school.

The next professional examination, on the conclusion of the Model School Sessions, will be held in Madoc Village, where all candidates will be required to present themselves for examination. The Inspectors will, on application, inform the candidates which Model School they will be required to attend.

The following is the list of the successful candidates, together with their marks, &c.:

1.	Phillips, John Lane, Private Study.	920
2.	Smith, Emmeline, 19, Sidney	863
3.	O'Brien, William, Private Study	830
4.	Hamilton, John, Trenton H. S.	818
5.	McLaren, Alexander, 11, Melrose,	804
6.	Ross, Lester, 9, Tyendinaga,	801
7.	Wootton, Susan, 8, Rawdon,	789
8.	Shannon, James, Madoc Model Sch'l	734
9.	Richards, Hannah, Belleville H. S.,	730
10.	Soames, Wm. Private Study,	725
11.	Hales, Eliza, Madoc Model School,	723
12.	Palmer, Ella, " "	714
13.	Robinson, Annie, " "	713
14.	Moore, Annie, Belleville H. S.	709
15.	McHenery, Mary, Trenton H. S.	707
16.	Simmons, Franklyn, 11, Frankford,	706
17.	Rodgers, Margaret, Trenton H. S.,	702
18.	Wilson, George, Belleville H. S.	694
19.	Barrager, David, " "	688
20.	Loveless, Susie, 1, Shannonville,	686
21.	Gerow, Thos., Belleville H. S.	677
22.	Fleming, Annie, " " / Madden, P. J., Private Study	673
24.	Wood, Carrie, Madoc Model S. / Best, Sarah, Trenton H.S.	660
26.	Mosher, Augusta, Stirling P. S.,	659
27.	M'Carthy, Maggy, Trenton H.S. / Clarke, Alevia, Belleville	654
29.	Harrison, Laura, 1, Thomasburg,	646
30.	Callery, Catharine, Bellev'e H.S. / Murray, Elizabeth, "	641
32.	Palmer, Frankie, Trenton H. S.,	638
33.	Matthews, Samuel, 17, Rawdon / Buckley, Minnie, Bellev'e H.S. / Vrooman, William, Trenton "	633
36.	Hicks, Annie, 8, Tweed,	630
37.	Potter, Martha, 16, Madoc,	621
38.	Huyck, Carrie, 8, Tweed	617
39.	Tucker, William, 20, Cramahe,	613
40.	Simpkins, Charles, 11, Melrose,	609
41.	Carmichael, James, Trenton H. S.	601
42.	Brock, Richard, " "	594
43.	Wilcox, Addie, 15, Tyendinaga, / Wheeler, James, Belleville H.S.	592

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—The collection of school taxes in Union School Sections presents an apparent difficulty, particularly in regard to taxes on non-resident lands.

The School Law amendments for 1879 enact that Union School Sections shall for the purpose of borrowing money and the collection of taxes be held to belong to the Township in which the school house of the section is situated. Thus, if a Union School Section comprises portions of Huntingdon, Hungerford, Tyendinaga and Thurlow, and the school house is situated in Thurlow, the Trustees of the Section, must send their "estimate and requisition" to the Council of Thurlow, which will have to collect the tax from the whole section—the clerk of Thurlow getting the necessary abstracts from the Assessment Rolls of the other Townships. The tax on a Union Section must be levied in the proportions fixed by the Reeves and Inspectors at their meetings for equalization. To levy in any other way would be illegal. The Council of the Municipality in which the school house is situated must collect non-resident taxes also for the whole Section and in exactly the same manner in which such taxes are collected in their own Township.

Yours &c.,
WM. MACKINTOSH.
Inspector of Schools.
Madoc, July 28, 1879.

The Gold Field of North Hastings.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As the progress of exploration goes on slowly, but surely, new geological facts of great importance to science are being brought to light, and new discoveries made which show the extent and richness of the auriferous region here to be much greater than was supposed. The vein discovered a short time ago on the Mill Lot at Bannockburn, which is there a mere *thread*, and has all the appearance of a small "crop course," is found to be a true vein. I have traced it into adjacent lots and find it expanding into a fine strong lode of rich creamy quartz, well charged with grey and yellow sulphurets, black sand, and free gold. In other places too, where it was least expected, accidental discoveries have been made, placing beyond all doubt the vast "ager aureum," and the unlimited stores of golden wealth that lie buried in the rocks, and covered over by the deep mantle of forest green. But, with all these facts staring us in the face, and their realities placed beyond a shadow of doubt, the question is often put to me, "why don't you work your mines?" The readiest reply I can give is, because we are on the wrong side of the boundary line. Bogus pretensions to mining enterprise have been got up here, and can be got up any day; but a bona fide mining company commanding the capital and possessing the knowledge requisite for the business cannot be got up in Canada. And this is not for lack of capital. Every newspaper we take up is crowded with advertisements of "money to loan." Aye, but on what terms? On terms of griping usury, secured by mortgages that have left and will leave many a family homeless. In any other country the same amount of spare capital would be employed in some active and productive industry; and in a country like this the mining industry would rank foremost; and if the metallic region that lies here buried in the silence of the grave were in the remotest corner of Colorado, or amongst the snowy peaks of Nevada, no obstacle could prevent its full development; but here in this lifeless, heartless, soulless land no inducement can advance that object. The primary cause of this unfortunate state of things certainly originated with the Government of Ontario. In 1868 the discoveries here and on Lake Superior had awakened the right sort of energy amongst the people, and the men and the money from other countries were on hand looking to the Government for a measure that would enable them to go to work, but the mining Act of '68 killed off mining in Ontario. The late Sandfield MacDonald, a man who, since his death, has been lauded for above his living merits, together with his crown land commissioner, Stephen Richards, were the prime concoctors of that wicked act. And although the united thunder of the newspaper press and the force of public opinion wrung from them in '69 a more liberal Act, the mischief was done, the capital driven out of the country, and the men that would have employed it successfully, disgusted with our policy, left never to return. The attempts made at gold mining here have been *pseudo* attempts, made by men possessing neither the knowledge nor the capital requisite, and have been all more or less failures. More anon.
W. H. PALMER.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

Col. F. M. Price, of Geneva, N. Y., has been appointed to the position of United States Vice-Consul for the Belleville district. Col. Prince is a characteristic specimen of the genial American gentleman, and will not be long in cultivating many friendships among the Britishers.—*Free Press.*

Of the 80 canditates for entrance into the Belleville High School only 45 were successful. The maximum was 560 and the nearest approach to it was made by Frank Parker, of Stirling, with 442 marks. The minimum was 280, and 2 candidates just saved themselves by obtaining 1 mark more.

The cheese factory in the 2nd concession of Thurlow, which was destroyed by fire three weeks ago, and work on the rebuilding of which was commenced almost before the ashes had grown cold, has been completed and will be ready for the resumption of business on Monday. This is a very creditable piece of enterprise.—*Intelligencer.*

The Belleville *Free Press* man gives the following description of Manitoba mud:—"We have been shown a boxful of this interesting substance, which has been sent all the way from Winnipeg by a former resident of Belleville. It is very heavy and hard and exceedingly rich. When moistened it becomes at once slippery and sticky. No wonder the roads of Manitoba are impassible in wet weather when covered with such a substance as this. But the mud of Manitoba is its chief characteristic. The inhabitants are proud of it.

THE TWELFTH IN TWEED.—The Rev. R. Walker writes to the *Christian Guardian*: "In connection with the celebration of the 12th of July, the members and friends of the Methodist Church, Tweed circuit, got up a dinner for the purpose of raising some money to pay the debt on our parsonage. The dinner was all that could be wished for, and was served in Mr. Wilson's Grove, near the Bethel Church. There were five lodges present with all the friends who were not Orangemen, yet who liked to celebrate the day. We realized over $500 after paying expenses. I could not help thinking that if the Orangemen would do like that in every place, what a grand recommend it would be to the Order. I am glad to say that they are a noble class of men here, whether you consider them as Christians, Orangemen, or British subjects."

DIED.

KEENE.—On Thursday morning, 24th inst., Martha Keene, of Huntingdon, aged 24 years, 4 months, and 22 days.

PALMER.—At his late residence in the township of Madoc, on Thursday, 24th inst., Rufus Palmer, aged 49 years, 3 months and 11 days.

O'CONNELL.—On Saturday, 26th inst., James O'Connell, of Huntingdon, aged 71 yrs. and 6 months.

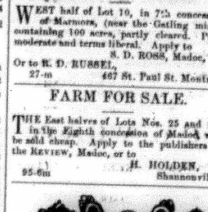
HEYWORTH.—In Huntingdon, on the 29th inst., John Heyworth, aged 65 years.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville.



U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

LOTS FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following valuable property, viz.: Lot No. 29, 6th concession, Township of Madoc; also, Lot No. 19, on St. Lawrence street, Village of Madoc. Time will be given. Apply to JOSEPH BATEMAN, Caledonia, Marion Co., Ohio, or to PETER SINCLAIR, Madoc.
April 7th, 1879. 106

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Village Lot for Sale.

LOT No. 1, on the East side of Durham Street, as laid down on the plan of the Village of South Hastings, for Charles Kirk. This lot is most eligibly situated for a dwelling-house, as it commands a fine view of the whole village of Madoc. For terms apply to
108-13w Renfrew, Ont.
ALBERT SMALLFIELD,

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.
All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
☞ CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR
SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,
cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence,
☞ KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,
where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision
DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
Which will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker
AND
Jeweler,
MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF
WATCHES,
CLOCKS, and
JEWELRY,
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.
Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.
The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.
Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT
WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

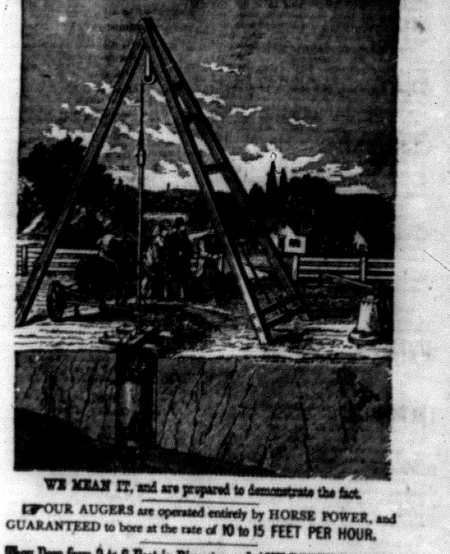
GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.
MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

☞ OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

☞ MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*.

ADDRESS
GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,
Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa.

☞ State in what Paper you saw this advertisement.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

The Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear—
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight,
You do not prize the blessings over much—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I bore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest
You miss the elbow on your tired knee—
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave have tripped—
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret
At their precious darlings clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my house once more—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I!
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown—
The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

Eating Fruit.

For most persons ripe fruit is a very healthful food. To be sure, there are abnormal people to whom even the delicate strawberry is a poison. But too many bad feelings are laid to the consumption of fruit when they are due to the accompaniments of fruit. One may go into the strawberry patch and eat his fill, raise up, move about a little and be ready for more, and still eat on indefinitely and receive no harm. The same person, by consuming a-tenth as many berries done up in a four-story shortcake enveloped in sugar and rich cream, may feel very unpleasantly thereafter, and in a majority of cases the strawberries have to take the blame. The same is true of the long list of fruits that follow the strawberry. We are too apt to accompany the eating of fruit with things that impair digestion and lay the foundation of disease. In eating most kinds of fruit the diet should be as simple as possible; a little sugar is proper, but cream and pastry should be avoided in much quantity. They are very palatable, to be sure, but it is a question how much we can afford to please the palate at the expense of a healthy stomach.

Hints to Mothers on Care of Children.

Feeding of Infants.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee grinder) and a gill of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouth-piece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added. For infants five or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar. For older infants, give more milk than barley water. For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley; cook and strain as before. When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food. In hot weather if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking-soda. Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food, and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck. No child under two years ought to eat at your table. Give no candies, in fact nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

Summer Complaint.—It comes from overfeeding, and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your children well with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season. Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or Dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smells to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes or gutters about the house where you live. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferryboat or steamboat), and may prevent cholera infantum.

How Little Women Marry Big Men.

Little women are prone to fascinate big men, but perhaps they have a considerable amount of power over men in general. But they are endowed with no such power for witchery as far as their sisters are concerned. Indeed, there is a certain amount of chronic antagonism between little women and other women, that prevents them from fraternizing together with that cordiality with which women who are in no way physically remarkable can. The ordinary woman will probably tell you, if you appeal to her for an opinion, that the little woman "is a conceited little thing, that gives herself all manner of airs and graces." The statement may not be quite correct, but those who generally make it have good cause for belief in its accuracy. The little woman is in the habit of treating them with a degree of scorn, not to say contempt, which is calculated to have a most irritating effect upon their nerves. The constant contemplation of her own insignificance has ruffled her temper, though her very smallness is in some cases a point in her favor rather than against it. But constant fighting, even if it is only shadows, has a decidedly exasperating tendency. Now she is continually doing battle with what she and some others may be disposed to consider her weak point. It is easy to see how keenly she feels the sting of being small. She not only assumes an aggressive attitude toward a great portion of humanity on that account, she allows the fact to influence her in the matter of taste and in everyday life. If she has a house, she will have everything in it on as big a scale as possible; she will love big horses and big dogs; she will, as we have already said, probably marry a big man, and she will in a variety of other ways indicate her affection for the magnificent as compared with the insignificant. All this may be regarded as a sort of protest on her part against her own littleness. It is another proof that people would like to be just what they are not, and to get just what they lack. Though her foibles and eccentricities are many, she can be forgiven them in view of their causes. At the same time, she may be recommended to make herself a little more agreeable. She would be more agreeable if she were less egotistical and aggressive. Perhaps we should say that we have spoken of typical little women, not of all little women.

Bathing.

Persons who have a feeling of chilliness after leaving a cold bath in the morning, especially when the temperature of the atmosphere is low, will avoid that disagreeable sensation if they use a bath-sheet instead of a towel, so that the whole body may be covered during drying, and the wet skin kept from exposure to the cold air.

Care of the Teeth.

People would do well to be careful what kind of stuff they apply to their teeth. The *Kreuiker Zeitung* gives the analysis of a specific patented in Belgium, which is wonderfully like that of sewage water, the only difference being in the addition of some perfume to disguise the odor of the ingredients.

Rest for Headaches.

Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose, as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained.

There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

Useful Recipes by Aunt Kate.

Jellies from Small Fruits.—Put the fruit into a small stone jar. Set this in a kettle of tepid water and place upon the fire. Let it boil closely covered until the fruit is broken to pieces; strain, pressing the bag hard, putting in a few spoonfuls at a time, and between each squeezing turning it inside out to scald off the pulp and skins. To each pint of juice allow one pound of sugar. Set the juice on alone to boil, and while it is warming divide the sugar into several portions; then put it on pans or shallow dishes, and put it in the stove-oven to heat, watching it and stirring it occasionally that it does not burn. Boil your juice just 20 minutes from the moment it begins to boil. By this time the sugar should be so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it. Throw your hot sugar into the boiling juice, stirring rapidly. It will "hiss" and melt quickly; withdraw your spoon when you are sure the sugar is disolved; let all boil up once more, and remove quickly from the fire. If these directions are strictly followed, and the fruit is in a proper state of ripeness, your jelly will be a success.

Strawberry and blackberry jellies are apt to be less firm, but instead of boiling longer place them in the sun, taking care they should not gather dampness.

Sweet Milk, rubbed on the surface of any pastry, before baking, such as biscuit, gems, short-cakes, or even pastry for fruit pies, will make them brown nicely and give them a flaky appearance.

Mayonnaise Fish Salad.—Take about one pound of cold boiled fish, cut but not chop, in pieces about an inch in length. Mix in a bowl a dressing as follows: The yolks of four boiled eggs rubbed to a smooth paste with salad oil; add to these salt, pepper, mustard, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar, and lastly six teaspoons of vinegar. Beat the mixture until light, and just before pouring it over the fish, stir in lightly the beaten white of an egg. Serve in a glass dish, first mixing half the dressing with the fish, and spreading the remainder upon the top, and ornament with blanched lettuce leaves or celery.

The Laundry.—An eminent physician says that household labor to a reasonable extent is the most wholesome of all exercises to preserve a robust woman, or to make an invalid robust. He thinks an hour in the laundry with a hot flat-iron, better than a pound of iron taken internally or externally, all of which is good, sound, common sense.

To perfume note-paper and programmes a quire or two of extra thick blotting paper are to be kept in a plain wooden box, with a closely fitting lid. Over each sheet is sprinkled a small quantity of scent in the form of essential oil. Paper to be perfumed is placed between the sheets of blotting paper for an hour or two. The essential oil on the blotting sheets seldom requires renewing.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Take stale pieces of bread, spread them with butter and pile them into your baking dish; make a custard of milk and eggs, pour over your bread and bake it enough to cook the custard.

The Women of To-day.

There is no use of talking, the busy whirligig of trade has to stop in this locality when a country woman prepares to climb out of a high spring wagon.

Miss Sarah Leggett has succeeded in establishing a "Home for Business Women" in New York. To give to working girls a home, such as good women deserved, and at the same time bring it within reach of their income, was the problem she took on herself. She has more than fulfilled her expectations and the home has sixty inmates. She is of Quaker descent and educated in all the graces of wealth and refinement, and is not only a young but also a beautiful woman.

Men do the rough work of a nation, but the judgment of the world is formed by its women. In these days women are in the front rank of society and represent its families. For this very reason she should keep her standard high, always raising but never lowering it.

The wonderful gown woven from spider webs, which the Empress of Brazil presented to Queen Victoria, is very beautiful, and exceeds in fineness any silk gown. It is estimated that 700,000 spider webs would be required for forty yards of such cloth.

At Leghorn more than 1,000 women are employed in the manufacture of coral beads for necklaces, which promise to be fashionable.

At Bolton, England, an Episcopal church has a woman for church-warden.

Some men are often heard to declare that they cannot enjoy the society of women because they are so frivolous. They should recall Michelet's doctrine, "The folly of women is born of the stupidity of men."

When Belva A. Lockwood appeared before the bar of the Supreme Court at Washington the unusual sound of applause is said to have resounded throughout the court-room. Mrs. Lockwood presented herself before the bar with uncovered head, wearing an elegant but plain costume of black velvet, with dainty ruches at the throat and wrists, and a gold pin of tiny scissors and thimble in the bow at her neck.

About a week ago a young Paterson gentleman was at a friend's house, and heard a lady sing a pathetic ballad, "She's Sleeping in the Valley." At his request, she taught him the words and music. That night she went home, was taken ill and died, and on Sunday the gentleman sang at her funeral the piece she had taught him.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

—Nineteen missionaries have died in China within a year.

—At the Pan-Presbyterian Council to be held in Philadelphia next year among the subjects set down for discussion are the inspiration and the authenticity of the Scriptures and the future retribution of the wicked.

—It is estimated that over 200,000 colored people have been added to the Methodist Church since the war. They have caused more than a thousand churches to be built, and more than three thousand colored young men are in their aid schools in the South.

—The churchmen in England hold their own well against the godless schools which the Education Act has set up. Since 1870 the Church has spent, through the National Society, $6,000,000 in building schools, and much more through individuals, of which no account can be given. They have an average attendance of 1,860,029 pupils; while the "Public Schools" have only 559,078.—*Living Church.*

—It was recently said that no new heathen temples were now building in Northwestern India, but a Presbyterian missionary writes home that the people are "still mad on their idols; almost every house has them; new temples are constantly being built in honor of these idols, and the religious bathing-places and assembly grounds are crowded." The Presbyterian converts in a province having a population of 7,000,000 number 800.

—In the Highlands of Scotland there are several parishes in which the Established Church does not prosper. With a population of 1,006 in an Inverness-shire parish, the number of communicants is eight; another parish with a population of 1,068 furnishes three; another whose population is 10,403 supplies only 236; still another parish has six communicants; another four, and another five. In the Parish of Lochcarron the income of the minister is $300 a year for each member, and of members there are only two, making his income accordingly $600.

—The text-books used in the Jesuit schools of France were called up in the Chamber of Deputies very much in the same manner as were those of Secessiondom in the U.S. Senate by Mr. Blain. The following excerpt is a curiosity: In London and all over England the holiness of marriage is destroyed; bigamy is frequent; the wife is not the companion but the slave of her husband; the conjugal tie is dissolved; the children are poisoned or sold. Such is the state of the family under the influence of Anglicanism, and our neighbors are, forsooth, to be extolled for their patriarchial habits and their large families—families of which they dispose as we have just described.

—Forty years ago Methodism was weak in the British metropolis. There were then only seven circuits in all London; now there are thirty-six. Previous to 1861 there did not exist in the city accommodation for 40,000 persons in Methodist churches. Between the years 1861 and 1871 twenty-one large chapels were built, to seat 27,000 people, but this only raised the number of sittings to less than 70,000. Since 1871, including several that are now being built, thirty new chapels have been added, in which sittings are provided for 32,000 people, so that now they can accommodate over 100,000 people every Sabbath. The congregations in the greater part of those churches number 1,000.

—At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Ireland a good story, and seemingly a fresh one, was told of Daniel O'Connell. He was crossing from Dublin to Holyhead on a Friday, and a fine salmon trout was laid on the table at dinner. The great leader was very hungry, and after looking a moment at the fish, he lifted it entire to his own plate, and then remarked: "Gentlemen, excuse me; this is a fast day in our Church." It happened that a cattle-driver sat opposite him, who had had the same design upon the fish, but from want of courage had failed to carry it out. When he saw what O'Connell had done, and had recovered from the surprise it gave him, he leaned forward, knife and fork in hand, and cut the trout in two, laying the largest share on his own plate, and then said: "Bad manners to you! Do you think no one has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

—Mr Moody is satisfied that tabernacle work outside of churches in the large cities is a mistake, since it has often happened in his experience that the converts have not attached themselves to any church. It is better, he believes, to address small audiences in the churches where the results of his work will be more certain to remain. Mr. Moody will pass the coming summer at Northfield, and early in the Autumn will go to St. Louis, where he will remain six months, having the aid of Mr. Sankey, who returns from England. Mr. Moody was recently in Boston, and at a reunion of Christains he said if he understood this Christian life it was a battle. He had been in the fight twenty-four years. He started with the idea that after he was converted all he had to do was to fold his arms and "float right along into Heaven." But he soon found that the old man was not dead in him, that the flesh still lived, and that the world and the devil are yet alive. From his experience and from careful reading of the Bible he had learned that when a person is converted he has only enlisted; the weary marches, the hard fights, the wilderness, the deserts and the mountains are all before him.

THE FUTURE OF TELEGRAPHY.

Mr. Pender, M. P., in proposing the toast of "The Delegates of the Conference" at the dinner given at Freemasons' Hall, June 17, to the delegates to the International Telegraph Conference, said:—

Telegraphy has beaten time and annihilated space; yet it is still in its infancy. Its future growth will be materially influenced by the deliberations of this conference. The value of telegraphy to diplomacy we can well understand. In a moment governments are made aware of difficulties which often suddenly arise, and which, if not promptly checked, might be fraught with disastrous consequences. I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the commerce of the world is now carried on through the electric wire; and when we measure this by the millions upon millions of money required for these operations, we can form some idea of this great power. Every morning the merchant, be he where he may, learns the value of produce or commodities in the most distant parts of the globe. In a moment a transaction is conceived, and a few hours will see the operation completed. By this agency it is evident a much smaller amount of capital is required to carry on the trade of the world. In these times transactions can be concluded in a few hours which in bygone days would have occupied as many months. There are at present in existence about 1,225,000 miles of land lines, representing a cost of some £36,000,000. This vast network has been constructed and worked by the European Governments, excepting one company, the Indo-European Company, which is more or less controlled by Governments. The submarine cable companies are not entitled to vote at the conference. Government delegates alone have this privilege, but the systems of the submarine cable companies are so widespread and are so vitally essential to telegraphs considered as a whole, that I may be permitted to express the view that it is desirable that the conference should well consider the position which the companies occupy, and that in their deliberations they should consider conditions which affect them most materially. In reduction of tariff, for example, the Governments might properly reduce rates to a point which would be barely remunerative; but unless the Government or Governments are prepared to take over the companies' lines they must bear in mind that those investors who have established these companies are entitled to a fair return for the capital they have invested. Fifteen years ago there were only 2,000 miles of submarine cable in existence, and that was of a very imperfect nature. There are at this day 66,000 miles of submarine cable, representing a capital of £25,000,000, or about two-thirds of the cost of all the land lines. The bulk of this capital has been found in England. The lines of the companies are sown broadcast in the Mediterranean; they bring us into communication with America, India, China, Japan Australia and New Zealand, and within a short space of time we may add South Africa. The important part which telegraphy has performed during this period of wars and rumours of wars is best known to those who have been pulling the wires, but I believe it to be a strong possibility that had telegraphic communication been established with the Cape two years ago, when its expediency was strongly urged, there would have been no Zulu war to-day. What an enormous saving of blood and treasure would that have meant to this country! The want of the telegraph has brought a dark shadow over many a home. I hope the conference, in the course of their deliberations, will take into serious consideration the question of press messages. Telegraphy has made a very great change in this class of property. Time was when the organ which professes to lead public opinion, the *Times*, enjoyed almost a monopoly of news, as it spared no expense on the means of locomotion, so as to be the first to bring important intelligence into the market. Now telegraphy has laid the world open to all newspapers alike, and as an evidence of the enterprise of the daily papers, I may mention that a very short time ago a message was received in London by a paper published at a penny which cost over £220 for transmission. The press is the great educator of the people, and as it must provide a large amount of matter each day I think it is entitled to important consideration. On the Atlantic systems of telegraph we are carrying press messages at quarter rates, these messages being carried at intervals when the lines are least employed. I think a similar rate should be granted by all telegraphs; it would be a great boon to the press and a greater boon still to the public at large, while I believe it would not involve any loss to the telegraphs. I think the question is an important one, and very well worthy the consideration of the conference now sitting.

FAMOUS SHOEMAKERS.

The patient and contemplative craft of shoe-making is rich in names which have become, in greater or lesser degrees, household property, among which may be found Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg, and the friend of Martin Luther; Jacob Boekmen, the well-known German mystic, from whose works Sir Isaac Newton is believed to have derived some of his ideas on gravitation; the eccentric Lackington, who erected and owned the "Temple of Muses," an immense bookstore in Finsbury square, London; Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist; George Winkelman, the great art critic and antiquary, of whom Germany is justly proud; the poet Bloomfield, whose principal work is a poem entitled "The Farmer's Boy," which pleasantly depicts the scenes of his own early life, and displays great genius; Richard Savage, a whole constellation of minor bards; Sir Cloudesly Shovel, the redoubtable Admiral; Dr. Samuel Drew, the metaphysician; Thomas Halcroft, the able novelist, dramatist and politician; George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends (On religious liberty, slavery, the treatment of prisoners, capital punishment, etc., Fox's sentiments were far in advance of the age. He was born in 1624). William Gifford, translator of "Juvenal," and successively editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly Review*. (He used, when an apprentice, to sit up half the night, working out algebraic problems on small pieces of leather). Sir William Read, the radical Hordy, the astrologer Partridge, Sir Simon Eyre, John Pounds, William Huntington, Hans Christian Anderson, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Carey, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. John Kitto, and many others, all belonging to "the gentle craft." Henry Wilson, the late Vice-President of the United States, once occupied a shoemaker's bench in the Town of Natick, Mass.

POISONOUS PAPER COLLARS.

It is, doubtless, in the first instance, as the cause of a local skin disease, that paper collars prepared with arsenic in some form are deleterious; but when once the cuticle has been removed the toxic effects may become general, because absorption is then very likely to take place, and the whole system may be poisoned. We make no specific allegations on the subject of these collars, but the information which has reached us, and is still being volunteered, is of a nature to render it indispensible to caution the public. No one desires, and nothing we have said or may say on the subject should be held to reflect on the sellers or articles of dress obtained from the manufacturers, and distributed, without the retail tradesman being aware of their pernicious properties. Meanwhile it is incumbent on all who manufacture goods for general use to take care that nothing calculated to injure the health of a wearer is contained in them. It is impossible that arsenious acid can be used unwittingly. As a matter of fact, we believe white paper is often brought in contact with any absorptive surface, evil consequences may ensue. It is certainly time that the process of manufacture should be placed under official inspection, if, for the sake of cheapness or to give artificial lustre to their goods, makers will use dangerous dyes and dressings, regardless of everything but their own commercial success.

—The Zulu war costs England more than $500,000 a month.

A YOUNG BRIDE'S RASH ACT.

Suicide of a Lady but Seven Weeks Married.

Society in Evansville, Indiana, is greatly shocked by the suicide of Mrs. Dr. J. W. Irwin, a lady moving in the highest society there, and very warmly admired by a large circle of friends. Dr. and Mrs. Irwin have been married only seven weeks, the bride having been Miss Stella Mather, of Fostoria, O., daughter of the Rev. D. D. Mather, of the Methodist church there. She was only about 20 years old, beautiful, accomplished, and surrounded by everything to make her happy. Her husband is a very prominent young physician, who lavished large sums of money in fitting up an elegant residence for his bride. Since they moved home they have lived in perfect harmony and, apparently, very happily, and the tragedy came like a thunder-shock to all. At 3.30 p. m. a servant girl heard a pistol shot in the house and ran into her mistress' room, alarmed, to find the cause. Mrs. Irwin was standing in the middle of the room, which was full of smoke. The girl asked what was the matter, and her mistress looked wildly at her and made an incoherent answer. She raised her hand in which was the pistol, and the girl, thinking she meant harm to her, ran out of the room. As she fled she heard another shot, and turned back. As she reached the room again her beautiful mistress flung the pistol upon the floor, put her hand over her heart, and would have fallen, but the girl caught her in her arms. Nobody else was in the house. The girl asked her why she had done it, but the only reply was an incoherent murmur of the girl's name, and, sinking rapidly, she died in ten minutes, surrounded by friends who were summoned. The pistol was a Smith & Wesson, No. 32, and belonged to Dr. Irwin, who kept it at home for burglars. Two of the barrels were discharged, and it is evident that she fired the first shot into the ceiling to see if would discharge, and the second into her heart. A hole two inches in diameter was knocked into the ceiling. An inquest was held and facts elicited showing they had lived in most blissful happiness. It was rumored, however, that Mrs. Irwin had been persecuted here by some woman who wrote her letters claiming that Dr. Irwin had deceived her and that she had a prior claim upon him. This is not credited and it was pronounced false by those informed. Dr. Irwin has a large number of friends and is very popular. He was terribly shocked by the tragedy, which occurred while he was visiting patients, and his grief was heartrending. The verdict was that the deceased committed suicide while laboring under temporary insanity, caused by depression of spirits induced by the hot weather. She was from the lake region, and the weather here is exceedingly warm.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"GIRLS" AND "YOUNG LADIES."

Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet, has written a letter to a young girl at the Lowville (N. Y.) Academy, in which he mixes up poetry and good advice in equal doses most charmingly. What Mr. Taylor says will bear repetition:

I call you a girl, but it is not the fashion any more. The girls are gone, and there is nobody left but young ladies. I like girls best. There used to be a flock of Carolines in Lowville, and as fair a flock as ever wore muslin. There were Caroline Collins, Caroline Northrup, Caroline Davan, and ever so many more. There were Cornelias, Janes, Elizabeths, Marys and Paulinas. They were all *girls*, and they never scorned the title. Now they would be Carries and Nellies, Lizzies, Mamies, Jennies and Cornies, and young ladies withal, every daughter of them. Let us not end our names in "ie." Let us not forget that affectation is the art of being a fool according to rule. Let us learn to work worsted cats of impossible pink, if we must, but let us know how to make Indian pudding and a golden loaf of corn bread as well. Let us talk French if we can, but let us avoid "slang" as we would pestilence and famine. Pure and undefiled English never sounds so musically as it does from the unadulterated lips of a genuine girl. Let us learn the exquisite art of keeping young. You read of Roman rules. I think I have heard Tyre, Tadmor and Thebes mentioned once or twice, but there is nothing so ancient in all this world as an old dilapidated heart. It is everybody's duty, especially every girl's, to keep young. Now, to you and your classmates:

Dear girls, I pray you read the book of Ruth,
That old love-story beautiful as truth;
Of one who lives in everlasting youth;
And say with her to Truth, "forever thine,"
"Thy God my God, and thy people mine!"
So shall you keep in loving step with time,
And life's sweet cadence prove a perfect rhyme;
And when at last the song is done,
And level shines the dying sun,
Another dawn will show its early light,
And bid "Good Morn," though you have said "Good-Night."

ZULU MATRIMONY.

Of the habits and characteristics of the Zulu race mentioned by the correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, some of the most notable are to be seen in their matrimonial relations. The juvenile male Zulu is obliged to work for his father until he is about eighteen years old, when he goes out on a sort of grand tour to make his fortune in the world. Although he is not much of a workman where industry or activity is needed he is, nevertheless, very keen in pursuit of filthy lucre, and is not above practising strict economy, while he employs every means, fair or foul, of scraping together a hoard of money. Thieving is his especial forte, and what with this and an occasional spell of more honest labor he acquires sooner or later sufficient pocket money to enable him to purchase a wife. The price of a helpmeet in Zululand seems to be from ten to twenty-five head of cattle, according to the rank of the woman, and as soon as the first wife is secured the bridegroom begins to enjoy for the first time some degree of leisure and ease. He makes the unfortunate woman work in the fields and earn a fresh hoard, with which he procures a second wife, and then is enabled to begin a life of comparative luxury. Children are born to him, and of these the males are made to work, while the daughters are sold, so that the father has nothing to interfere with his natural tastes for beer, tobacco and idleness. The Zulu mother-in-law appears in a strange light in the account given by the *Figaro*. Her name is never mentioned by the son-in-law, and if the two happen by ill-luck to meet the woman hides with all speed behind the nearest bush, while the man turns his head away and pretends not to see.

ANCIENT FANCIES REGARDING THE BEARD.

(From the London News.)

Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man," inclines to the belief that the beard was originally ornamental. Ladies liked a bearded man; he was popular in primitive society, could select the fairest fair, his offspring resembled him, and so on, according to the popular statements of this theory of selection. If this view be true, it must be admitted that women soon changed their minds. "There is no wife for a bearded man," says the Maori proverb. The Northmen who settled in Iceland were entirely of the opposite way of thinking, and the only reproach that his foes brought against Njal was his lack of a beard. The Egyptians, as a rule, were clean shaven, especially the priests, "and for this they gave a certain sacred reason," which, imitating Herodotus, "we do not think it lawful to divulge." The neighboring Libyans, on the other hand, were bearded, and the northern maritime enemies of the Egyptians, probably the early Greeks, wore rather thin yellow beards. Yet out of shaven Egypt the Israelites carried beards which they highly respected. To cut an envoy's beard was a gross insult, and he was obliged to tarry somewhere till his beard was grown. Friends might gently touch the beard in a reverential sort of way, and thus Joab took hold of that of Amasa and ran him through the body with his sword. The Assyrian kings wore enormous beards, in many curled tiers or stories, and we have an impression that some Orientals carried their beards in a box. Dr. Doran, in writing on the beard, gravely maintains that the early Greeks were shaven, and they called all bearded and alien races "barbarous," connecting the word with *barba*, a "beard." But Homer's Greeks, we know, wore their beards, and the races recognized as Greek on the Egyptian monuments are sometimes bearded.

Insect Powder for Flies.—Wm. Saunders, of London, Ontario, well-known for his horticultural experience, as well as distinguished as the editor of the *Canadian Entomologist*, finds the Dalmatian insect powder, made from Pyrethrum cinerariaefolium, an excellent insecticide. He says: "House flies are very sensitive to the effects of these powders. A few puffs of the dust from an insect gun blown into the air of a room with the doors closed, the discharges directed towards those parts where the flies are congregated, will stupefy and kill them within a short time. The powder is somewhat pungent, and to breathe an atmosphere charged with it will frequently cause a slight sneezing, but beyond this the operator need not anticipate any annoyance. Frequently during the past summer, when flies have been troublesome, we have pretty thoroughly charged the air and killed every one."

CANADA'S PRAIRIE COUNTRY.

What it is Like—Advice to Settlers.

"P. J. M.," a former resident of Toronto, who has established himself at Shoal Lake, in the Northwest, has just detailed his experience in a letter from which we take the following:

I left Toronto on the 26th of March, and after a pleasant journey of three days arrived in Winnipeg. I was much surprised to see the great advancement that city has made in seven years, it has surpassed anything I had imagined. Many who came in were discouraged by the mud they found on landing; but that is the richness of the country, and it is by that richness that Manitoba and the Northwest Territory has gained the name it has throughout the whole continent. I stayed at Winnipeg a few days, and then decided to go West. Accordingly, I bought oxen, wagon, harrows, plough, spades, shovels, rake, fork and such like, and a stock of provisions; but found that my bill would come to almost double what it would in Toronto. The imposition upon

IMMIGRANTS BY SHARPERS,

who have private conveyances from the station to the river, thence from the river to the city, is enormous. A man's luggage will cost him for two or three trunks about as many dollars. It would be a great boon for all travellers to have a bridge across Red River; then it could be only one change. At present it is two or three. We left Winnipeg on the 12th of April, and after many hardships arrived in Portage la Prairie. The country though which we passed has many choice places, but the general lay of the land is low, except about High Bluff, along the Assiniboine, where there is a beautiful tract of country. We, as well as many, pushed on to the little Saskatchewan. There is some fine land on the big plain, but the want of timber is an objection. We arrived at the Saskatchewan after nine days' travel by south trail, making a trip from Winnipeg to this point (with oxen—which are the best for two years here—)in fifteen days. We spent a week at the Little Saskatchewan looking for land, but found none to suit us.

THE SCARCITY OF WOOD

and the pond-holes, and also the light soil in the parts that were not taken up, made it objectionable; so we went on to Shoal Lake, Northwest Territory. Here we looked through townships 17 and 18, and part of 19, on ranges 22, 23, and 24, west, and decided to settle here. I took my land in township 17, range 23, west, about six miles from Shoal Lake. Some of our party went further west, and some located on Birdtail Creek, but all settled in the neighborhood of the four townships, in ranges 23, 24, 25, and 26, west. In the township I am in there is plenty of wood, lots of water, and land as black as any one could wish it, from fifteen inches to two feet in depth. I am pleased with my land, and so are the most of those who were with me. The land is being rapidly taken up in the neighborhood. Last year there was only one man in this township, now he has neighbors all around him, and the vast prairie is beginning to look like a farming country. There is

ONE BIT OF ADVICE

I would like to give to those who intend coming up here. Let the father or some of his sons take two hundred dollars; come to Winnipeg; hire or buy a pony (in the summer he can get one at from $40 to $60), and ride through the country and look up land. It will cost very little to feed one of the native ponies. If he puts hobbles on him and a lariat around his neck he can let him go loose on the prairie and he will feed himself. Then, when he is suited, let him go to the land office, register his claim, return, build his house, break up a little, and then go for his family. If he is not suited he can go back to Winnipeg, sell his pony and go home again, not a great deal out of pocket by the trip. Some come here—two hundred and forty miles from Winnipeg—buy an outfit, then get discouraged and sell out for half, yes, quarter of what it cost them. An outfit as small as a man can do with will cost at least $500; but a farmer having stock can come up here, build stables and such like for them, and in a few years double his money on them.

AN EXTENSIVE HOLE.

The History of the Largest Tunnel in the World.

The opening of the first railway is spoken of as a memorable event, but every one seems to forget that centuries before this occurred loads were transported on rails in mines, and the fact is equally overlooked in regard to the piercing of whole mountains, such as Mont Cenis and Saint Gothard, that similar works had been effected ages ago in mines on a far larger scale. The longest subterranean construction of this kind is to be found in the mines of Freyberg, in the Kingdom of Saxony. Already, at the end of the year 1835, the galleries had attained a length of 100 miles, or 163 kilometres. At the same time the works, commenced at the end of the twelfth century, had reached such a depth that any further descent was found to be impracticable. From 1524 to 1834 they had produced 7,504,581 marcs (one franc twenty-five centimes each) in silver alone, of a value of 200,000,000 thalers nearly. Consequently a new gallery had to be opened. This was to lead from the Village of Rothschœnberg to a distance of 12,882 metres; the cost was etimated at 1,300,000 thalers (three francs seventy-five centimes each), and twenty-two years were calculated as the time necessary to carry out the undertaking. The work was completed a year ago, and its execution has occupied thirty-three years and necessitated an expenditure of 7,186,697 marcs. That considerable increase on the original estimates was caused by the rock to be pierced turning out much harder than had been expected, and the fact that the quantity of water yielded by the mountain was far larger than had been calculated upon. Other circumstances helped to swell the costs; the rise in wages and the prices of materials greatly augmented the expenditure, and the delay in the execution increased the general costs and those of superintendence and administration. Moreover the gallery had become longer than was originally intended. It rises, generally speaking, at a gradient of 3 in 1,000. Including the secondary galleries, the shaft in Rothschœnberg has now an extent of tunnelling of 29,009 metres, which will soon reach 50,900 metres, or nearly thirty-two miles. This length far surpasses any railway tunnel in the world.

A FATAL ACT OF HEROISM.

(Welland Tribune.)

The many friends of Mr. Hugh J. McPhelan in this county will learn with the most sincere regret of his drowning, which occurred on the 25th of June, in Little Hart River, near Bismarck, Dakotah Territory, whilst in the self-sacrificing attempt to save the life of a drowning boy. The boy had gone in swimming, got beyond his depth and was drowning. Mr. McPhelan went to the rescue, and, whilst the boy's life was saved, sad to relate, his rescuer was drowned. The deceased was about nineteen years of age, and a son of Mr. Cornelius McPhelan, of Humberstone township. The young man was possessed of an adventurous and enterprising spirit, and a short time ago went west to find a wider field for action. The instance in question is not the first of his having distinguished himself for unusual bravery. Some months ago, it will be remembered, he excited the admiration plaudits of the Western press by running a locomotive through a gauntlet of fire, saving an immense amount of property. His relatives possess the heartfelt sympathy of the public in their distressing bereavement, only alleviated by the recollection, of which they may well feel proud, that this noble young man lost his life whilst in the performance of the truest act of heroism in the power of humanity to accomplish.

Home Influence in the Camp.—The special correspondent of the London *News* writes from Zululand: "I now of no better sign of soldiers than that they should be much addicted to writing home. Lord Clyde, when Colonel of the Ninety-third, stamped out desertion among his Highlanders by warning them that the names of deserters would be exposed on the kirk door of their parishes. The home influence is a potent deterrent from evil and a potent stimulus for good. When a man writes home it may be taken as an evidence that he has kith and kin who are interested in him, and whose good opinion he values; and it may be assumed that, to use an Arab phrase, he 'will not blacken the face of his father.'"

—Whenever you are tempted to indulge in criticising your minister—a very bad habit to get into, by the way—you ought to be careful in your choice of language. "That is what I call a finished sermon," said an adorer to an indifferent as they wadded their way from church. "Yes" was the reply with a yawn, "but, do you know, I thought it never would be."

OLD WORLD ITEMS.

Scotland.

It is calculated that no fewer than 10,000 families changed their places of abode in Edinburgh between the end of April and the end of May. Taking the number of families at 50,000, this shows that 20 per cent., or one in every five, put themselves to the inconvenience inseparable from "flitting," with the object, doubtless, of securing either better or cheaper accommodation.—*Property Review.*

While some workmen were engaged draining a piece of moss land on the farm of Reintyre, occupied by Mr. Munro, merchant, Bonar, they came upon three human bodies in a good state of preservation. Their clothing of home-spun was quite entire, as also the old-fashioned Highland brogues. The bodies were no doubt the remains of some of the Marquis of Montrose's soldiers who fell in the disastrous battle of Carbisdale in 1650—the last fight of the chivalrous and noble, but misguided Marquis.

A curious case is now on trial at Glasgow. It is a case in which a woman named Penny sued a Mr. Reid for £200, as damages for injuries received by her, and £100 as damages for injuries to a child which was born deformed, in consequence of the injuries she had sustained. The agent for the defendant took objection to the relevancy of the summons so far as concerned the child, on the ground that as at the time of the accident it was not born, it could not be said to have a separate existence, and had no right to sue. Sheriff Murray, after hearing parties upon the point, issued an interlocutor repelling the plea and allowing a proof.

An occurrence of a startling nature recently took place on Sunday morning in Strone Alliance church. The Rev. John Hay, of Port Dundas, Glasgow, was officiating, and chose for his text Psalm lxxvii. 19. He was speaking of the mysteries of Divine Providence, and was in the act of quoting the sentence, "In the midst of life we are in death" the last words of which he had some difficulty in uttering, when he became unconscious. As can easily be imagined, the congregation were a little startled by the occurrence. Rev. Mr. Hay remained unconscious for several hours.

Ireland.

The salmon supply for the present year at Waterford market has been the smallest for many years.

The Duke of Leinster has presented to the Mechanics' Institute, Dublin, a collection of 500 valuable books.

Although the weather still continues extremely variable, agricultural prospects have improved in county Cork.

A large whale, measuring sixty-two feet, was captured at Carrowkeel, a village situated on Lough Foyle, half way between Moville and Derry. The animal had been injured by coming into collision with one of the cross-channel steamers.

A desperate murder was recently committed at a place named Curragh, within six miles of Athlone. The victim is Patrick Cutler. It appears that he had a dispute with a neighbor named Patrick Connor, who has absconded and for whose arrest the constabulary are scouring the country. The man was hacked with a knife and his skull was also fractured.

A Mrs. Elliott, a laborer's wife on the estate of Sir Victor Brooke, Bart., was lately confined of three living children, two boys and a girl. Being a poor woman, the usual application was made to her Majesty the Queen, whose welcome bounty has just been received. This is the third time this unusual freak of nature has occurred in the Brookeborough dispensary district within the past three years and three months.

In the Southern Divisional Police Court, Dublin, a laborer named Christopher Learney has been charged with murdering his mother by throwing her out of the window, and thus causing her to fall a distance of between twenty and twenty-five feet. The mother and son were quarrelling and sounds of scuffling near the window were heard. The body of the deceased was seen to fall into the street, and the prisoner stated that she had thrown herself out of the window.

The outrage reported near Kanturk turns out to be of an agrarian character. A man named John Curtin was living on bad terms with his family in consequence of his father having cut him off and given a large farm to his son-in-law, named Sullivan. Sullivan and his sister-in-law were returning home from a fair, when they were fired at from behind a fence and afterwards attacked with a billhook by John Curtin, who, after leaving them terribly wounded on the road, decamped. They are now in a precarious state. Curtin has been arrested fourteen miles from the scene of the outrage.

STUTTERING.

The Causes of the Affection and the Right Way of Treating It.

The conditions favorable to stuttering may be hereditary and may manifest themselves when the child begins to talk. Some stutterers have never known free speech. Stuttering may be caused also by a fright and by imitation. Stuttering sustains itself. That is, the original cause may be removed and yet there is no diminution of the impediment, which, on the contrary, increases. If a child recover from the nervous or muscular weakness—the first cause—the stuttering may seize hold of the chest, and, by deranging respiration, make conditions which, of themselves, would bring on the malady. Or if defective respiration be the first cause, and it be remedied, the stuttering may find nourishment in disordered nerves or unhealthy brain. Thus, as already said, causes and effects pass the one into the other, so that they are constantly changing, not only themselves but also the character of the stuttering, whose outward manifestations, at intervals of five or ten years, would appear entirely different to an observer. In nothing is the adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," more applicable than in stuttering. Indeed, in this instance an ounce of the one is more effective than a hundredweight of the other. Children with stuttering tendencies should be especially well nourished; they should take a great deal of physical and outdoor exercise; care should be taken that their lungs are fully developed and that their nerves are not irritated. Late hours and highly seasoned food, and everything tending to derange, weaken or unduly excite, mentally and physically, should be avoided. The child should not be allowed to talk too rapidly nor when out of breath. If he has trouble with a word he should be asked to repeat the whole sentence, and not merely the offending word. Oftentimes a serious mistake is made here. The child is drilled upon his most difficult words, and he comes to fear them, and, as a result, his ability to articulate them is continually lessened. He should not be permitted to associate with another stuttering child; indeed, no child should. Inveterate stuttering may be caused by mimicking others. Throughout, the child should be subjected to kind but firm treatment.—*The Voice.*

BAD AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.

Mr. J. J. Mechi writes to the *Times* as follows:—"We have the old story over again—low temperature, flooding down-pours, no sunshine, no ripening, crops late. I passed through 70 miles of Essex this week. Barleys were distressingly yellow and waterlogged. Both wheat and barley fields were bright with crops of charlock (wild mustard) in full bloom. Hand-hoeing has been impossible, so weeds are supreme, and the labourer's earnings have been small. Sheep still suffer from wet jacket and damp beds. Uncovered farm yards and exposed dung heaps are contributing their 'strong tea' abundantly to the brooks and water-courses. Well drained farms with covered homesteads and horse-hoed crops, have many advantages this year; but on all farms a more ripening condition is required. On the whole, the outlook is gloomy and unprofitable; but we should not despair."

The Accident that Befel Chawles.—The London *Figaro* has a story about certain rumors which disturbed the frequenters of her Majesty's one evening, to the effect that Mr. Charles Mapleson had fallen into the Thames from a fishing punt and had been gallantly rescued by his sailor kinsman, Lieutenant Armit. Another account said that Lieutenant Armit had tumbled into the water and had been pulled to land by Mr. Charles Mapleson with a fishhook. The true version (the *Figaro's*) is, however, as follows: Armit and Charles Mapleson went out fishing, and after six hours' "sport" they had caught nothing. Suddenly a fine trout, estimated by Mr. Armit to weigh about a hundredweight, was nibbled, his head by the hook of Lieutenant Armit and his tail by that of Mr. Charles Mapleson. An arduous and exciting scene followed, and in the end both gentlemen gallantly dived into the water to properly secure the fish. Both were in imminent danger of drowning, but were after a little "sport" on the part of the trout, safely pulled to shallow water by that obliging fish.

—A poet sings of "blue-eyed grass." Why not "golden-haired carrots," "fairy-footed cabbages" and "pale, dreamy, languorous, sentimental asparagus?"

WORLD WIDE NEWS.

—The King of Denmark is seriously affected in the spine from a fall.

—In a Bombay cotton factory a man receives $8 a month, a woman $4 and a child $2.50.

—Men milliners are on the increase in New York, but no ladies have yet gone into tailoring.

—"The fact is, woman is a duck," is the way a West End school boy translated "Dux fœmina facti."

—London has a police force comprising 10,474 men, and necessitating the expenditure of £1,251,452 to maintain it.

—Some American corsets shipped to Mexico were supposed to be saddles of a new kind, and were returned as not giving satisfaction.

—An exchange advertises a cure for "apple worms." Never knew them to be unhealthy before, and if they are what is the use of curing them?

—Recently compiled statistics show that Great Britain produces three times as much iron and almost three times as much coal as the United States.

—Formerly the Governor-General of India passed nearly the whole year at or near Calcutta, but nowadays he spends half the year at Simla, on the hills.

—The Duke of Sutherland, who is a thorough practical engineer, drove the locomotive attached to the train which conveyed the Prince and Princess of Wales around the royal agricultural show.

—A woman at Burlington, Vt., was fatally poisoned while washing a pair of trousers which a man had worn while applying Paris green to his potato vines, the poison taking effect through a cut in her hand.

—Twenty-three persons belonging to the Skoptsi (self-mutilation) sect, including several women, have been arrested in Russia, when on the point of starting for Roumania, where they proposed to settle.

—There was a man in Paris who, when he went out, was always robbed. Somebody said: "Why don't you carry pistols?" He replied: "Suppose I did—why, the robbers would take them too."

—"My only anxiety on his account is that he is too plucky and go-ahead," is the last sentence in the letter of introduction given by the Duke of Cambridge to the Prince Imperial for Lord Chelmsford.

—Among the soldiers in the British army in Zululand are sixty or seventy Natal Kaffirs, who are professing Wesleyans, and every morning and evening they hold prayer-meetings in their camps.

—The sporting season has arrived when the amateur hunter goes into the forest and shoots the farmer's $10 cow under the impression it is a deer, and afterward pays the farmer $25 to settle the matter and keep it quiet.

—Eighteen Algerian Roman Catholic missionaries have started for Zanzibar to join the Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tanganyika mission. Two of them, named Stewart and Oswald, are Scotchmen, twelve Germans, and four Belgians.

—This is the season of the year when the good little boy refuses to go in bathing with his companions, because his mother forbade him, stays on the bank to mind their clothes, and scoots for home after tying knots in the sleeves of their trousers.

—The City Council of Pueblo, Col., passed an ordinance against the carrying of concealed weapons, and on the following day most of the male residents appeared on the streets with revolvers and daggers stuck in belts outside of their coats.

—Florence Graham, of Cassopolis, Mich., was insulted by William Miller while she was horseback riding, and when she met him again, soon after, she made him dismount from his buggy, and lashed him with his own whip until she was satisfied.

—Co-operation in London has extended to the formation of a company for opening laundries on co-operative principles and at co-operative prices. The capital is $250,000, and shareholders only are allowed to benefit by the economies to be effected.

—The brewer of the celebrated stout, Mr. Guinness, gave this season a fete at his house (which was built for Earl Grosvenor, son of the Duke of Westminster). In a cornice of one of the rooms was one garland of summer roses containing 10,000 blossoms.

—It is very extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that it was the first pair that ate the first apple. Why, and this, now, is really a first-class, A 1 conundrum: Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Don't you see, because they can't make them here.

—Lord Douglas, eldest son of the Earl of Home, has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire. He is owner, in right of his deceased mother, of the immense estates which were involved in the famous "Douglas cause," the Tichborne case of the last century.

—The last Missouri Legislature passed a law making it a felony for any officer of a bank to accept deposits in the institution if he knows it to be in a failing condition, and imposing the same punishment as that for stealing money. Under this statute several St. Louis bankers are to be tried.

—Whilst the Leeds Volunteer Artillery were practising at heavy gun drill at Morecambe Bay, a serious accident occurred. A passenger steamer, with between 160 and 170 persons on board, came in the line of fire, and several passengers were wounded. The steam tug was also seriously damaged.

—An article of increasing export from this country is machine-made joinery. One hundred thousand doors have been sent to England in a year, and windows are sent in considerable quantities, but rarely blinds, which are rarely used there, except in the form of cotton or linen.

—Edmund Yates is savage in his criticisms of those mothers who permit their children to encounter the vanities and indecencies of fancy dress balls, and he is almost as severe against grown people who permit themselves to appear as asses when they are trying to appear as something else.

—When we consider the immense top-dressing of froth that can be persuaded to float on a very little soda water in a glass we are tempted to pass over that counterfeit nickel that has been lurking in our pocket for a week, just to skin the fountain man out of some of his profits.

—A clergyman at a Methodist camp meeting at Bucyrus, Ohio, prayed that God would kill one member of every anti-Christian family in the county. This excited the wrath of the sinners in the congregation, and they tore down the tent, whipped the minister, and would have tarred and feathered him if he had not fled.

—Old Mrs. Cuir says she has always noticed that in the summer time when it is not needed the sun is always as hot as an oven, while in the winter, when a warm sun would be very agreeable, it is as cold as an ice house. We have noticed this, too. It must be the fault of the almanac makers.

—Field bakeries form part of the train of nearly every European army. Despite these arrangements, it has in recent wars been frequently found impossible to supply the large armies with fresh bread from day to day; and it seems likely that the attempt to do so will be abandoned, and biscuit issued instead of bread.

—Four Waterloo officers died last year. Any survivors must now be at least 76. Up to the death of "the duke," the gathering of veterans for the banquet he always gave on the anniversary was one of the events of the London season, and an immense crowd always assembled outside Apsley House to see them arrive.

—The Imperial Museum at Vienna has lately become possessed of some of the instruments used by Australian savages to induce their gods to give them rain. These are small lancet-shaped pieces of wood smeared with red ochre and rudely engraved. They are used in mystical ceremonies, attended with incantations.

—The second beet sugar factory in New England is being built at Northampton, Mass., and over three hundred acres of beets are growing in the neighborhood for its use. Good beets, closely worked, will yield about 10 per cent. of sugar, and it is thought that with improved machinery 12 or 14 per cent. may be realized.

—An incident occurred at the Kilburn Show which is worth noting. Lord Beaconsfield met Mr. Clare S. Read, M. P., and said to him, "Oh, Mr. Read, what shall I do to meet this agricultural depression?" "My Lord," replied Mr. Read, "you must pray earnestly and sincerely that there must be fine weather for three weeks."

—It has been calculated that if a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and these and succeeding crops be planted and yield proportionately, the produce of 12 years would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime. In 12 years the single grain will have multiplied itself 244,140,625,000,000 times.

—The corn crop has been cut short by drought in many parts of the South this season, and it is thought that fifty per cent. more of corn from the North will be needed there than was sent last year. One result of this failure will probably be the planting of more cotton next season, as it stands a long dry spell better than any other crop.

—The lawsuit instituted by the heir of the late Dictator Rosas against Buenos Ayres, to recover sequestrated property valued at $10,000,000, has been finally decided in favor of the plantiff. The decision was quite unexpected, and is looked upon as creditable to the purity and independence of the bench. The suit lasted fifteen years. Mrs. Terrero, daughter of Gen Rosas, is the successful litigant.

—The approach to Inverary, the Duke of Argyll's castle, is very fine. Loch Fyne is very wide there. Straight before you rises a fine range of mountains, splendidly lit up—green, pink and blue. To the left the little town of Inverary, and above it, surrounded by pine woods, stands the castle, square, with turrets at the corners. It has been partially destroyed by fire, but is being restored.

—The eucalyptus tree (the blue gum) has for a long time been acknowledged as a natural agent antagonistic to malarial fevers. Is it not possible that if the eucalyptus tree were planted in the yellow fever districts of the South it might, if not prevented by bad drainage, have a good effect? It grows tall and is not very pretty. In Algeria the locust spares eucalyptus forests and the sea worm never bores the wood of Australian ships made from the "blue gum."

—Intemperance among the women of Springfield, Mass., has excited the alarm of a local temperance society. The *Republican* says that two women who were richly dressed, and who are accustomed to move in the city's best society, went shopping while so obviously drunk as to attract the attention of all who saw them. These are not the only women of good social position, who have been seen in public, within a few months, the worse for wine or something stronger.

—The extent to which American cheese is being imported into Ayrshire and retailed at prices greatly under the cost of the home produce is, says the *Scotsman*, begining to tell in a way that was hardly anticipated by dairy farmers in the county. Many of those farmers, it appears, still find themselves in possession of the bulk of the cheese manufactured last season with little prospect of getting it disposed of at anything like the figure they have been in the habit of realizing.

—Of the House of Commons at the Queen's accession only eight members survive, of whom Mr. Gladstone is one. Two were members prior to the Reform bill of 1831. Mr. Mansel Talbot is, we believe, the senior and the father of the House. He has sat from the age of 22 for Glamorganshire, of which county he is also Lord Lieutenant, and has seen his property quadruple in value through the extension of colliery and other mineral enterprises in the principality.

—In a certain municipal council of an Italian town, an honorable member was speaking in favor of the necessity of promoting public instruction: "It is necessary, gentleman," said he, "to provide for the future of our unfortunate country, which took two-thirds of its inhabitants illiterate." "More than that, more than that," whispered another member. "More? Well, three-thirds, then." "You might at least spare the members of the municipal councils," said another.

—According to *Harper's Monthly* the following table shows the amount of newly settled lands for agriculture in the United States for the years 1875 to 1878:

Amount settled in 1875	3,497,460
Amount settled in 1876	4,801,789
Amount settled in 1877	5,536,967
Amount settled in 1878	7,251,086

It should also be noticed that the number of immigrants in 1878 was the smallest for several years, thus making the change greater than it appears.

—The *Englishman* writes: "One of the first effects of the climate of the Indian plains, from which probably no European is exempt, is diminution of the intensity with which visual images are impressed on the brain. Natives of India are quite insensible of the charms of landscape, and even Europeans scarcely ever, except in the most cursory way, allude to it. When a European after some years' absence revisits Europe he is exceedingly struck by what appears to him the extraordinary brilliancy of the tints, such a contrast does it present."

—Odessa has for two months past been one uniting point for Russian vessels detailed to transport exiles to Siberia, the greater part of whom are Nihilists. The island of Saghalien is their destination. It is in the Pacific, off the coast of Mantchouria, and near the mouth of the Amoor River. The climate in winter is rigorous, but the soil is fertile, and it abounds in mines of coal and iron. By way of the Suez Canal the vessels make the voyage in about two months. By the old way of traveling on foot, two years would be required for the journey.

—Miss Brown, a Pennsylvania heiress, is spending the summer at Rye Beach, N. H. Robert O. Miller, a sailor on the hotel yacht, saw and loved her, but didn't dare to tell her so. She got a fish bone in her throat. Miller mounted a horse and rode at a headlong pace for a doctor. He was thrown on the way, and sustained a broken arm, but got to the doctor's office, told his errand and fainted. The doctor arrived at the hotel just in time to save Miss Brown's life, and now she is nursing Miller, with the intention of marrying him as soon as he is in fit condition.

—Tea-tasters are well aware of the dangers to which they are subject, and few of them can carry on the business for many years without ruining their health. Moderate draughts of tea may produce an agreeable exhilaration of mind and body, with no noticeable reaction; but the effects of its excessive use are declared by doctors to be palpitation of the heart, an absence of exhilaration, severe headache, dimness of vision, and dullness and confusion of mind. Cases of severe neuralgia are frequently the result of over-much tea.

—Imitation meerschaum pipes are now manufactured from potatoes in France. A peeled potato is placed in sulphuric acid and water, in the proportion of eight parts of the former to one hundred parts of the latter. It remains in this liquid thirty-six hours to blacken, is dried with blotting-paper and submitted to a certain pressure, when it becomes a material that can be readily carved. The counterfeit is said to be excellent. An imitation ivory, sufficiently hard for billiard balls, can be made by still greater pressure. A resemblance of coral is obtained by treating carrots in the same manner.

—The recent investigation by two French doctors of the influence of mental labor on the growth of the brain and skull was full of interest. They measured the heads of persons of many different pursuits, educated as well as illiterate. The results were in favor of educated men leading an intellectual life; that is to say, the heads of these men were much more fully developed than those of other men. It was found that both halves of the head were not always symmetrically developed. In students, for example, the development of the left frontal region was fuller than that of the right; but in illiterate subjects the right occipital region was larger than the left. In the students the frontal region was more developed than the occipital; in illiterate subjects the occipital region was the largest.

—Eleven tourists had an adventure in the Yosemite Valley. Their stage was drawn by six horses, and the traces of one of them became detached in going down one of the hills, where the roadway is wide enough for but one team, with a steep bluff on one side and 1,000 feet of precipice on the other. The horses broke into a mad run down that fearful descent, the driver guiding them as best he could, while the passengers held their breath in expectation of instant death. At a turn in the road a front wheel was shattered against the rocks, throwing the stage against the bluff. The passengers were thrown to the ground, one being fatally injured, and all but three more or less hurt. A woman was hurled towards the precipice, but her clothing caught, and she was saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

—The watch found by the body of the late Prince Imperial had doubtless been left by the Zulus under the supposition that it was a charm, which, if taken, would render the holder liable to the ill luck of the previous wearer. It was an ordinary timepiece, and was purchased by Napoleon I. when he was a lieutenant of artillery. He wore it as First Consul, as Emperor, and until his last sickness at St. Helena. Napoleon III. became its owner, and wore it during his attempts at revolution at Strasburg and Boulogne. From the time that he became President to the hour of his death at Chiselhurst he never separated himself from it. The ex Empress subsequently gave it to her son, who wore it constantly. It often required repairs, even during the time of its first wearer. He looked at it one day while talking with Marshal Berthier, and found that it had stopped. Berthier asked why he did not procure a better one. "What can you expect of a watch?" said Napoleon. "We shall have to stop one day, ourselves." The locket worn by the Prince had been brought from Egypt by the first Napoleon, who also wore the sword taken by the Zulus. The gold chain had belonged to Napoleon III.